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Poetry.

A SERMON.

My text, dear brethren, may be found
Somewhere in some old book;
The verse and chapter will appear
Where e'er you're pleased to look;
You'll find it in an old apothegm
(Though old, 'tis not infirm)
Its subjects are the "early bird,"
Also the "early worm."
The early bird, as you're aware,
Before the sky was red,
Scooped up the equal early worm
Just wriggling out of bed.

INTRODUCTORY.

This "saw," you know, my list'ning friend,
To youth hath oft been taught,
And early rising was the gist
And moral of the thought,
But other thoughts this "saw" conveys
Which you will plainly see
By casting out all prejudice
And closely following me.

FIRSTLY.

This "saw" is a double-jointed "saw,"
For, as you may descry,
One early riser rose to *live*,
The other rose to *die*.

FIRSTLY AND HALFLY.

[Explanatory of Firstly.]

Our heroes both were on a par
In getting out of bed;
But 'twas *healthy* for them both
The text hath plainly said.

SECONDLY.

One was a hungry, greedy chap
Who early rose to *steal;*
The philanthropic worm arose
To give the bird a meal. (It is supposed.)

THIRDLY.

The early bird who scooped the worm
Has ever had the praise,
While early rising to the worm
Was rather a disgrace.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON "THIRDLY."

The humble worm, though virtuous,
Is left clean out of sight;
We sing the praises of the bird
Because he had the *might*.

MORE REFLECTIONS.

And such is life—our sympathies
Go ever with the strong;
And if a man achieve *success*
We kindly pardon wrong.

AND, FINALLY.

In summing up this deep discourse
This motto is inferred:
That you may take the *role* of worm;
I'd rather be the bird.

HOME.

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

Do you remember, Sweet,
A summer long ago—
A quiet village street,
Its houses all a-row;
Broad elm trees shading each,
Gay woodbine clasping one,
A little lawn's clear reach
In the sun?

As like as nest to nest,
When robins nest and sing,
With rapture in the breast,
Through all the days of spring;
As like as bud to bud,
When early snowdrops glow,
Those simple homes that stood
In a row.

Yet never breast of bird
But knew its chosen rest,
And never heart but stirred
The sweeter for the nest.
'Twas not the woodbine spray,
Nor light of springing flowers—
'Twas love, with kindling ray,
Showed us ours.

Oh, simple were our cares,
And all our store of wealth
Was daily love and prayers,
Clear hope, abiding health.
Our hearts with you were light,
And the burdens of the day
The greeting kiss at night
Could repay.

These summer days are done,
The autumn winds are cold,
We shiver in the sun;
'Tis late, and we are old!
Already on our sight
Heaven's many mansions glow
With luster pure and bright—
Let us go.

I wonder—will it be
A wide and stately dome,
A palace large and free,
Where we shall find our home;
Or just a sheltered nook,
Clasped in the woodbine's fold,
With dear, familiar look,
As of old?

Our Story Teller.

THE DRESS SUIT;

My Wife's First Effort at Economy.

Mr. and Mrs. Blossom were new stars of a fine brilliancy but of small magnitude in the society of Warrensburg. Alexander Blossom and Minnie Blossom had been married for one short year, which time seemed to them just one long summer's day. There are several married people unlike Alexander and Minnie, for these were never happy except when they were together, and when they were together, never unhappy for a moment. When Alexander came in from business he always instituted a search for the brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who was waiting for him, and when he began to despair she would start out of a certain passageway with a gay laugh and ask him where his eyes were. of course under these circumstances it was necessary for her to take a good, square look at his eyes to determine if they were the same as ever, and then occurred some of those manifestations which foolish people call foolishness and which only stopped when the genial housemaid came to announce that dinner was served. Of couse, the housemaid did not say "Dinner is served:" her proclamation verbatim was, "Come, now," but the meaning was the same. I have omitted to say that Minnie was not very tall, that she was remarkably healthy and deliciously plump. Her lips were as near bursting with fullness as cherries after a rain; her forehead was low and her eyebrows, heavier than the ordinary, made her just so much the more magnetic. There was nothing wonderful about Alexander. You will comprehend Alexander at once when I say that he received a salary of $100 a month, which he did not earn. However, he firmly believed that in some mysterious way his labor brought large returns to his employers.

With $100 a month the Blossoms had to live. Fortunately they had no rent to pay, the market books, under Minnie's care, figured up reasonably, and the domestic was kind enough to demand but $15 per month.

One day Alexander came home from his alleged business, looking nice and sweet and also looking for Minnie. The latter rushed out from the unexpected place in which she always hid, caught him around the neck, asked him where his eyes were, put a raptuous kiss just below his camel's hair moustache and cried: "What do you think?"

The sagacious husband implanted a rapturous kiss just below where Minnie would have had a splendid brown moustache had she been in that line, and replied that he didn't know. He also demanded advice as to what it was appropriate to think. Minnie then expiained that a letter had come addressed to him; that it looked like wedding cards; that she had—had opened it, and that it wasn't wedding cards after all.

Some men, hearing of a mysterious letter opened by a loving wife, would have experienced a feeling of vague unrest. Not so Alexander. He silently weighed the merits of some hasty falsehoods and inquired bravely what the letter was.

"An invitation to join the Warrensburg Social club," said Minnie, "and I have been thinking of it all the afternoon." So she had, in her womanly way; she had been thinking what dresses she could wear. "Isn't it nice?" she cried. "Now, say we can go."

"Of course we can go."

The unguardedness of this answer was essentially masculine. Women, on the contrary, always begin by refusing, and afterwards allow themselves to be argued into anything whatever.

"Then you must get a dress suit," said Mrs. Blossom.

These were, indeed, strange words. They conveyed the revolting idea that the fashionable Alexander had nothing in dress more formal than cutaways or Prince Alberts. How, then, had he been married? The explanation throws light on a very dark passage in Mr. Blossom's life—his dress suit had been pawned: and worse, the time of redemption had expired.

"I can't go," he said, resigning himself to Fate, with a large F.

"That's it," cried Minnie, delighted; "I've been figuring it all up, and you can go." Here she ran into the next room and in one second returned with a sheet of legal cap bearing very illegal-looking figures. "Now look at this!"

Alexander looked, and I have to record that he was not shocked. The figures and their method were about as nearly like those of an ordained bookkeeper as Mr. Blossom's own.

"We've got to be economical for two months, you see," said Minnie. "There it is, all on paper."

The indisputable document ran thus:

"Grocer, $30; Jane, $15; butcher, $15; coal, $8; everything else, $10; altogether, $78—$78 out of a hundred leaves $22—say $20—two months, $40. One of these suits don't cost more than that, does it?" she asked, confidently.

"Costs $75," replied the gloomy Alexander.

"Humph!" cried Minnie. "Can't you manage? If it were a $75 dress, $40 would be plenty."

Alexander shook his head.

"But the club meets only in the evening," persisted Minnie. "Couldn't you get one that would do—ready made, or something?"

Alexander was pained. He said he trusted she did not speak in earnest.

"Dear!" cried Minnie, in despair, "what can we do? We can't take boarders, and you can't be a book agent. I wish somebody would leave us some money."

"So do I," murmured Alec, with feeling.

"I know what!" cried Minnie, with sudden brightness.

"Don't you ask your father for money?" said Mr. Blossom, sternly.

"I don't intend to."

Alexander seemed to think she might have been a little more willful on this point. But he tried to look much relieved, and issued another command that she was not to go in debt. Her assent to this was immediate. Alexander had no more to say.

The next day Minnie, in pursuance of her idea, went by stealth to the clothing emporium of Warrensburg and demanded the price of dress suits. The answer was $75. She then asked the price of the cloth. This was a great surprise to the tailor. He affected to solve an intricate problem, and finally coming out with a mathematical flourish of his pencil, said: "Twenty dollars."

"How much for cutting out?"

"Well," said the tailor, "hem! let me see. You wouldn't want it made up here, you think. Well, coat, vest and—about $3.50.

"I should like to get the cloth and the cutting both for $30, if you could," said Minnie faintly.

"Well," answered the tailor, patronizingly, "that's it; we couldn't. You can't get English goods, you know, at American prices. We have cheaper goods, but—"

"I would want this," said Minnie.

"Well, as the best figure on that I'll say thirty-three. We don't make anything on it, anyway."

Mrs. Blossom was not deceived, but she pretended to be, and with another exertion of courage asked for a month's credit. Then she directed the cutting to be done by Alexander's measure, already with the tailor, and the next day carried the bundle in triumph to her dressmaker. That was her idea. Her dressmaker, of course, was one of that infinite number of sewing women, found only by sheer good luck, who are called "jewels" in feminine gossips and who charge two prices. They are said to be "reasonable" as distinguished from the real modiste. According to immemorial usage among dressmakers, this particular "jewel" of Minnie's did not set a price; but she said it was a "splendid plan," that she would try, and that she would make everything "satisfactory." What can be more satisfactory than satisfactory? Minnie departed in great spirits.

Time rattled on and brought the night of the club's first meeting.

The Blossoms' acceptance had been duly sent, and Alexander had been complacently informed that a dress suit would be provided. He trusted to his wife implicitly, believing, not that in two months she would a create a wonderful novel, as ladies so easily do—in other novels—but that she would pursue the more useful and perhaps more womanly plan of calling on her father. Men are so tardy in conceding to their wives other than domestic virtues. But one man was about to have his masculine prejudices swept away. The important night having rolled into Warrensburg, Minnie came dancing down-stairs in "something" the gifted dressmaker "had patched up out of nothing," and consequentially bade her dependent husband to "come up and get ready." He went. The bundle was brought out for him to open. It was a regular tailor's box (such as Minnie's craftiness.) and lo! on the collar of the coat was the glorifying name of a New York tailor. Minnie, of course, had obtained the name from her father and sewed it on with her own fair hands.

Alec, with a full heart, donned thd suit and stood before the mirror. He cast two careful, comprehensive glances at the trim reflection, clasped Minnie to the new coat and exclaimed in many rapture: "You darling! It's—It's the regular thing!"

"Are you satisfied?" asked the wife, wishing him to commit himself beyond retraction before she divulged the low origin of the suit.

"Of course!" cried Alec warmly, wishing he were a woman so that he could gush a little. "Satisfied? Why, it's one of Ackerman's best, that's what it is. See the way it fits. I could tell that was Ackerman a mile off."

When he had raved for ten minutes Minnie confessed the history of the suit. "So you see, after all," she said at last, "we women do know something."

Mr. Blossom looked at the coat more critically, trying to detect a blemish, but he couldn't.

"Are you still satisfied?" asked Minnie. He had to admit that he was.

"Now, how much do you suppose it cost?"

Mr. Blossom couldn't tell. "Now, a tailor—" he began.

"Tailor!" cried Minnie. "You mean robber. I counted on just $40, and out of that I have this suit, which you say you like, and this dress of mine. You would have $75 for the suit alone. To-morrow I shall go and pay up, and I warn you that every cent I have left out of the $40 I shall spend on candy, every single cent." For Minnie had the woman's love of extravagance after all.

So this was Mrs. Blossom's triumph. Not a gentleman at the Club was better dressed than her husband.

They were both in raptures. Alexander, especially, when he had convinced himself that his suit did not proclaim to the world the disgraceful truth that it had been constructed by a dressmaker.

The next evening, when Mr. Blossom came home and instituted the search for Minnie, she did not leap out at him from her old unthought of hiding place. She was in her room and crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Alexander. She did not reply at first, and still kept her head turned from him, but when he had been wrought up to the proper state of sympathy and alarm she cried a little more bitterly than before, and quite unconsciously relaxed her grasp on a piece of crampled paper. Alexander divined that this dingy scrap was the source of the trouble and picked it up. It contained atrocious writing executed in red ink and looked like the work of a dynamiter. But it was not so brief. It began: "Mrs. Blossom, to Mrs. Durden, mans Dress Sute," and after eighteen or twenty lines of trimmings, lining, buttons, extra cloth, making, etc., culminated in "totle $39." Under this "totle" Minnie had written in trembling figures what she owed the tailor, $33, and then she had made a "totle" of her own. The dress suit had cost her $72.

"You'll hate me," she sobbed; "you'll think you're married a simpleton."

Alexander was not distinguished for a keen insight into human nature, but with so beautiful and appealing a creature as Minnie in tears, who would not know the proper chord?

"Simpleton!" he cried, and, mistrusting the power of words alone, he seized her by the wrist, "sae jimp," and gleefully whisked her about the room; "so you want a compliment on your financiering? You shall have it. You have got a thing worth $75 for $72; made $3 by simply turning over your somewhat dimpled hand. Simpleton! forsooth, you are a money grabber! Take me to the theater, capital, and, I will give the supper afterwards. Eh? What do you think of that?"

Minnie, flying from tears to smiles, foolishly thought Alexander more adorable than ever, and that evening at the play, although it was a very fatal tragedy, they successfully maintained the highest spirits. But better than all, when the story was related to Minnie's father, he—knowing how to strike the right chord—immediately presented her with a large check as a guarantee that her first charmingly futile efforts at economy were properly appreciated.

WASHINGTON ETIQUETTE.

Who Shall Visit Whom? the Supreme Question at the Capital.

Who is to visit whom is becoming a more complicated question in Washington. The President and Mrs. Cleveland, up to the present time, have accepted no invitations except from members of the Cabinet and their families and Mr. George Bancroft, whose age and the exceptional place he holds in public estimation give him a claim to special consideration even from the chief magistrate and his wife, of which no one will complain. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland visit no one; that rule has long been established for a President and his spouse.

But whom shall the cabinet visit? Whom shall the Senate and supreme court visit in person? are the most difficult questions to decide. It is the number of those who have, or think they have, a claim to have the calls they make on the families of officials, returned in person, that causes the trouble, nor the assumption on the part of any lady that her station is too lofty for her to go to see those who call upon her.

It is plain to be seen that when hundreds of people call every Wednesday to see the wives of members of the cabinet, and on each Thursday to see the Senators' families, that ladies who receive these multitudinous visits cannot possibly return them all in person.

There are but five days in each week for calling, counting out Sunday and one's own reception day, and only three hours in each day, from 3 to 6 o'clock p. m., when formal calls are permissible, making only fifteen hours per week in which hundreds of calls are to be returned, scattered over the great area covered by this much spread out city. For several years, just as a matter of necessity, returning calls by card has become more and more general on the part of the families of officials.

A popular lady, whose husband is prominent Senator said this week: "I return the calls of the families of officials, including, of course, the wives of those members of the House of Representatives who serve on committees with with my husband, and of course I call on all those who have sent me invitations. There are hundreds of others I would like to go to see who have called on me, but it is simply impossible."

Manifestly to return all the calls the wife of a high official receives is a physical impossibility for her, and for nearly twenty years the Cabinet families in successive administrations have been trying to solve the problem of how to visit at all. Yet not getting through the list gives offense to those who are perforce overlooked, and, worse than all, breaks down the lady's health who makes the effort to return all her calls in person.

The Cabinet families in every administration always receive the most calls, as every stranger feels privileged to call upon them, while all do not feel the same about the families of senators and supreme court justices. While Mr. Fish was secretary of state his wife diligently tried to call once a year in person on every one who called on her reception day, and she literally went into the highways and byways to find her visitors. It has always been thought here that her health suffered from this tax on her strength, and no lady has attempted to do so much since then.

Few are aware that President's wives used to suffer from this same sort of demand on their time and strength. John Quincy Adams mentioned that prior to January, 1818, and at that time all ladies who arrived in Washington as strangers expected to be called upon not only by the wives of the heads of departments, by which he means members of the Cabinet, but also by the President's wife. He added that Mrs. Madison had subjected herself to this torture, which she felt very severely, but from which, having begun the practice, she never found an opportunity of receding. He continued: "Mrs. Monroe, wife of the President then in office, neither pays nor returns any visits."

"My wife," said Adams, "returns all visits, but adopts the principle of not visiting first any stranger who arrives, and this is what the ladies have taken in dudgeon."

Now, the number of strangers who come is 100 times as great. When Mrs. Monroe sent for Mrs. Adams to discuss this with her, the latter told her she should adhere to her principle, but not on any question of etiquette, as she did not exact of any lady that she should visit her.

On the 5th of January, 1818, John Quincy Adams, then secretary of State, mentioned receiving a call from Mr. Gaillard, the president pro tem. of the Senate, who asked him if there had been any new system of etiquette established with regard to visiting, to which he replied none to his knowledge. "I was myself determined to make no question of etiquette with any one. He mentioned that Mr. Gallatin, while secretary of the Treasury, never paid or returned visits."

In his life the question was as troublesome about calls between gentlemen as between ladies. The wives of officials always, then and now, followed the rule as between them and other ladies recognized as binding between their husbands and those of other ladies.

DARLING WAS THERE.

What the Washington Senators Have Caught on to This Winter.

A good deal of amusement is furnished this winter by the wife of a certain senator, who always calls her husband "Darling." He isn't such a one as the term would be ordinarily applied to, being big and burly and not very nice about his person, but she seems to think it is a very pretty pet name, and uses the term of endearment on all occasions.

"Darling has such a bad cold," she said to another senator's wife the other day, "that I am going to put him to bed when he comes home."

"Darling went to the capital early this morning," she remarked to another, "to attend one of those horrid committee meetings. What dreadful things they are! I positively hate them. Why, Darling says if it wasn't for his committee work he could spend lots of time with me."

The other senators have "caught on," so to speak, and now seldom allude to their colleague by any other term—in his absence only, of course. One senator came very nearly making a blunder the other day by using it at the wrong time. He entered the committee room a little late, and as he took off his coat and gloves, looked around the table, at which half a dozen or more senators were seared, and asked:

"Where's Darling?"

There were some frantic gestures toward a bookcase at the other end of the room, and the late comer blushed deeply and looked alarmed. "Darling" was behind a map-rack, where he could not be seen, and if he overheard the remark he showed no sign.—*Washington Letter.*

LADIES ON THEIR KNEES.

A Scene in One of the Higher Class Japanese Club Houses.

The Maple house is one of the select clubs of Japan, to which only the higher classes are admitted. A doctor friend had heard me admire some of the pretty girls in the tea houses, and said he would show the "Americano" some beauties, and one who could talk English. He then took me to this Maple club, and as we approached it asked if we should sit on the porch or go inside. Having a holy horror of going barefooted and having cold feet, I selected the porch, but changed my mind and went inside. In Japan, when you wish to call for a servant, you do so by clapping hands three times, which brings them from all sides. The doctor was most heartily welcomed by all. They finally brought cushions for us to sit on—finely embroidered with maple leaves. The tea service, waiters, glasses, all were decorated with maple leaves. The cakes and candies were all in the shape of and represented autumn leaves in all tints. Very pretty and charming young ladies were in attendance, with complexions as clear as alabaster—not laid on by the bottle, either—their beauty being only marred by red-painted lips. They waited on us very cutely, but yet the doctor was not satisfied, and kept sending for "Conny," who finally came. She spoke English in the sweetest tones. We were served by the young ladies on their knees, and looking so sweetly that I not only mashed "Conny," but also the other three. All Japanese girls are very modest and bashful, and my American style of mashing nearly paralyzed the young dames.—*Japan Letter.*

JUVENILIA.

A little girl who made too much noise in the early morning in her sick mother's room was put out in the hall, and soon after a miserable old rag-doll of which she was very fond was tossed out to her.

This was the "straw" that did it.

Snatching up her beloved, and hugging it tightly in her arms, with streaming eyes she sobbed out to her grandma:

"I wouldn't a tared, but what has Judy done?"

A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh!" whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

Little Polly, five years old, who cannot read a word, is busily making believe read aloud common topics from the newspaper, in the shape of small items. Suddenly looking up and seeing every one watching, she throws the paper down with disgust, and jumping up exclaims:

"What stuff they do put in the papers, anyway!"

Jo (five years old)—Auntie, what is that thing crawling?

Aunty—A lady-bug.

Jo—Kill it.

Auntie—Why, no. God made it.

Jo (meditating awhile)—Well, God can make another.

James lived in a summer hotel. He learned politeness in the drawing-room and profanity in the stable, where he sometimes was found. When five years old here is a specimen of his table manners: "Please pass the milk for God's sake."

Polly wanted an egg when three years old. "Please undress the egg, Tom, and give it to me," was the way she asked for it.

When Willie was a little fellow his mother bought him a toy balloon ("deboon" he called it.) She wanted to tie the string to his waist, but he was sure he could hold it. However, he soon lost his hold. He watched the balloon till it was out of sight, then turning to his little brother said: "I dess God will laugh when He sees that deboon coming up to Heaven."

Little Gilbert, age three years, on being reproved once, got his hat and started out the door. Some one said to him: "Where are you going, baby?"

"I am going to meet Jesus in the promised land," was his reply."

A little 4-year-old boy was taken to a farmers' meeting, when a lady read an essay on "Flowers." On returning home he was asked what they did there. "Oh, a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper," he replied, which we thought was a good description of her style of delivery.

HE KNEW IT WOULD RAIN.

A Georgia Boy Who Knew More Than the Maker of the Almanac.

Among my first recollections was seeing my mother take down a copy of Grier's almanac, which was suspended by a string to the mantelpiece, to see about the changes of the moon. Robert Grier, the maker of this wonderful almanac, was a very plain man, who lived and died years ago. During his life he made the calculation for almanacs, and almost every family in Georgia at least had a copy of this almanac, and relied on it for much valuable information. He pretended to tell when it would rain, and many other things. Although he has been dead many years, Grier's almanac still lives.

Once, it is said, Mr. Grier was riding along the road when he came to where a boy was holding a calf by the ears while his mother milked the cow. He rode up to make some inquiries about the road. He addressed the boy and said:

"My son, can't you open the gate for me, so I can go a near way through the plantation?"

"Yes," said the boy, "if you get down and hold the calf, and if you don't mind you will get a good wetting before you will go far."

Mr. Grier rode off and opened the gate himself, giving but little heed to what the lad said, for he looked above and saw no sign of rain. He rode on for several miles, and true enough the clouds began to gather, and soon it was pouring down rain, so that Mr. Grier soon became thoroughly drenched. He was so anxious to know the weather sign that he rode back to inquire of the boy how he knew so well it was going to rain. He wanted to secure so important a weather sign. He found the boy and said:

"My son, I'll give you a silver half-dollar if you will tell me how you knew it was going to rain."

The little fellow promptly replied: "Dad's got one of old Grier's almanacs, and he said it was not going to rain, and he is such an old liar about the weather I knew it would rain."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

PECULIAR MISS RIVES.

Original in Her Entertainments and in Her Artistic Work.

One of the most widely discussed novelists of the day is Miss Amelia Rives, author of "The Story of Arnon," who was the fourth son of Noah, published in November *Harper's*. Miss Rives is very handsome, tall and commanding in figure, and blonde in complexion. She is a reigning favorite in society, and wields the artist's brush almost as skillfully as she does the novelist's pen.

In the early fall, when nature's brush had just begun to color the trees and grasses, a gentleman called at Miss Rives's home and presented a letter of introduction. She was much occupied at the moment, but would be pleased to receive the guest should he return at 11 o'clock the same night. Somewhat mystified the gentleman acquiesced, and returning at the hour appointed was ushered by a colored maid into a retreat in the woods, which was fitted up in the style of a rural bower. Here Miss Rives received him, arrayed in full ball costume, entertained him most brilliantly, and delightfully for an hour, then rising and extending to him the tips of her dainty gloved fingers, wished him a graceful "good night."

Recently Miss Rives painted a portrait of herself in scant, flowing drapery, and sent it to an artist friend for criticism; not, she said, as to artistic merit, but for truth to nature, style, etc. The artist returned the picture with the candid verdict that the face was excellent, but the figure, which was plainly visible, was that of an old woman. Miss Rives then laughingly confessed that her old colored mammy had "sat" for the figure, but so long as he had discovered the deception she would change the picture and send it all of herself, which she did.

NOVEL AND INGENIOUS INVENTIONS.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads.

A combined rocking chair and cradle (indescribable).

An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea.

A church pew that looks like a pew, but has comfortable armchairs within.

A fan rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.

A nose protector (Idaho invention) by which a woolen pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.

A monster bicycle with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate the machine with levers geared to the axle.

A device which will prevent the most restless individual from kicking the clothes off the bed. It is the invention of a Chicago woman.

A combined kitchen ventilator and clock winder, being a device for connecting the ventilator wheels commonly placed in windows with the family clock.

A small, round rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it.

A new gun with a battery in the stock, and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.

A cheese-cutter, consisting of a swing-knife, by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

An electrical boot blacking machine, in which a brush is rapidly revolved in a non-rotating handle. The whirling brush brings the shine in one-tenth of the time of the old vibratory-elbow method.

A cigar-selling machine that drops out an all-Havana, clips the end off and exposes a match and a piece of sand-paper whenever a nickel or a lead blank is dropped in a slot in the side of the machine.

ELSEY FARM.

HOW IT WAS LOST AND WON.

BY DAVID R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRICK OF A MONEY LENDING LAWYER—HOW ELSEY FARM WAS LOST.

John Cassidy's law office was in Brownhelm. Brownhelm is not much of a village—in fact it is one of the smallest and most insignificant villages in Northwestern Pennsylvania, but small as it was it boasted of a lawyer, who was John Cassidy. John Cassidy did a very nice business, too. The county seat was 30 miles away, over the most infamous roads, and law had been difficult to get at before Mr. Cassidy located there, but since then there had been no difficulty in the matter. He was also a broker in a small way—he lent farmers money when they had short crops, or for any other reason wished it, taking for security mortgages on their farms, which generally ended in his taking the farms.

Why locate a story in such a village? asks the reader. Why not? The elements of a story are, briefly, Love, Hate, Revenge, Devotion, Sacrifice, Greed. Did you ever see a community so small as not to include within its limits all these elements? Wherever you find twenty persons, you shall find them all, and the most of them wonderfully well developed.

They all existed in Brownhelm, hence, Brownhelm is as good a place in which to locate a story as there is in the world.

John Cassidy, the first of the figures we will introduce, was a man of not more than thirty-five. He would have been noticed anywhere, for he had a face which was striking without being peculiar. He had one of those clean faces, with even regular symmetrical features; his beard always neatly trimmed and cared for, his hair always brushed with exactness, a prominent but shapely nose, a large mouth with thin lips clinging tightly to very white teeth, and eyes set back in the head, as gray and as cold and hard as the rocks on the hills. Slender and tall in person was Mr. Cassidy, which slenderness and tallness his close-cut professional suit of black increased. He was too clean and too precise, for he gave you the idea that this arrangement of himself was a part of his business, and that being always the same, he was always prepared. He was always cool and self-possessed.

Of course he was a successful man—such men always are. He knew his business thoroughly and followed it untiringly. He had some capital when he commenced, which capital he had quadrupled, for he had a simple set of men to deal with. The people of that ilk regarded him with awe and fear, but he cared little for that. They had to come to him, and once in his hands he knew what to do with them.

John Cassidy's Law Office. John Cassidy was in, and apparently waiting for some one. He was extremely pale and very nervous. His clerk and factotum, James or Jim Pollard, was writing busily at a desk, waiting anxiously for his principal to go out himself or send him out, for Jim was in a most raging thirst and desired very much to slip into Moddocks' for a quencher. Jim had been drinking the night before, and was paying the penalty.

Suddenly, Jim looked up from his work and remarked to his principal, that old John Elsey and his wife were coming.

"Yes, I expected them," was the reply. "He wants a renewal of the his note—the six hundred dollars I lent him two years ago."

"Shall you renew it?"

"Yes—taking a mortgage on his farm for security."

Jim drew a long breath. He knew what that meant. He had been with Mr. Cassidy several years.

"The land ain't worth it, sir," said he. "There's only sixty acres of it, and it's the worst piece of land in the county."

"How do you know?"

"I have been there, sir."

And so he had. What young man in Brownhelm had not? Poor dissipated Jim Pollard had, on that barren piece of land, been dismissed kindly and pityingly by Mary Elsey, notwithstanding his promise to reform.

She did not frown at him, or laugh at the handsome fellow, as his red, whisky-colored face grew a deeper-red—(this color he had no need to be ashamed of) when he told her that he loved her, and that she had it in her power to save him from the ruin he was inviting. She thanked him for his preference, but told him she could not marry him. But she begged him to reform all the same, and give his love to some honest, good girl who could return it, and she did it so heartily and kindly that poor Jim left her, more in love with her than ever, though he knew it was hopeless.

And now as he thought of Mary Elsey and the mortgage on that farm, he sighed.

"Go over to Leighton's," said Cassidy to him, "and get his note for the balance between us, and then go to Smith's and tell him he can have the money he wants." This was said as old John Elsey and his old wife were entering the office. The clerk left as the pair came in.

They were two average hill people. Their faces were browned with the heat of the sun and the cold of the winter, their forms were been with labor, and their patched and threadbare clothes showed too plainly that their labor had never been fully remunerated. They came in with a hesitating, scared look, that such people always have except upon their own land, and they sat down as though the chairs were traps. The chairs in that office had been traps to a great many of their class.

"Good morning, Mr. Elsey."

"Good morning, Mr. Cassidy," returned the old man nervously. "We came down this morning to fix up our matters. I am obleeged to you, Mr. Cassidy, for accommodatin' me, for ef I shood hev to pay that money now, I shood hev to sell the place, and that would kill me. I am too old to move, Mr. Cassidy—I wuz born on Elsey Farm, and I want to die there. It is very kind uv you."

"Mr. Elsey," returned Cassidy, "I do not often do 'clever' things, but I am in the humor to do this. I would not willingly see a poor man ground into the earth, if I could help him out without too much sacrice. You have had bad fortune, and I am glad that I can accommodate you. I have drawn up a note and a mortgage. The note is made payable two years from date, and if it is not convenient for you to pay then, we can renew it. Sign the note, now, and I will call in two witnesses to your signatures to the mortgage, and finish the business."

Old John Elsey adjusted his spectacles, and, with a vast amount of labor affixed his signature in trembling hand to a promissory note.

Mr. Cassidy kept the other written instrument in his hand, as he went to the door and called in two persons. One was Moddocks, the tavern-keeper, who was then, as he always was, in a state of maudlin intoxication; the other an ignorant Brownhelmite who could write his name, but whose accomplisments did not include reading. John Elsey was old and half blind.

Cassady unrolled the instrument just far enough to show the places for signatures. Elsey again went through the painful process of writing his name, as did his wife, and with like pain did Moddocks and Atkins write theirs, as witnesses, and the instrument was perfected.

"Thank you agin, John Cassidy," said the old man, as he departed, "there will be light hearts on the Elsey farm to-night. Thank you—thank you."

He did not know how little cause he had to thank Cassidy, but that worthy received the old man's protestations with as meek a face as though he had really done him a favor. He kept his face wonderfully under control—it was, in great part, his capital.

The two witnesses had gone before—the pair tottered up the road and were lost in the distance.

John Cassidy unrolled the instrument, drew a long breath and laid it upon the table. At this moment he was called out of his office, and as he went out Jim Pollard came in.

When Cassidy returned he found Pollard at his table with the instrument in his hand. He darted forward eagerly to snatch it from the clerk's hand, but he was too quick for him.

"D—n you, what business have you with my papers?"

"Possibly none," was the calm reply, "but I made it my business to look at this. John Cassidy, this is not a mortgage on Elsey Farm—IT IS A DEED FOR IT."

Cassidy had recovered his equanimity.

"Well?" he replied.

"It is a fraud. John Elsey never supposed he was signing a deed, nor did his wife. They would die sooner. I say it is a fraud. What devil's work do you intend to do?"

"What interest is it to you?"

"None—now. But I will not see John Elsey wronged. I will not see Ma—"

Cassidy stared at him with a tigerish expression as he hissed:

"I know what you are going to say, and interrupt you to save trouble. I do not propose to explain my matters to my clerk. Fraud or no fraud, that is a deed, and I hold the fee simple of the Elsey Farm. It is mine. I can turn John Elsey and his family, including the Mary who refused the offer of your hand once, into the street to-morrow, if I choose. You will not see them wronged, won't you? You will champion them, will you? Jim Pollard is the man to do this! Jim Pollard the gambler, Jim Pollard the horse-thief, Jim Pollard the forger, who is only out of the penitentiary because I do not use the knowledge I have. Give me the paper."

"I will not."

"You will not? I shall tell you a little story—I told it to you once before, but this is the last time. Four years ago, I was employed to ferret out a gang of thieves who were plundering the railroad. Five of them I caught, and they are in the penitententiary to-day. The sixth, I fancied, had some qualities that might be made useful to me, and I let him slip through the meshes of the law, though he was the worst of the lot. The others were simple thieves—he was a horse-thief and forger as well, who, had he not been a drunkard, and gambler, might have been rich. Am I narrating the story correctly?"

"You are, omitting the fact that you let me escape because I had proof in my hands which I got when we robbed your safe, that you too had been a counterfeiter."

"True, but you know those proofs I obtained possession of afterward, they were destroyed."

"Thanks to whisky and your friend, the devil, that is the fact."

"Since which time you desired to stay in these parts. I think love for Mary Elsey keeps you here. I have given you employment, but I could at any moment deliver you up to justice. Give me the paper."

Pollard turned pale, and handed his employer the paper, submissively.

"Now, get to work and forget that you ever saw this deed."

And John Cassidy locked it in his safe and went out.

As the door closed upon him, the clerk sprang to his feet and shook his clenched hand at him.

"I am his, body and soul, but the day will come when I will put my foot on his neck, or I will kill him. I will not live this life much longer—I cannot. And I will save John Elsey yet."

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE KINDNESS OF JOHN CASSIDY WAS RECEIVED AT THE ELSEY FARM AND THE MEETING THAT FOLLOWED.

A wilder, more desolate region than that in which our story is located does not exist on this continent, or probably any other. To the counties of Pennsylvania, where the hills rise to the skies, and from whose steep sides the rains of ages have washed the little strength from the soil down upon the little strip of bottom on the sides of the creeks that run their devious way among them, is where our readers, must, in imagination, betake themselves. They must picture to themselves clear streams of beautiful water; on either bank a narrow green ribbon of wonderfully fertile land; then rising abruptly great hills (almost mountains) of sterile, baked, reddish gray, hard land and rock, so sterile that vegetation barely hides their nakedness. And my readers who live upon the rich prairies of the West, the wide plains of Central New York, or the wide bottoms of the Connecticut, will wonder how any one can live on such land; how land so sterile, so utterly devoid of strength and life, can be made to yield sustenance for created thing that requires anything more than air and water.

But people—men, women and children, do live on these hills, and very excellent people they are, as a rule. They do manage, somehow, to wrest from churlist nature, enough to keep body and soul together; they manage to grow scanty crops of some kinds of grain, to keep some cattle and sheep, and raise multitudes of wonderfully strong and vigorous children, who generally make their way to more favored localities.

The hot sun of a July afternoon, shone with fierce heat on the dusty road that zigzagged over one of the hills that led out of the little village of Brownhelm, which village was nothing, to nowhere in particular. It was a fierce and consuming sun. It had risen in the morning into a cloudless sky—it had shown all day with a heat that made men helpless, and had, as it was going down, gathered its strength together, and was pouring out its rays with an intensity that was fearful, as if its design was to melt the gray rocks. Its fierce glare made the baaren red land redder, and the gray rocks shine silvery.

Under that fierce sun, along that dusty road, old John Elsey and his wife, in their rickety wagon, drawn by emaciated horses, toiled painfully. The horses were covered with dust, the wagon was likewise buried under it, their poor, patched clothing was thick with it, and from their browned faces, perspiration poured in streams. They stopped under the grateful shade of a huge rock by the road-side to rest.

"It's sing'ler," muttered the old man, as he wiped his face, "it's sing'ler how clever John Cassidy hez bin to me—sing'ler. He lent me the money two years ago to buy a hoss to take the place uv the one that I lost, and to pay off the Graham mortgage, and now he lets it run a while longer, and he don't want the interest. There is good in the world, Susan, after all. Had he not done this, I shood hev lost the old farm, and bin shoved out on the world, me and you, old woman, and the children. But I never wood hev 'sposed John Cassidy wuz the man to do it. Sing'ler clever in him. The devil ain't near ez black ez he is painted."

The rest accomplished, they toiled along the dusty road, the old man musing on the "sing'ler" cleverness of John Cassidy.

Presently the Elsey homestead, on which he was born, and which was his little world, was in sight, and in a few minutes he was at the rickety gate at the front of the house, and his children, who had been watching their appearance, had moved out to meet them. The family knew very well the business that had taken them to Brownhelm.

"Well," spoke Martha Elsey, "is John Cassidy in want of his money?"

"Not at all," replied the old man cheerfully; "he sez I may hev all the time I want, that, in fact, I needn't pay next year or the year after, onless things come around right with me. Sing'lerly lib'ral in John Cassidy—sing'ler. He ain't hed the repetashen uv doin' this kind o' thing, but Lord bless us—yoo never know men till yoo try 'em. Martha, git me a drink o' water. It's a long ride from town, and there ain't any water on the road that quenches my thirst like that from my own spring. Lord! how it wood rasp me to hev to leave the old farm, poor ez it is."

Martha Elsey tripped away to the spring with the gourd dipper to bring the water of which he was so fond, while Mary, the eldest born, stood at the back of the chair, looking down wistfully at him, as though she had something to say, which she dared not. Martha returned with the water, which the old man drank. Mary took the dipper from his hand, and Martha and the mother went out upon the porch to their usual work, leaving the two together.

A beautiful girl was Mary Elsey. Clad as she was, in homespun, with no ornaments whatever to heighten her beauty or call attention to any of the thousand items that make up the sum total, she would have attracted attention anywhere. She had long golden hair, that fell in beautiful waves over her shoulders, as free as the wind that toyed with it. She had great blue eyes, of that peculiar kind that have both depth and clearness. Her form was one a Grecian sculptor would have given his right hand to have had for a model, while her face was one in which absolute purity was combined with intelligence and will. It was not one of those faces that look pure because they are too innocent of the knowledge of sin; it was too expressive, too full of meaning, not to know what sin was, but there was a will in it to resist temptation. It was a face strong in goodness, and good in strength. Wild, untutored, uncultivated, she was a specimen of God's handiwork rarely seen. Born and reared on a farm, on the most barren of Pennsylvania hills—taught only the rudiments of knowledge in the rudest of school houses, by the most illy-qualified of masmasters, she had nevertheless managed to pick up information in some way, and was far in advance of the girls of the neighborhood in everything. Rude as she was, ignorant as she was—as she stood there, worth the attention of any man on the footstool; for nature had been so lavish with her that art and education found in her their work half done.

Mary lingered beside her father, for she had something to soy to him alone.

"Father," said she, finally, "how long ago was it that John Cassidy lent you this money that is troubling you so?"

"Two years, dear."

"You gave him a mortgage on the farm, to day, did you not?"

"Yes, dear. Of course I hed to give s'curity. Nobody lets anybody hev money without s'curity."

"And he will not trouble you for it?"

"No, darlin'. He says he knows I've hed bad luck—he heered uv my losin' my hoss, and uv the murrain that tuk my cattle, and the short crops, and John sez he isn't the man to press a poor man."

"Father, we must get this money in some way. John Cassidy is not permitting this to run from any kindness of heart, or any regard for you."

"Why, wat do you mean, Mary?"

"Listen, father, but say nothing to mother, or Martha, or Sam, of what I say to you. Three years ago, when I was living in Squire Merchant's family, doing their work for my board, and going to school, John Cassidy fell—that is—well—he fell in love with me. I never could stir a step that he was not before me. He waylaid me as I went to singing school Wednesday nights, to spelling school Tuesday nights, to prayer meetings Thursday nights, and choir meetings Saturday nights. He told me he loved me, and begged me to promise that when I was two years older I would become his wife. I did not like him—I hated him. I hated his cold, hard face, his glittering and colder and harder eyes—"

"He ain't a good 'un to look at," said the old man.

"I hated his smooth, soft speech, and cat-like walk. Besides I was in—that is, I liked Paul Bates better. On day, two years and a half ago—six months befo e he lent you this money, when he came to me for a final answer, I told him plainly that I did not like him—that I would not marry him, that I would die sooner.

"He looked straight at me with his cruel, cat-like eyes, and asked me if I loved any other man. I told him yes, a man worth a thousand such as he."

"I know it," said he, "and have known it—Paul Bates. Mary Elsey you will never marry Paul Bates—you will marry me. Not in one year, not in two, but you will marry me. Good bye—I shall never speak to you again on the subject, but you will speak to me."

"Well, girl, what has all this to do with his lending me this money?"

"It is his lever. His plan is to get a hold upon me, through you. I do not know how—I do know that he is a cunning, dangerous man, and that he is determined to make me his wife. I know nothing but I fear everything. He knows that I would not see you and mother and Martha turned out of doors—that I would die for you, and it is this that he is playing upon. Oh, father, is there no way of paying this debt at once?"

"None, my darling—none whatever. But don't take on about it. It ain't certain that this is what Cassidy is drivin' at. He may be doin' it, for once, from good nature. Don't cry darlin,' don't cry."

But she did cry, nevertheless. The old man hobbled out the room feeling a strange fear, and Mary sank into his chair and wept. Was there any escape? Paul Bates! Paul would coin his heart's blood for her, but that was all he had to coin, and there was no price for blood in that market. A poor student of medicine, living from hand to mouth, could do nothing.

And just at that moment she lifted her eyes and saw riding by on a horse as wicked looking as the rider, John Cassidy. He cast one glance over the barren acres, another at Mary, and waving his hand at her, with a gesture in which there was malignity and triumph combined, rode on.

The poor girl trembling so that her limbs could barely support her, tottered out of the room and joined her mother and sister at their work.

"It is me that he has a mortgage on—not the farm," she murmured to herself. "I am what he wants."

But the woman that she was, asserted itself. "I will foil him yet. I will never wed him, nor shall he ruin my father. John Cassidy, it is you and I, and with God's help, I'll win."

By this time, the day was drawing to a close. Mary and Martha had milked the cows that young Sam had driven up, the simple meal had been partaken of, the dishes had been washed and set away, and the old man was on the porch smoking his pipe. The good wife was busying herself with some household matters, and Mary was not there.

Where was she? Where should a girl, loving and beloved, be at such an hour? The sun was just sinking behind the great range to the westward, leaving on the hill top his last gush of glory. The delicious colness of the evening was inviting to a walk, and she had thrown on her head her hat, and was talking that walk. It was one that she took frequently, of late, and singular it was that her steps always bent in one direction. There were no end of pleasant walks in that vicinity—many of them more pleasant than the one she was in the habit of going, but she strongly fancied this one. Darting down a lane into a piece or wood that had been under-brushed across the wood so lightly, that the short grass was hardly touched under her feet. How light is youth and loved. She reached a cosy, quiet little ravine, where she paused a few moments, looking anxiously about her.

"Mary!"

"Paul!"

That was the end of the walk and its object. A strong, stalwart, manly fellow, six feet in height, with the figure of an Apollo, and a face which, if not exactly handsome, was manly and ingenuous,—precisely the man such a girl as Mary Elsey ought to fall in love with, and ought to cling to, and marry after she had fallen in love with him—held her in his arms.

On the root of a tree, covered with moss, a most convenient and pleasant seat, the lovers sat and talked. Their faces were sad and tones low.

"Paul," said she, "I see no way out of the trouble I am in. I know what poverty is. I have grown up in it. I have grown up to be a woman, and what kind of a woman? I know nothing. I have no education—there is not a book in the house, save half a dozen which came there, the Lord knows how, and which no one has ever read but myself. Martha is now seventeen and knows only the little I have taught her. Tom, Sam, Ella and little Susie are all coming up in the same way. Paul, I cannot bear the thought of it. I can live as I am, and die as I am, but they—my brothers and sisters, must be saved from this kind of a life. I have seen a little of a higher and better life. I have had faint glimpses of it—and they must be lifted out of this into that. I shall devote myself to their elevation—not my own."

"You are good enough for me, Mary."

"No I am not. I am your peer only in poverty. You are as poor as I am, but you have had advantages. You are educated—your family are of a better class, because they had an education, and as dearly as I know you love me, Paul, you would, if I were your wife, be ashamed to take me home to them."

"Upon my life, Mary—"

"Not a word Paul, I know better. You would at the first, in the first glow of our new life, brave the world, but you would tire of it. You would tire of the girl who was unable to speak as you do—write as you do—act as you do. No Paul, before we wed I must come up to your level, I must bring my brothers and sisters up to that level, and that will be a long and dreary task. I can never rise and leave them."

"But Mary why not rise—if you insist upon it, I will teach you all I know—it's little enough, God knows, but that little I can give you."

"That is impracticable. You have your own career to make—you have a struggle to make and it is best for you that you do it alone. I shall plod on my weary way. I shall pray for your progress, and shall rejoice as you rise. I cannot marry you—I shall never marry any one else—I shall—"

She stopped speaking, suddenly, and seizing Paul by the arm, pointed eagerly into the woods. There, not twenty feet from them stood John Cassidy—his eyes expressing all the hatred that eyes—malevolent eyes were capable of expressing.

With one bound, Paul Bates was before him.

"What are you here for, John Cassidy?" he demanded sternly.

"What is it to you, Paul Bates?" he answered, with a sneer. "The woods are as much mine as yours—this particular stretch of woods, possibly more mine than yours. I walk where I fancy, and stop where I choose."

"But you have no right to choose to stop and play the eaves-dropper upon me."

"Eaves-dropper! You lie!"

Quick as the lightning stroke, Paul sprang upon him, and Cassidy was prostrate upon the ground. One powerful blow stretched him helpless. Other blows would have followed, had not Mary sprang between her lover and the fallen man.

"Get up, sir!" said Paul sternly, "and leave us. You owe your safety from the chastisement you deserve, to this lady, not to any pity or forbearance of mine."

John Cassidy rose to his feet and gave the two one look. It was such a look as Lucifer might have hurled at the angels who expelled him from heaven.

It was a look in which there was baffled hate and revenge combined. It was a dangerous look.

"Hark ye, Paul Bates," said he slowly, as though he was weighing each word. "I am no match for you in an encounter of brute strength, but you shall pay for this blow, and dearly. This year, next year or twenty years hence, I will make you repent it, and more. I will make you regret that you ever stepped between me and my desires in any way. As for the 'lady' as you choose to term her, on your arm, let her—but I will not threaten a woman. She will know me better hereafter."

And he plunged into the darkness and was lost to their sight.

Mary and Paul left the scene a moment after, sad and thoughtful. Paul knew that he had made a mortal enemy of the most powerful man in the vicinity—Mary knew that the enemy of her lover held a mortgage upon her father's home.

John Cassidy went into his office, and, unlocking the safe, took from it a written document, which he looked at lovingly.

"If all else fails, this will bring her to me," he muttered to himself. "She will never permit her father to be turned into the road to beg their bread. I can bide my time. I have Elsey Farm when I choose to take it—I will have the rarest treasure on it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARE GIRLS GROWING SMALLER?

Reasons Which Compel an Observant Citizen to Believe That They Are.

The girl of the period ranges from 140 pounds down in some cases to 80 pounds or less, says the St. Louis *Republican*. Between these two limits may be found almost all the healthy loveliness of the fair sex in America. In England and Germany the figures are higher; in France and Southern Europe they are the same as in this country or smaller.

Eighty pounds of femininity is of course not much, viewed from a material standpoint, although it was probably about the weight of Cleopatra, if archæological research may be depended upon, and she was rather more than too much for any of the champions of her day. Cleopatra is the exception which proves the rule as to progressive thinness. All the other belles of antiquity were large, ample ladies of generous proportions and great health. Semiramis was taller than most of her guardsmen. The minds fail to consent to a petite Boadicea. Charlemagne's mother was nearly six feet tall. Margaret of Anjou was large. Elizabeth could not be described as small, and, in fact, most of the historic dames, of whose size we have any vague idea, were big beyond all modern ideas of what a woman should permit herself to be, beginning with our great Mother Eve, who was a giantess, according to the Arab tradition, which still points out her tremendous tomb. The facts are meager, but even within the experience of men now living, the movement toward cescousness has been apparent.

All of these reflections were caused by a statement made to a Republican reporter by the oldest inhabitant, who was at his usual task of depicting the glories of the Consulship of Plancus.

"I just came across in the garret the other day," he said, "a corset that has a history. It is a souvenir of the girls of half a century ago. It belonged to one of the prettiest young ladies who lived in St. Louis in 1836. She was an acknowledged belle, and by common consent her form was a model of beauty. I tell you, sir, she was none of your ethereal creatures, but a magnificent woman that weighed 150 pounds, and yet in these days she was considered small. She was certainly below the average size of the girls I knew."

"How did you get the corset?"

"That would be a long story. It was sold to me by the lady's darky maid. Oh, we had some notions of gallantry in St. Louis in the old times. That, however, is neither here nor there. What I want you to do is to compare the solid and severe simplicity of the garment of 1836 with the meretricious ornamentation and modeling of the one worn by the ladies nowadays. Not alone is the older one modest and pretty and plain, but it means health and vigor. You naturally associate it with rosy cheeks and black eyes and slightly tumbled hair, and a general atmosphere of gayety and good-heartedness. The modern sophistication looks to me almost immoral. It implies all the demands of society, late hours, idleness and fashionable dissipation. It tells of headaches and backaches and all manner of physical and moral shams."

"But about the comparative size?"

"Well, don't these corsets show it? Say that they are both averages of their time, and one is fully six inches greater in circumference than the other. But that isn't all of it. The mothers of the present generation were built, as a rule, more nearly to the old Roman model. They were large-limbed and strong, with a healthy chest capacity and ability to draw a long breath. Here is another proof of it."

And he produced two garters, one of the good old times, marked "Exhibit A," the other, a recent o. e, marked "Exhibit B." The longer one was of a sort of felt cloth, the other of silk. It was but one more curio out of the oldest inhabitant's museum, and he gazed at it proudly as he drew it out of the bureau drawer.

"I've got lots of those sort of things," said he, with a sigh. "When I was a young man we used to collect them and keep them. That garter belonged to a lady who is still living, and she has had eight children and a dozen grandchildren. The smallest garter was worn by one of her granddaughters, who is now a woman grown. Now, if anything could prove the case more strongly I would like to know what it is. Both were worn by their owners when about the same age, and I got the second one only a month or two ago. But what else could you expect? When I was a young man the ladies use to eat something. A common lunch in 1840 was a piece of cold beef off the round, a lot of bread and butter, and a couple of glasses of porter or wine. The girls were not ashamed of it. They would very honestly get away with a substantantial snack, and do it as though they liked it, God bless them.

"But nowadays a lunch is a very different thing indeed. The common menu is a little sour lemonade, a small piece of cake and some chocolate candy, or some other sort of indigestible monstrosity that people ought to be put into the penitentiary for feeding to their girls. You can't expect to build up muscle and health on lemon juice or pie, and the result of it all will be that our women will go on getting thinner and thinner until they disappear. It has happened in Boston already. The American stock born of such mothers as we are cultivating can't hold its own against the big-boned, strong-built foreigner. The Irish have crowded the Yankee out of New England, and the German and Yankee will crowd us out of the valley if we don't change our ways. I tell you, sir, when I look around at the way this present generation is managing things, I sometimes actually feel glad that I can't, in the course of nature, live very much longer."

Little Johnny's Composition.

Gees hisses, but ducks quacks, and wen Franky, that's the baby, is painfle in his lap he hollers, but the lion roars like dissant thunder and makes the welkon wring!

Uncle Ned, wich has ben in Italy, and evry were, he says one nite a lion come out of the woods and went to his correl for to eat his cattle. Uncle Ned he got up and looked in the correl thru a crack the lion shode his teeth, and Uncle Ned sed, "The idiot thinks I am a dentist, but I haven't no time for to tend to him. He send for the lion tamer for to quell him with his I

San Francisco Examiner.

Recent Literature.

SOME NEW AND GOOD READING.

Edwin Arnold's "Lotus and Jewel"—Natural Resources of the United States—California of the South—Story of Robert Emmet as a Tragedy—A Society Star—Lithographers' and Photographers' Directory—Literary Notes.

About the works of Edwin Arnold lingers an aroma of mystery, which aside from the power with which he wields his pen, possesses a fascination for the reader that compels attention. Of late years the interest which has been developed in occultism has added to that with which his works have hitherto been regarded, as his evident familiarity with it can be traced throughout his pages. The volume which has recently been issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston, entitled "Lotus and Jewel," possesses many characteristics of the "Light of Asia," and will find favor with the same class of readers that delight in that poem.

The present work is not a continuous tale but has three principal poems entitled, "In an Indian Temple," "A Casket of Gems," and "A Queen's Revenge," with some shorter ones. The following from the first one mentioned has a wierd charm, which indeed, belongs to most of the book:

Horses, roads,
Or chariots are there none in Shadow-Land,
Yet the Soul willeth these, and see! it drives,
Horsed, glorious, eager, through the boundless Murk!
No bliss, no kiss, no large delights be there
Of beautiful kind faces lit with love;
Of soft arms shutting into Paradise;
Yet the Soul wills there be, and lo, that Dark
Is filled with companies of Apsaras,
Lovely and sweet all mortal maids beyond—
Sweeter than Rambha whom Ravana wooed!
There are no tanks, no palaces, no trees,
No feasts, no dances; but the Soul doth will,
And, see! the Dark grows gracious with great walls
Built on the void, ramps of red gold, and domes
Of cloud-poised marble, and fair cloistered courts
Where wave the feathers of the palms, and flit
Swift glistening shoals of fish in lilied pools;
And dancers, rosy-footed and bright-eyed
Melt the glad soul to love.

"Natural Resources of the United States," by Jacob Harris Patton, is a volume designed to give a concise narrative of the natural resources in this country in all their numerous forms. The work is intended for the general reader, and the greatest pains have been taken to render it such as shall give a definite view of all the wonderful possessions which the American people have, and which they can develop into almost boundless wealth. All of the states and territories are treated of, a summary being made from the exhaustive collection of facts made for each individually, for its own practical purposes. The volume contains over 500 pages, is in good, clear type, upon fine paper, and is well bound. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Another useful book in a somewhat different line, and also published by the Appletons, is entitled "California of the South," by Walter Dudley and J. P. Widney. This presents the attractions of Southern California as a place to visit, get well in if ill, and to live in, if a delightful climate is desired. In fact it is a complete guide book for that part of the country, and contains maps and illustrations that assist in giving a good idea of its attractions and resources.

From the Appletons comes an "Atlas of the United States," which consists of general maps of the United States and territories, and a county map of each of the states. There is also descriptive text which outlines the history, geography, and the political and educational organizations of the states, together with latest statistics of their resources and industries. The work will be found a great convenience.

The tragic story of Robert Emmet, the young Irish patriot, who gave his life for his country, must always possess a peculiar interest to the people of the United States, and for this reason the volume recently issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will be welcome. The author is Joseph J. C. Clarke who had facilities for obtaining information direct from the Emmet family that gave him exceptional opportunity to become familiar with the necessary facts for the accomplishment of his undertaking. The story is presented in the dramatic form of a tragedy, which has enabled him to give it an intensity that a plain unvarnished history could not. It is thrillingly told.

In Putnam's "Knickerbocker Nuggets" come "Baron Munchausen" and "Chesterfield's Letters," both pleasant additions to the series of well chosen works issued in this form, of handy volumes that can be held without fatigue.

"A Society Star; or She Would Be an Actress," is a novel by Charles Fulton, published in pamphlet form by G. W. Dillingham, New York. This is the story of a young society lady who has made a hit in private theatricals, and, persuaded by her friends that she has ability to shine as a professional actress, she decides to go on the stage. The interviews with the managers, and experiences both before and behind the curtain, is interesting reading.

From the enterprising publisher John B. Alden, New York, comes the first three volumes of the "Manifold Cyclopedia," a work which is destined, because of its excellence and convenience, to become exceedingly popular. It combines the characteristics of both dictionary and cyclopedia, and appears in volumes so small as to be easily handled, a very desirable feature. The print is clear and the illustrations good. The contents are, as has been said, "comprehensive, accurate and compact," and the work seems to be exactly what the reading world needs for every day use. The cost is so small for anything of its character as to place it within almost universal reach. The publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York, or Clark and Adams streets, Chicago, will send specimen pages free to any applicant, or a specimen volume (which may be returned if not wanted) in cloth for 50 cents, or half Morocco, 65 cents; postage 10 cents extra. The set of thirty volumes is offered at considerably reduced price to early subscribers.

"The Lithographers' and Photographers' Directory," published by the Lithographer Publishing Co., Fred. Buehring, Prest. and Treas., at 12 Centre street, New York; price, $3, is a very complete and comprehensive work. The Directory was prepared only after great labor and vast expense, and contains a complete list of all firms connected in any manner with Lithography, Photography or the Graphic Arts and allied Trades in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Central and South America, and is the only publication of its kind ever prepared on this continent. The mailing of 140,000 inquiry circulars was a single item in its compilation.

Messrs Haughton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, send the BLADE a copy of an entirely new and very finely executed portrait of Mr. John G. Whittier, who has just completed his eightieth year. It represents him in his beautiful old age, yet seems the portrait of an old man little more than sixty. To Mr. Whittier's intimate friends this is much the most satisfactory portrait of him that has ever been made; it presents his features and characteristic expression with remarkable accuracy. It is a cause for congratulation that so good a picture has been secured of a man so distinguished as poet and philanthropist, and embodying so many of the highest qualities of American manhood, and one held in so affectionate reverence and respect by the American people. It should be in every home in the land, and the low price at which it is sold, $1, renders this possible.

Literary News.

The Stationers' Board of Trade has decided to postpone indefinitely its annual dinner.

Willard Small has just ready "Utilitarianism," by John Stuart Mill.

With the new year, 1888, the *Critic* reached its seventh birthday, and entered upon the eighth year of its successful career.

Estes & Lauriat are preparing a complete book on etiquette under the title of "The Correct Thing."

John B. Alden has just ready the first part (Abbe-Anderson) of a "Clycopædia of American Contemporary Biography." The subjects seem to be judiciously selected.

Among the letters included in William E. Benjamin's latest catalogue of autographs are one from William Blake to Flaxman ($40), Hawthorne to George S. Hillard ($20), and Washington ($30).

Mr. Mallock has left England for Cyprus, where he proposes to stay ten weeks. Edmund Yates hears that he intends to make that island the scene of his next romance.

Roberts Bros. will issue "Hannah More," by Charlotte M. Yonge, as the next volume in the "Famous Women" series; also, a new volume of "Essays," by Dr. F. H. Hedge.

William Black, in his new serial, "The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat," which has just begun to appear, has apparently assigned the role of heroine to an American girl.

E. B. Treat has published the "Don't Forget it Calendar," 1888, for professional and business men. It is made up of a series of cards with blank spaces for memoranda for each day.

Mr. William S. Gottsberger has just added to his collection of the best foreign authors a new translation, by Mrs. Clara Bell, of the "Paul and Virginia" of Bernadin de Saint Pierre.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue at once "The Second Son," by Mrs. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich; "A Masque and Other Poems," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems," by Stuart Stern; and a two-story volume by Bret Harte.

Stuart Sterne, whose "Angelo" and "Giorgio" have found a good circle of readers, will shortly publish through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. another little volume, "Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems."

The statement that the late Mrs. Theodore F. C. Demarest, of Los Angeles, Cal., wrote "My Ain Countree" is disputed, and a counter-claim to the authorship put forward in behalf of the late Peter Gilfillan, of Scotland.

Mr. Philip H. Welch's exceedingly neat and amusing hits at the human nature of the period are to be published in book form by the Scribners. The volume will bear the title of "The Tailor-Made Girl."

H. C. Bunner's contribution to the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine*, "The Zadoc Pine Labor Union," has proved one of the most successful short stories of recent years. It has called forth a great many letters from both employers and employed thanking him for such honest, straightforward, American sentiments on the labor question.

The *Art Amateur* for February will fully interest and instruct artists and lovers of art. It covers a wide field, and covers it well. Its colored plate this month is "Little Rosebud," by Ellen Welby, a very pleasing face.

A novel idea, conceived by the managers of that successful Boston magazine, the *Writer*, is "The Writer's Literary Bureau," which offers to serve as a medium between authors and publishers, reading all manuscripts sent to it, and informing their authors where they may be most profitably disposed of.

RAILWAY BRAIN.

The Affliction of Railroad Employes, Against Which Employer Should Provide.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Physicians of the Charity Hospital in Berlin, Thomsen exhibited a patient whose case he described as one of "railway brain," a neurosis resembling in many respects the condition already well known under the name of "railway spine." A healthy railway employe, aged 30 years, without history of alcoholism, or of any predisposing neurotic condition, by the sudden motion of his train was thrown violently against the side of a car, striking his head. He sustained no wound, and at the time of injury consciousness was preserved. Some hours afterward, however, he was suddenly seized with syncope, with mental terror, lost all sense of location, could not recognize the simplest familiar object, and described what he saw erroneously; his one objective symptom was absolute anæsthesia of the entire body. On the fourth day after his injury he had violent headaches, a pulse rate of 44, and, in addition to the cutaneous anæsthesia, loss of olfactory and taste sensations, with difficult hearing. On the fifth day the psychic symptoms suddenly ceased, he could not remember nothing which had happened and had no explanation for his condition.

The patient subsequently became very melancholic, complaining of insomania, headache, spinal pain, weariness and failure of appetite; no sensations of terror or disordered dreams were present. The objective symptoms remaining were well marked cranical and spinal hyperæsthesia, failure to distinguish between white and colors, loss of smell and taste and impaired hearing, numbness, and at times paresis and spasms of the region supplied by the facial nerve were also present. He was discharged from the hospital as improved, but two months afterward his condition was unchanged; he was unable to work on account of headache and weakness. Thomsen's diagnosis was "railway brain," a condition of profound disturbance of cerebral functions from shock.

The increase in mechanical appliances and the immense extension of railways afford abundant opportunities for observation of nervous shock, both in its fatal and milder forms. While *post mortem* demonstrations of hemorrhage and structural lesions explain the course of these cases, when fatal, it is evident that we must rely upon the continued observation of surviving patients to determine the development of lesions which will illustrate the pathology of this condition. The possibility of the production of degenerative changes in nervous matter and cerebral conditions causing permanent mental impairment is an interesting question for neurologists, and, in its medical-legal aspect, for the corporation whose property may cause such injuries to their patrons and employes.—*Medical News.*

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living,
The world is hollow, ambition's vain."
"Come now!" said his chum, "I know the symptoms;
It's all your liver—that's very plain.

You need not suffer, for help is easy;
Pierce's Pellets go right to the place.
'A friend to the bilious,' I well might call them—
There's nothing better; they'll suit your case."

Pott's ceased his sighing and bought the "Pellets."
No more he mourneth his hapless lot!
His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome.
His melancholy is quite forgot!

Vagaries of the Law.

An Arkansaw court has sentenced a man to three years imprisonment for stealing a $2 Bible.

It has been decided in the Pennsylvania supreme court that a person may fry onions, regardless of the inconvenience the odor of the cooking gives to the neighbors.

It was a justice of the peace at Bellaire, O., who recently decided that cigars and newspapers could be sold on Sunday, because they were "wholesome food for the mind."

In an appeal from a justice's court in Ohio, the lawyer couldn't find any particular technicality, and so he based the appeal on the ground that court was not opened with prayer. He got his money, but the appeal was no go.

Friend (to plaintiff)—"Well, I see you won your suit. I congratulate you." Plaintiff—"Thanks. Yes, I beat the old scoundrel." Same friend (to defendant)—"I am sorry to hear that you lost your suit, old man." Defendant—"Yes; the young scoundrel beat me."

A French provincial lawyer recently died. In his will he directed that an annuity of $400 a year should be paid to his servant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who performed this office jumped with joy; but his delight was speedily dampened by the nephew and heir of the dead man, who reminded the servant that his master only had one eye. And that servant actually failed to get his legacy on this absurd technicality.

A Dozen Facts Worth Knowing.

The sure preventive of cholera is cleanliness.

Antique oak or cherry is the favorite wood for bedroom sets.

Pine pillows are used on library lounges as inciting slumber.

Keep a separate saucepan for boiling potatoes in if possible.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake the lighter the cake will be.

The water in which codfish has been soaked is very good for washing the zinc under the stove.

Bathroom accessories may be simple or elegant, but plenty of water and soap are within the reach of all.

Take a bucket of fresh water into your bedroom every night and let it remain uncovered. It will absorb all poisonous gases.

Every one should have eight hours' sleep, and pale, thin, nervous persons require ten, which should be taken regularly in a well-ventilated room.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

SELF-CONTROL in small things as well as great is only attained through years of stern schooling and bitter experience.

A child always gives way to its feelings whether of joy or anger, and if never controlled the experiences and troubles of after life are more difficult to bear than if taught self-government in childhood. People who give way at the smallest provocation to furious bursts of anger are always regarded with fear and trembling by their friends and acquaintances, and carry about with them the atmosphere of a smouldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment. Those who yield to the "blues" will soon find the tendency growing upon them until it becomes uncontrollable and they are chronic sufferers from melancholia. Constant yielding to the impulses sooner or later opens a path to the insane asylum, and no one is quite safe from its doors who does not learn to control their feelings and keep the whip hand over themselves at all times.

ONE thing is to be observed that no one can be said to really possess himself unless his self-government enters into the small, every day affairs of life. A man may preserve the sang-froid "under the most trying circumstances, yet when it comes to the little weaknesses which he knows are a detriment to him if indulged in, fails utterly and in these respects becomes like a child. The same is true of a woman, who, though strong and brave in meeting the severest trials of life, calm and self-possessed in all social contingencies, gives way to her feelings at what seems the most trifling matters, often much to her disgust when the tempest is past. An eminent physician once remarked, upon seeing a young girl in a fit of the sulks, "That girl ought to be warned. I have now in my charge a woman, who sulks until she is almost desperate. The habit has grown upon her from childhood, when she was never taught to govern herself, and now she seems unable to teach herself." Lack of self-control takes many forms. People who are very successful in a financial way are prone to "feeling their oats," as the old saying has it. They are apt to become consequential and important until it becomes necessary, as an odd genius expressed it, "To hoop them in." To know oneself thoroughly and to keep oneself always well in hand, only comes through the hard experiences of a lifetime. The lesson must be commenced in childhood and the study never forgotten through all the succeeding years.

IT is a common thing for men and women who have some object in life outside of the social whirl, to feel that they know too many people. This is not always well. Old and tried friends are best, it is true, friends who know and understand one's failings as well as the good points in one's character, but after all the scene of life is constantly shifting, and if no new acquaintances are made the friendly circle is soon broken and one is left alone and stranded. It requires a great deal of courage to refuse to know new people, but when an individual has outgrown the mere social frivolities of life, when new friends are made, there is a desire for exactly the right ones, and time wasted upon persons whom it is no advantage or improvement to know, is looked upon as time that is lost.

A STORY is told of a young man, himself a new actor in the literary world, who was very anxious to meet a certain woman of letters whom he greatly admired. He made his application through a mutual friend and received a reply couched in this wise: "My dear fellow, she will have none of you; she knows too many people already." At first the rebuff seemed very rude to him, but he said in later years that he fully appreciated her feelings, and often wished he had the courage to go and do likewise. It does require a good deal of courage to refuse to make a new acquaintance, for though the world is wide, it is yet far too narrow to hold one enemy. Nor does the meeting of new people necessarily make them new friends. All are free to choose their own associates in this life. Persons can be met and known for years without taking them into one's heart, and it seems a little selfish to refuse to know anyone to whom one's acquaintance might prove a benefit. Besides there is always a chance of repelling some one who, when the veneer of strangeness has worn off, will prove himself that which is best in all the world, a good staunch friend.

"THAT conduct often seems ridiculous, the reasons of which are wise and solid." Human nature is so prone to criticising the actions of others, that every man imagines he knows his neighbor's affairs better than he does himself, and is ever ready with advice and suggestions as to how such and such a thing should be done. This is particularly true in small towns, and among idle minds who have nothing better to occupy them than to pry into the private life of others and wonder at what they do. It is never best to find fault with our fellow-men for any of their actions, until the root of the matter is known, and it is no one's business to know what the root of the matter is, unless the party concerned chooses to have it made public. It is so much easier to find fault with others than to correct one's own, and those who are constantly criticising, never seem to think their own actions may be deserving of censure. Charity, sweet charity, is more often abused by unkind remarks about what may be trifles than in any other way.

IT is so easy to think how differently one would have acted oneself under certain circumstances from the friend who was placed under these very conditions. The wise individual, however, will wait and not be too quick with censure. The day may come when a similar trying position is one's own and then it will be realized how strengthening is the help of one's friends, while their advice and censure wounds and weakens. That unkind gossip causes much of the trouble and heartache in this life is a truism, but it cannot be too often repeated. To discuss in public other people's private life and sorrows is a great wrong. Personalities in conversation receive a greater share of attention than wit, wisdom or fancy. A rare and racy morsel of gossip told in strict confidence is usually received with great pleasure, but after all a gossip is more often shunned and despised by people of worth than respected.

TALKING about this habit of gossiping recalls a little story told of a Washington society woman, who was what is always beautiful, a true lady. Among the callers on her reception day were several ladies who, on the previous evening, had attended a large party given by a millionaire and his wife. The party was criticised by these callers, and its hostess picked to pieces. In a lull of the conversation they turned to the lady on whom they were calling, and appealed to her to confirm their criticism in such a direct way that she was forced to speak. "Well, ladies," she answered, with that repose of manner and calmness of tone which are such excellent things in women, "I have never eaten of her bread and salt, and, of course, know nothing of her as a hostess. But if I had accepted her hospitality I should know nothing unkind of her either as a hostess or a woman." The courage of the lady, though magnificent, did not cause the visitors to prolong their call.

It is a Curious Fact

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Parisian Ethics.

"I was recently talking with a Frenchman about the late Minister Washburne, a native of our Androscoggin county.

"'I don't like him,' said the Parisian.

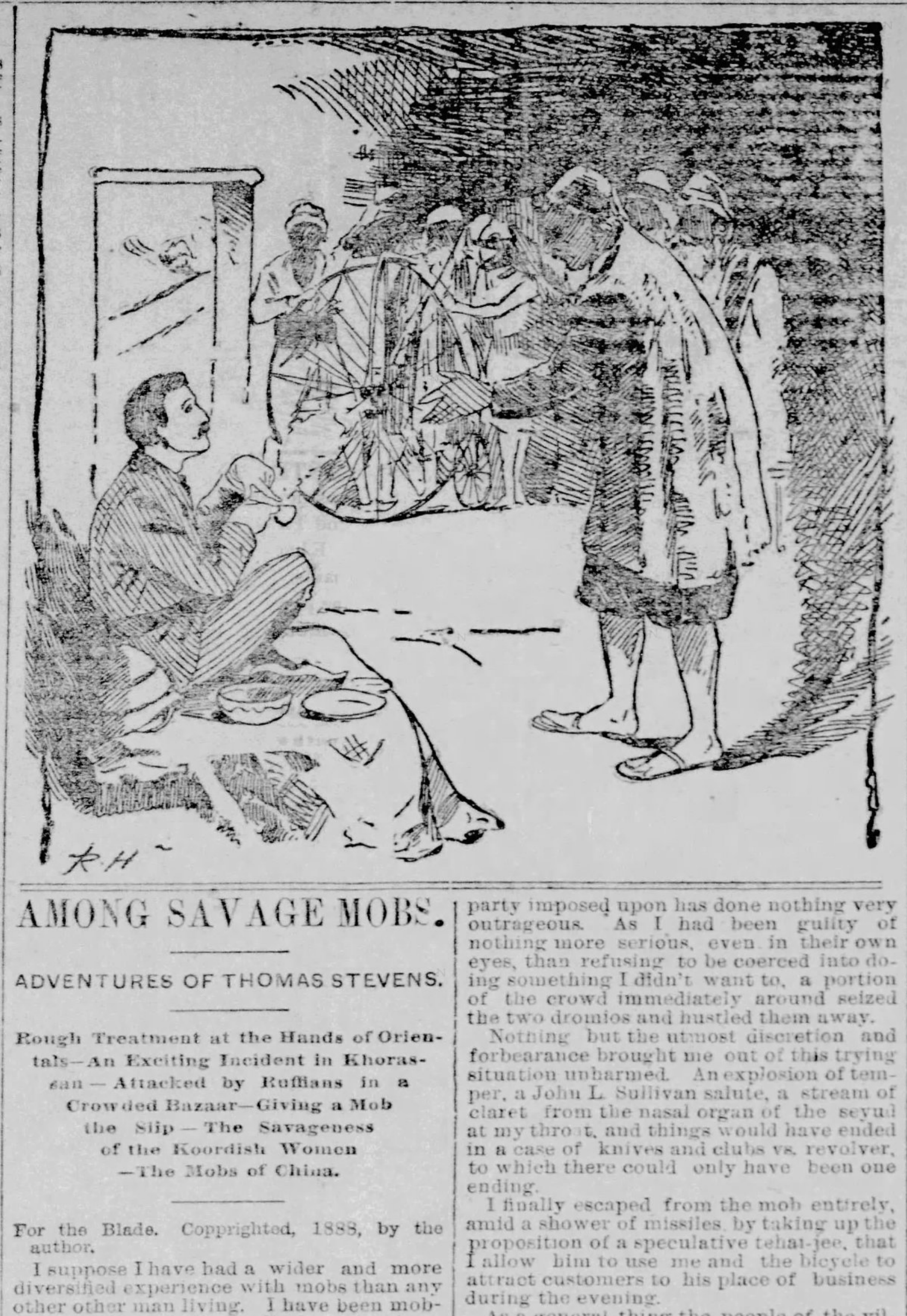
"'Able man and an honest man,' I insinuated.

"'Yes, I doubt not; but then he wore thick boots, long hair and short pantaloons,' said the Frenchman. The greatest of offenses, according to a Parisian, is an offense against good taste."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

—Increase of Pension for Deafness.—A new law giving $30 per month for total—proportionate rating for less degree. Address, T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C., an attorney of 26 years experience.

The Commercial Printing Co., W. T. Burkam, president and general manager, publishers of the daily Chattanooga *Commercial*, has assigned to H. W. Martin. Assets, $43,928; liabilities, $25,933.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,



AMONG SAVAGE MOBS.

ADVENTURES OF THOMAS STEVENS.

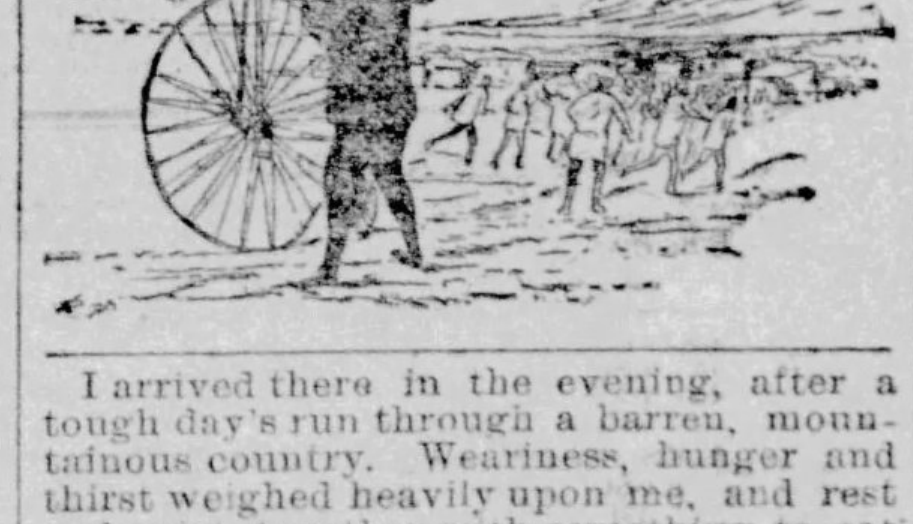
Rough Treatment at the Hands of Orientals—An Exciting Incident in Khorassan—Attacked by Ruffians in a Crowded Bazaar—Giving a Mob the Slip—The Savageness of the Koordish Women—The Mobs of China.

For the Blade. Copprighted, 1888, by the author.

I suppose I have had a wider and more diversified experience with mobs than any other other man living. I have been mobbed by semi-civilized Turks, Persians, Khorassanis and Chinese respectively. Having escaped sometimes, it seems to me, by little short of the miraculous intervention of unseen powers,—without anything worse than superficial bruises and a sorry curtailment of Western dignity for the time being, I remain without any feelings of ill-will against any of the above-named nationalities. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, when one ventures among the superstitious people of Asia, "riding alone, on the skeleton of an iron horse," as an Afghan chief once described my adventures in crossing the Desert of Despair on the bicycle.

Through all the strange and remarkable experiences of that journey around the world on a bicycle, it was my *kismet* to pass without serious harm, and I can henceforth afford to regard even my rough treatment at the hands of fanatical mobs, with a spirit of impartiality and amusement. Time heals all sores, and to-day I have no consciousness of any feelings but of good-natured tolerance, even toward the furious mob of Celestial roughs who chased me and the bicycle through the streets of Ki-rigan-foo. Had they succeeded in their avowed purpose of wrapping me in cotton, soaking me with peanut oil, and making a foreign-devil bonfire of me, however, the retrospections of my flame-ousted shade would, I ween, scarcely have been so charitable.

One little affair that always obtrudes upon my recollections of mobs, occurred at the city of Torbet-i-Haiderie, a walled city of some pretensions in Central Khorassan. I was making my way from Meshed to Beerjand to see if I couldn't obtain assistance from the ameer of Seistan in getting through Afghanistan to India. On the way to Beerjand, my route led me through Torbet-i-Haiderie. It is a city but little known to Europeans, having been but seldom visited by wandering Central Asian travelers.



I arrived there in the evening, after a tough day's run through a barren, mountainous country. Weariness, hunger and thirst weighed heavily upon me, and rest and quiet, together with something to eat and drink, were the crying necessities of the hour. Instead of these things, however, my appearance inside the city gates was signalized by the gathering of a clamorous and importunate mob, who filled the bazaar with their uproarious shouts for me to ride and let them see.

There was nothing unusual in this so far, as their conduct was but a repetition of what had taken place in almost every Asia Minor and Persian city I had passed through. And yet the maddening, unreasoning multitude might with equal propriety have been shouting for a fish to swim without providing it with the necessary element, for in the crowded, ill-paved bazar it was impossible to turn around even, and utterly impossible to ride a bicycle.

By the time I reached the public caravanserai the crowd had swelled into a surging, tumultuous mob that filled the whole compound of the serai to overflowing. "Tomasha! tomasha! sowar shuke! sowar shuke!" a thousand people yelled at the top of their voices. "Asp-i-awhen, Ferenghi, Sowari!"

To obtain a moment of peace and quiet, or anything to satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst, under the circumstances, was impossible. To stand guard over my precious bicycle and preserve it from the pressure of the struggling mass of humans was about the only thing I could think of, or do at first. I had been in Turkish and Persian mobs before, and had yet to discover anything that would appease them but to ride the bicycle and satisfy in a measure their inordinate Oriental curiosity. Ride, ride, ride!—nothing but ride, no matter whether darkness, unridable ground swarming with people, hunger, weariness or what not was the matter, nothing would do but ride!

In the Torbet-i-Haiderie caravanserai, however, to ride was out of the question. I had picked up a certain (or uncertain) quantity and quality of Persian in Teheran during the winter, and I determined, in my dilemma, to try and appeal to the crowd's reason. Standing up on the porch of my menzil, I addressed them: "Irain adami; Mashalla! tomasha caravanseria neis! Rah koob neis; khylie saaf rah i lahzim sowar asp-i-ahen. Am roos, sowari neis. Inshalla, haft saat saba, gitti Beerjandi, khylie koob tomasha."

This eloquent harangue, instead of appeasing them, seemed to have a decidedly contrary effect. Instead of dispersing and waiting till I resumed my journey next morning to satisfy their curiosity, they answered my reasonable explanations with howls of disapproval. More than that they made a determined invasion of my quarters for the purpose of bringing me and the bicycle out and making me ride whether or no. So determined were they that when I resented this violent intrusion, one burly ruffian seized me by the throat, and another cracked me wantonly on the head with a club.

Matters began to look serious; here was I, alone amongst a mob of half-civilized fanatics who were evidently determined upon making me perform an impossible feat. True, I had my good American six-shooter; but under the existing conditions that was worse than useless. I had used it effectually to hold in check small village mobs, bent on stone-throwing; but in the presence of a fanatical city mob, in whom the spirit of wanton mischief was already aroused, an appeal to the revolver would have been a suicidal move. It was a case in which discretion was most decidedly the better part of valor.

I might have dropped the presumptuous gentleman, who had his hand twisted in my neckerchief, like a beef, with a gentle rap on the temple, for he presented a most favorable front for that purpose, but I knew it wouldn't do. This individual wore the green turban and kammerbund that proclaimed him to be a seyud, or direct descendant of the Prophet. To lay violent hands on a seyud, even under the protecting shadow of the European legations at Teheran, is extremely dangerous; and for me to do so in Torbet-i-Haiderie, would have ended most disastrously for myself. A mere passive resistence was the wisest thing to take refuge in.

Fortunately, in a Turkish or Persian mob, as I had long since discovered, there are always a certain number of well-disposed persons who will interfere officiously in one's behalf when matters seem to be coming to a crisis, i. e., providing the party imposed upon has done [illegible] forbearance brought me out of this trying situation unharmed. An explosion of temper, a John L. Sullivan salute, a stream of claret from the nasal organ of the seyud at my throat, and things would have ended in a case of knives and clubs vs. revolver, to which there could only have been one ending.

I finally escaped from the mob entirely, amid a shower of missiles, by taking up the proposition of a speculative tchai-jee, that I allow him to use me and the bicycle to attract customers to his place of business during the evening.

As a general thing the people of the villages were disposed to be friendly; but once in a while I used to pass through a place where the spectacle of a lone Ferenghi, making his way through the bazaar or streets without escort, would excite the rowdy element to deeds of aggression. This was the case far oftener in Persia than among the Turks. The latter are a finer race than the subjects of the Shah, in almost every particular.

Sometimes a mob of Persian villagers would capture me bodily, and endeavor to retain me until they could send for their Khan, to whose pleasure and gratification they were servilely desirous of catering. Sometimes that individual would be miles away and might not return for hours. If the road was fairly smooth, my plan under these annoying conditions would be to pretend acquiescence in their proposition of waiting. I would then propose a little exhibition of my abilities for their own gratification while waiting the arrival of the Khan. In their eagerness to see, the unsuspecting ryots would readily fall into the trap, receiving my happy proposal with shouts of approval and much clapping of hands. The next minute would see me flying down the road, with a swarm of bare-legged Persians in full chase after me yelling for me to come back.

Sometimes, irrigating ditches, or other obstructions would interfere with my riding sufficiently fast to escape; the racing ryots would then recapture me, and amid much boisterous merriment keep strict guard over me until their object of securing a tomasha for their chief would be accomplished, when they would reluctantly allow me to depart.

Once I had a curious little adventure with a mob of Koordish women. Travelers have sometimes told strange stories of their treatment at the hands of Koordish women. I had read something of these things, and like a good many other readers, I suppose, had accepted them with a large sized grain of salt as "travelers' tales." A little experience of my own, one morning, however, rather upset my preconceived notions as to the veracity of what I had read.

I had already spent nights in the tents of the Koordish tribesmen, and heretofore had been treated with the traditional hospitality of Asiatic nomads. At this particular camp, however, seemed to be an unusually wild and ill-conditioned crowd. I saw at once that they were a pretty tough set; but relying on the Koordish code of hospitality, which holds the person and property of a stranger sacred so long as he is their guest, I decided to put up at their camp for the night.

In the morning I discovered that these people, unlike others of my acquaintance, possessed no scruples whatever about the code of hospitality. Things were stolen from me during the night, and in the morning when about taking my departure, the female portion of the camp gathered about me and refused to let me go. They came racing from the different tents, seized the bicycle and me, and acted very much as if they were half inclined to rob me of everything I possessed.

They were a hoidenish crowd of females; not much feminine gentleness about them. They seemed to take much boisterous delight in jerking me around, upsetting the bicycle, and other play; their conduct reminded me of nothing so much as a pack of curs wantonly offending horse or cow. Hoidenish and unwomanly as was their conduct, one couldn't threaten women with a revolver, nor adopt the harsh measures that would have been justifiable in dealing with men. It was a novel situation, and at first I hardly knew what to make of it. The fact that they were Koords, and that these nomads had hitherto deprecated any hint of payment for food received, and had been profuse in their hospitality mystified me not a little in regard to the conduct of these women.

It turned out, however, that money, was the very thing they had made up their minds to relieve me of. Fortunately I had a quantity of native money, in silver pieces of small denomination, and with this I finally bribed my way out of their camp. This was not the only time where a little money, judiciously distributed, preserved me from ill-treatment at the hands of a mob; but this mob of females was the only example of actual buying my own freedom. Had I not managed the matter pretty adroitly, I have no doubt they would have ended in turning me loose with hardly a stitch to my back.

It was in China, however, where I had the most trouble with mobs. There are well-disposed persons in a Chinese mob, just as there are in a mob of Turks and Persians, though not so many in proportion. The favorable consideration of John Chinaman, however, unlike that of the well-disposed Turk or Persian, takes the form of turning round and walking off, when matters begin to look serious. John Chinaman is a queer sort of a customer any way you take him. One must expect to find him acting quite the reverse of other people under every possible condition.

Anybody else in the wide world who took a friendly interest in a stranger suffering outrage at the hands of a crowd of his own countrymen would interfere in his behalf in some way. This being the case, one is not very much astonished to find the unfathomable Celestial taking precisely the opposite course of turning away and walking off.

I came nearer losing my life at the hands of a Chinese mob in Ki-ngan-foo than at any other stage of the journey. They intended to burn me alive in the street, first wrapping me up in cotton, soaked with oil. The prompt interference of the Mandarin alone saved me from that interesting fate.

THOMAS STEVENS.

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE RANK AND FILE.

The Services Rendered to Their Country—What Have They Received for This Service?

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The year 1861 had completed 85 years of Republican government in the new world. The colonies, with scarcely three millions of people, had been successful in a seven years' war with the mother country. Their independence had been acknowleded by all nations. Peace, prosperity and happiness was the lot of the North American republic. Arts and sciences flourished, cities were built, institutions of learning sprang up all over the land; our flag floated on every sea; the stars and stripes, the sign and emblem of our power, were respected by all men. Well might the poet sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my father died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

Here there were none noble, but nature's noblemen. Here there were none great, but those made great by merit. Here was the only spot on earth where man was not persecuted for opinion's sake. The asylum of the poor and oppressed of all nations. The land of the free, the home of the brave. We were not only abreast of the civilization of the nineteenth century, but were leading in the great work of civil and religious liberty. The war of 1812, the Indian wars, and the war with Mexico, had proved to the world that the volunteer soldiers of this country were equal if not superior, to the soldiers of any other land. If this was all true, who for one moment could think that any citizen of this highly favored land could fail to love his country and yield to its laws a ready and willing obedience, and yet there were men among us, yea in the councils of our nation who hated our institutions, and hated our flag because it was the emblem of the universal brotherhood of man, men that denied the doctrine taught by the declaration of independence; that all men were created equal and were endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These men plotted treason, planned the dismemberment of the states, although many of them had sworn to protect and defend the institutions that they were then trying to destroy. I do not design going into a history of the opening of the rebellion, suffice it to say that rebellion was organized, forts and arms seized, and yet it was hard to convince the people that war was upon us. Doubts still existed until the well to be remembered 12th of April, 1861, the date of the firing on Fort Sumpter. The sound of that shot went ringing through the land like an electric shock. The plow was left in the furrow, the axe was left in the tree, the clerk threw down his yard stick, the merchant closed his ledger and his door, the mechanic changed his saw, square and file for the musket, sword and cannon. The first call for seventy-five thousand filled, the call for three hundred thousand filled. Then hark; what song is that, what means that chorus "We are coming Father Abraham five hundred thousand more?" It means that the armies of the Union under the glorious old flag are grappling in a life and death struggle with the hordes of rebellion and treason that are doing their utmost to destroy the best government on earth. The struggle still goes on, blood still flows, until more than 2,500,000 of men have left their homes, families and business for the tented fields. Battle after battle, more carnage, more blood until more than 60,000 of our soldiers have offered up their lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, and more than 350,000 have died from wounds and sickness. Nor is this all, the number of wives made widows, and children made orphans will never be known. Through all this carnage and suffering in cold and heat, the soldier is cheered by the promise that a grateful country will care for him that bore the battle and for his widow and orphans. Let us inquire whether this promise has been kept.

There were three things indispensible to the success of our arms; the first we have already spoken of—the rank and file of the army; they furnished the bone and muscle, and did the fighting. Money was also indispensible, and that also was furnished. One other thing was indispensible—brains to use the money and direct the rank and file in their efforts to settle the question then pending forever. Either one of these being wanting, utter failure and ruin would have been ours. It follows, then, that the nation is equally under obligation to the rank and file of the army, to the men that furnished the sinews of war in the shape of money, and to the grand old men that led us so gallantly. It is then a fair question to ask whether these obligations and promises have been equally kept and discharged. Our leaders have been amply rewarded; the nation and the people have crowded honors, position and money on them and on their widows and children. How has the nation treated its creditors?—the men that stayed at home and made money out of the war, and said to us "go fight the battles of your country; I will stay at home and raise wheat at $3 per bushel and buy bonds at 40 cents on the $1." How has the nation treated these bondholders? Has it paid him in the same kind of money that he paid for his bonds, worth only 40 cents on the dollar? No. After paying him interest in gold enough to cover the face of his bond, it has paid a dollar in gold for what only cost him 40 cents. This is all right; but while we are more than willing that our leaders should have all their dues, and the bondholder be paid to the last cent, we can't forget that we were paid in this same money worth only 40 cents on the dollar, and that while we were lying on the ground in sleet and snow, our wives and families were living on this $3 wheat, were wearing very poor calico at 50 cents a yard and drinking coffee at 50 cents per pound. We are also reminded that all the holders of those I. O. U's., called government bonds, has to do every three months, is to cut off his coupons and present them and he is paid in good yellow gold. It don't make any difference when the debt was contracted.

But if a poor old soldier who lost his health in the war of the rebellion and has been trying to keep out of the poor house for 20 years, and finds old age creeping on and concludes to apply for a pension, he is met with a law which says: "You can't have pensions only from the time you apply, although in justice as between man and man this pension is due from the time the discharge occurred." And this is not all. When he enlisted he was examined by a government surgeon, sworn to protect the interest of the government, and was stripped and thumped and punched until he was sore for a week; was accepted. Does the service fill his part of the contract—eats his part of wormy hard-tack and half-spoiled bacon. He is met by the pension officer with the presumption that he had that cough, that lame back and that sore leg when he enlisted; that he perpetrated a fraud on the government when he enlisted and deceived the surgeon that examined him. The fact is the government takes the position that every man that applies for a pension is a fraud and a perjurer, and throws the burden of proof upon him to prove to the contrary. Is it any wonder that he gets discouraged and quits after spending many a hard-earned dollar in an effort to get that he knows is due?—COL. E. M. LOW, Pulaski, Ill.

The Son of a Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am and have been a reader of the BLADE, and I take great interest in the CAMP FIRE. Although I am no ex-soldier, my father was one of the 74th Ind. Vol. He went to fight for his country in the year 1862, when he was but a youth of 16, and served until the bloody conflict was ended. He was not seriously disabled, but received several minor wounds, and is yet a hale farmer of two score years and one. He asks no pension until all his comrades may share with Uncle Sam's surplus but it is probable that such will not happen as long as there is so much surplus that the government will have to break down our rising industries, and give it to some other nation.

Probably Grover considers that Europe is the mother of these United States, and wishes to repay her for the attempts she has made at destroying us. That is right, Grover, return good for evil. I noticed in the BLADE of December 29 that John Smith, of O. V. V. I. is reminding the old soldiers of their charge at Jonesboro. A. U. Miller, the father of the one who writes these lines, says he will remember it as if it were but yesterday, and that many brave companions were strewn without mercy. He says that their colonel was awarded a medal of honor for the action. As this is my first fuel for the CAMP FIRE I will not come too heavily loaded, for I do not understand how to place it to suit the blaze as do you old comrades of experience. Although we are at present blessed with a famous (as to veto) President, it is hoped, by one at least, that by the time another election is at hand you, as comrades, will march to the front and discharge your enemy, as you did the contents of the musket in the never-to-be-forgotten days of Old Honesty. Post yourselves on the tariff question.—D. HARRY MILLS, Ligonir, Ind.

Hobnobbing With Generals.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Seeing that I served three years in Sam's army for the purpose of reconciling our Southern brethren to a permanent settlement in the Union and while disdaining to brag (not E. S.), I secretly think that the early collapse of the Confederacy, after only four years' fighting, was mainly due to myself, General Bragg and several thousand men with muskets and cannon, and while I cannot just now remember distinctly when I helped to give the finishing blow, I will heave a scale of fir bark on the fire and prove my claim to our boys by relating an incident which, if it does not prove, it will at least show my familiarity with our generals. It was while enduring the trials of our unfortunate Red river campaign, under command of General Banks (who by the way neglected advice that I might have given. My regiment the 29th Wisconsin infantry, and brigade under command of Brig. Gen. Robert A. Cameron, were stationed about two miles west of Alexandria, La., for the purpose of guarding our rear while Col. Bailey was damming the river to float Admiral Porter's fleet over the falls. Gen. Banks, after his wagon train charge at Mansfield, felt apprehensive that Dick Taylor and his Democrats might get more wagons and mules, so he ordered Gen. Cameron to throw up earth works in his front and, in order to get spades and shovels to work with, men had to be sent with a requsition to division headquarters, Gen. Lawler commanding. It being my turn outside, I was detailed with twenty men to go, and had to report to Gen. Cameron for the order. I did not strictly comply with military etiquette in marching my squad before the general's quareers, halting them, etc., but ordered them to wait outside while I went in after the order. Well, I got it, and not knowing the exact course to Lawler's quarter's I enquired of Cameron's adjutant the direction. Gen. Cameron pointed the way, and while pointing, John Crowfoot, one of my company, called me, saying: "George, there is a nearer way than that down to the left." I was looking at the general at the time, and, I saw his big brown eyes snap, and I heard his voice, too, a cross between a steamer's whistle and the surprised roar of a buffalo bull, when he replied: "Yes, George, that is the nearest way. Take your men down the shady lane, George; give them cistern water, George; don,t hurry them, George; let them straggle and keep cool, George, and get the shovels, George, and come back, George." I thought there was some needless repetition of my name, but attributing his manner for zeal for the cause, I neglected to reply, but marched after the tools at once, having beforehand agreed to obey my superior (in rank) officers, especially after they get down on one knee as Gen. Cameron did, and laying his arm along side my head, saying: "George, take sight over my finger, George, and go." After we returned to camp our men made remarks about my hobnobbing intimacy with generals. Some people might have said, it was through envy, but I did not exactly think that. Now, boys, I don't write this as a literary gem, but believing, or thinking, I am privileged at your fire, and hoping to hear from my old comrades of the 29th Wisconsin, as well as from members of the 24th, 34th and 46th Indiana, with whom I didn't quite stem the level flames of hell, but endured many hardships and dangers, and if this should meet Gen. Cameron's eye, I say it, I have his photo and he has no more ardent friend and admirer than "George." Hurrah for Lincoln and Foraker or Foraker and Lincoln. Boys, we don't want another fight, but vote as you shot and down the Southern bully and his den of charmed Northern snakes once more.—GEORGE P. WOOD, Orderly Sergeant, Co. I, 29th Wis., Zelm, Thurston county, Wash. Ter.

Disposing of the Surplus.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been an interested reader of the BLADE for some time, and more especially of the CAMP FIRE department. It is very interesting to me to read the letters each week, and to hear the comrades relate their experiences while in the service of Uncle Sam; but are the old vets aware that the people of the United States in general do not fully appreciate what the Union soldiers did for them? They certainly do not, for if they did fully appreciate the great, grand work of the soldiers of the late war, we would not hear so much said by Congress about how to dispose of the vast surplus that is lying idle in the United States Treasury, for if the old broken-down soldiers were paid what justice demands, or even what the government actually promised to pay them, why then the surplus would not be so great, and thousands of comrades would be materially benefited who are now dragging out a miserable existence of want and suffering, with the cold, uncharitable world on one side and the poor house on the other. Shame upon such a government that will allow her defenders to thus suffer. I wish to call upon every soldier and soldier's friends to remember how they have been treated, or rather mistreated, and vote accordingly. I would like to hear from the "boys" of the old 66th Ills.—P. C. DUCK, late of Co. E, 66th Ills. Vol. Inf., W. S. S.

A lengthy poem on the battle of Chattanooga, by B. Goodell, Co. B, 3d O. C., of Colton, Henry county, Ohio, is reserved for some future occasion, when we take up poetry again.

Mr. O. S. Barrett, of the 4th Mich., Adrian, Mich., favors a service pension bill. He believes that the defenders of the country should be recognized.

Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to *think*. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula or "liver complaint," might read, till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

TO GERMAN WORKINGMEN.

The Leading German Newspaper of New York Advises Them.

Der New York Republikaner.

The workingmen should not forget that they must choose between free trade and protection, which insures them higher wages and develops American industries. If they vote with the Democratic party they vote for free trade, and consequently for lower wages. The votes of the German workingmen form the balance of political power between the two parties. If the "fleshpots" of America have caused them to forget their poverty in the past, let them remember the toilers whom they have left behind in Germany, who toil and struggle day after day, yet scarcely earn the necessaries of life for wife and children, and, in addition, are oppressed and taxed to the utmost extent of their meager wages. Theirs is a hard and bitter lot. * * *

We can not alter the condition of affairs in Europe, but we can keep them from our shores. America shall remain an asylum for the oppressed workingman, where he can call his hearth his own, and where he can become a well-to-do, honored and free citizen. The German workingman of America must now do his part to secure these blessings. He must understand the handwriting on the wall now, before events have become irrevocable. He must vote with the right party if he desires to improve his condition (and in this opulent country his condition can be improved). That party is the Republican party, the party that liberated 4,000,000 of slaves, and who are now again to the fore with the battle cry of protection. Again we say the workingman has the choice: Democracy and free trade or Republicanism and protection!

Inventors who desire to obtain patents which will certainly protect their inventions, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

THE DUDE'S LATEST FAD.

Signing Their Letters with Tiny Photographs of Their Sweet Selves.

A strong evidence of youthful vanity is the fact of pasting a miniature likeness of the writer at the bottom of a letter where the signature properly belongs. An uptown stationer has received many orders for letter and note paper to be engraved at the bottom of the sheet in this manner:

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who finds POWER and VITALITY, NERVE and SEXUAL STRENGTH [illegible] sensibly weakened, [illegible] finds himself abashed [illegible] IMPOTENCE and [illegible]

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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Pictured Rocks.

J. S., South Union, Ky.:

Will you please give a description of the pictured rocks of Lake Superior?

On the southern shore of Lake Superior, and some 70 miles west of Whitefish Point, and a short distance east of Munesing, are the famous pictured Rocks. These may be described as a series of sandstone bluffs, rising in many places abruptly out of the water, to a height varying from 50 to 200 feet. Two features impart to the scenery its remarkable appearance; the one, the strange style of the cliff excavations, worn away by the action of the lake, and the other the quite as strange way the large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant colors. To the first is to be ascribed the name ("Les Portails") given the rocks by the French voyageurs, and to the many hues which the series of bluffs hold so boldly is to be traced the American name of Pictured Rocks. It is not now known when this term was first applied to them. The denuding effects of the water upon these cliffs are shown for a distance of about five miles along the shore. There is no beach, the cliffs rising vertically out of the water. In visiting the rocks, two ways are taken, by passing them in a steamer, and in taking a boat at some of the nearest points, as Muntsing; the steamers run near enough in good weather for tourists to obtain a passing view. In going from east to west we notice a few of the most important objects. The Chapel is a vaulted apartment in the rock, 30 or 40 feet above the lake level; an arched roof of sandstone rests on four columns of rock so as to leave an apartment about 40 feet in diameter and the same in length; within are a pulpit and altar. West a short distance of the Chapel is Chapel river, which falls over a rocky ledge fifteen feet high into the lake. The Grand Portal is the most imposing feature of the series; it is 100 feet high by 168 broad at the water level, and the cliff it is cut in rises above the arch, making the whole height 185 feet; the great cave, entered through the Portal, extends back in the shape of a vaulted room, the arches of the roof built of yellow limestone, and the sides fretted into fantastic shapes by storm-driven waves. About a mile west is Sail Rock a group of detached rocks which bear a resemblance to the mainsail and jib of a sloop; the height of this is about forty feet. Miner's Castle, five miles west of the Chapel, and just west of Miner's River, is the western end of the Pictured Rocks, and resembles an old turreted castle with an arched portal; the height of the advanced mass in which the gothic gateway may be recognized is about 70 feet and the height of the main wall forming the background is 140 feet." In regard to another part of the Pictured Rocks, a writer says: "In one place there stands a majestic profile looking toward the north—a woman's face, the 'Empress of the Lakes.' It is the pleasure of her royal highness to visit the rock only by night, a Diana of the new world. In the daytime search is vain; she will not reveal herself; but when the low-down moon shines across the water, behold, she appears! She looks to the north, not sadly, not sternly, like the Old Man of the White Mountain, but benign of aspect, and so beautiful in her rounded, womanly curves, then the late watcher falls into the dream of Endymion; but when he wakes in the gray dawn he finds her gone, and only a shapeless rock glistens in the rays of the rising sun."

Ocean Currents.

A. R. Pollock, Cambridge, O.:

Please answer the following questions: 1. What is the cause of ocean currents? 2. What is the name of the most useful current?

1. Ocean currents are caused by the heated water at the equator, being disturbed by the earth's motion. 2. The gulf stream is the most important. From its climatic influence is best known. It derives its name from the Gulf of Mexico, out of which it flows, between Florida on the one side and Cuba and the Bahama Islands and shoals on the other. In its narrowest portion it has a bredth of 50 miles, and at times a velocity of five miles an hour, pouring along like an immense torrent. This great ocean river flows in a northeast direction along the American coast, gradually widening its current and diminishing in velocity until it reaches the Island and banks of Newfoundland, where it sweeps across the Atlantic and divides into two portions, one of which turns east toward the Azores and coast of Morocco, while the other leaves the shores of the British Islands and Norway, and can be perceived on the south borders of Iceland and Spitzbergen, nearly as far east as Nova Zembla. The waters of the Gulf stream are of a deep indigo blue, with boundaries sharply defined against the light green of the seas through which it passes. As this great stream pours out of the Gulf of Mexico it has a warmth of 84 degrees in summer, being 4 degrees higher than that of the ocean at the equator. In mid-atlantic, opposite Nova Scotia, it has fallen at all seasons only about 14 degrees; while the British islands and northeast coasts of Europe, at a distance of 4,000 miles from the gulf, are bathed with waters heated under a tropical sun, and have their temperature raised in winter about 30 degrees above the normal temperature of those lattitudes. In mid-winter, off the coast of America, between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, ships beatin back from their harbors by fierce northwesters, until loaded down with ice and in danger of foundering, turn their prows to the east and seek relief and comfort in the Gulf stream. A bank of fog rising like a fog, caused by the condensation of warm vapors meeting a colder atmosphere, marks the edge of this stream. The water suddenly changes from green to blue, the climate from winter to summer; and this change is so sudden, that when a ship is crossing the line, a difference of 30 degrees of temperature has been marked between the bow and the stern.

Lick Observatory.

M. B. Wilson, Tousaint, Ky.:

Where, and what is, the Lick observatory?

This observatory was founded in January, 1877, in pursuance of a deed of trust made by Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, September 21, 1875. The trustees were authorized to expend $700,000 in building an observatory and equipping it with a telescope "superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made," the surplus, if any, to go toward the endowment of the observatory, which was to become the property of the University of California. The site of the observatory was selected by Prof. Edward S. Holden, on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, and to test its suitability for the purpose the trustees had a temporary observatory made there, and authorized Professor Burnham, of Chicago, to make observations there. This gentleman reported the atmospheric and other conditions of the point eminently suited for the purpose. The land was granted by the United States, and Santa Clara county, in which the peak is situated, had an excellent road constructed, at a cost of $78,000, from valley to the top of the mountain. The observatory was first used though still incomplete, in noting the transit of Mercury, November 7, 1881. The telescopes were made by Alvin Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Mass. The smaller of these, of twelve-inch aperture, was placed in position in 1881. The larger one, of 36 inches, was completed in 1886. The lenses of this telescope are the largest and most perfect ever made, and their manufacture required the utmost skill. To exemplify the perfect accuracy sought, the following description is given of the manner in which the intinitisimal measurements required in grinding were attained: A gas jet was placed before a mirror which sent the rays of the light through a telescope to the great lense, thus magnifying the rays. The magnificent light, passing through the great lens, was still further immensely magnified, and, after having passed through the lens, it was observed through a second telescope, and thus further magnified. In this way the least failure of the great lens to concentrate perfectly was detected and there was also determined the amount of glass in it at any given point that had to be ground off in in order to secure a perfect focus. Thus a measurement of the 2,000,000th part of an inch was obtained.

Population of the World.

L., Erie, Mich.:

How many people is there in the world, how many are classed as savages?

The human family now living on the earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less than this number and probably more. They are so distributed over the earth's surface that there are now no parts of any size which are still uninhabited. In Asia, where there is little doubt the human race first existed, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, an average for the entire continent of 120 to the square mile. The cheerless and thinly populated steppes of Siberia reduce the average of population for this continent, which in some parts is the most closely packed quarter of the globe. Thus, throughout Hindostan, there is an average of 172 persons to the square mile, and in China proper each square mile represents a population of 226. The population of Europe is about 350,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so croweed as in Asia, but everywhere dense, and overpopulated at all points. Africa has an estimated population of some 210,000,000 or about eighteen to the square mile. But this can be a mere approximation only, as so much of the continent is still unexplored. America has a population estimated at about 105,000,000, relatively thinly scattered, and averaging altogether not more than seven to the square mile. On all the islands of the oceans there are probably 10,000,000 of inhabitants. The white people of the human race are estimated at about 550,000,000, the blacks at some 250,000,000; the rest are of intermediate color. Of the entire race some 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is comfortably and entirely; 700,000,000 are partly clothed, and some 250,000,000 are practically naked. Some 500,000,000 may be said to live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization, 800,000,000 live in huts or caves with no attempt at furnishing them with any luxuries or scarcely conveniences, 260,000,000 and more have nothing that can be called a home. Fully three-fifths of the race, therefore, lie below the line which the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon would fix as the lowest limit at which deprivation and discomfort can be endured. Of course the above is a division by races, and takes no account of the great needy class in cities of civilized countries.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price; CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily ☜ skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me."—Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Origin of the $ Mark.

S. A. B., White Oak, Mo.

Why is Council Bluff called by that, give a history of it. 2. Will you please explain how the sign $ for the American dollar originated.

1. Council Bluffs is a city of Iowa, near the Missouri river. Its commanding position on the bluffs gives it its name. 2. "What is the origin of the sign '$' for the American dollar?" was the question propounded at a London dinner long ago. The American consul did not know; neither did any one else.—An extensive reasearch resulted in this theory: The American dollar is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, or course, in the association of the Spanish dollar. On the reverse side of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the pillars of Hercules, and around each pillar a scroll, with the inscription 'Plus ultra.' This device, in course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars—$. The scroll round the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

Henry George.

A. M., Toledo, Ills., and J. M. C., Galma, Mo.

Give a sketch of Henry George, who stood for Mayor of New York.

Henry George was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 1839. After receiving an ordinary education he entered a printing office when about 14 years old and learned to set type. About a year later he entered a mercantile house as a clerk, but soon tired of that life also, and at the age of 16 shipped as a sailor. After one voyage, however, he returned to the composing-stick and worked as a printer in Philadelpeia till he was 20 years old, when he went to California. On reaching San Francisco he joined a prospecting party for British Columbia, but, not finding the fortune he sought, he returned to San Francisco and setled down to hard work as a printer. He soon left the case, however, for work as a reporter, was an editor for a time, then started a journal of his own, which had a brief term of existence. He obtained a city office in 1877, and while in this position wrote "Progress and Poverty." He returned to New York to publish the work. He went to Ireland as a newspaper correspondent in 1881. In 1883 he made a lecture tour through England, and in 1885 made a similar tour through Scotland. He has published several pamphlets and has contributed extensively to newspapers and magazines. Id 1886 he was candidate for Mayor of New York, but was defeated.

The Forests.

Emma C., Caddillac, Mich.:

Please tell the amount of timber used for railroad ties.

Some time ago there was a government report published concerning the amount of forests needed to supply our railroad with ties. The report strted that it was based on reports obtained from 63 per cent. of the roads, and on an estimate of 150,000 miles of railroad in the country. The report states, that allowing the ties to be renewed once in seven years there will be required for this purpose and for the supply of new roads from year to year, the timber from 565,714 acres. As thirty years will be necessary to renew the growth, this report advocated the setting aside, as a "railroad reserve of a tract of woodland embracing 16,971,420 acres, to supply the necessary timber for ties—or an area larger than Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts combined.

Miscellaneous.

M. C. C., Hartford, Mich.: Your question has been handed to the BLADE FARM.

C. W. Warren, Finnerville, Mo.: You have not made your request clear to the BUREAU.

A. H. M. Bedmore: Questions on the tariff are being answered each week in a series of articles.

W.H.E., Hillsboro, Ill.: You have asked more questions than the BUREAU can devote space in answering for one person.

J. H. Dormen, Chester, Mich.: Your question is receiving an answer in the editorial columns each week, in a series of articles.

M. Kenton, Wyandotte, Kas.:
What day of the week did October 7, 1884, come on?
Monday.

F. J. Stone, Glenwood, Mo.:
Will you please inform me what city is built on 26 islands?
Venice.

Elmer Warren, Genoa, Neb.:
Please give a history of Jenny Lind.
See answer to D. H. S. Rawson, O., in BLADE of October 20.

A. K., Gillett, Kas.:
Who is the author of Arabian Night Scenes?
See answer to I. F., Forks Creek, Colo., in BLADE of June 2.

Mr. LaRoe, Decatur, Ills.:
Please tell us something about salamanders.
See answer of Joseph Bradly, East Lebanon, Mo., in BLADE of July 7.

H. R. Jackson, Fork Place, Ark.:
Please locate Mason & Dixon's line.
See answer to "A Subscriber," Jerseyville, Ill., in BLADE of December 22.

F. P. Reno, St. Jo, Mo.:
What state has the largest school fund?
New York expends the most money, $13,580,000, odd dollars annually.

F. M. N.: You will have to consult the advertising columns for such information. It cannot be printed in the BUREAU, and a request for an answer by mail cannot be answered.

F. H. Snow, St. Louis: The BUREAU doet not respond to inquiries to settle debts; and, too, you write on both sides of the sheet of paper. See rules at the head of this department.

A. B., Axtell, Neb.:
What state was Bainbridge governor of in 1860?
He was not governor of any state in that year.

J. O. K., Wadsworth, O.:
Can you give address where ice machines are manufactured?
No addresses of that nature are given in the BUREAU.

J. H. Duncan, Angola, Ind.:
Will you please tell me through your columns where I can get a copy of Mr. Locke's "Hannah Jane?" Has it ever been published in an illustrated form, like so many other poems?
Address Lee & Shepard, Boston, who publish it in illustrated form.

Thomas K., Big Bend, Ark.:
Please give an account of the mad-stone—where found.
See answer to Joseph Bradley, East Leavenworth, Mo., in BLADE of July 7.

Z. S. H., Farmington, Kas.:
It is desirable to change the name of our village and postoffice. How shall we proceed to do it?
Have a bill passed by your state legislature.

E. L., Belle Plaine, Kas.:
1. Where can a person enlist in the regular army? 2. Where can a person get a job of herding cattle?
1. At any recruiting office. Address Leavenworth, Kas. 2. Write to some of the cattle ranches.

C. S., Fremont, Mich.:
Please inform me where the largest stationary engine in the United States is located, and oblige.
Doubtless the largest engine is that at Pullman, Ill. It is the wonderful Corliss engine, which drove the centennial machinery.

S. S. R., Roberts, Wis.:
To settle a dispute, please state how many associate justices there are in the judicial department of the United States.
There are eight as follows: Samuel F. Miller, Stephen J. Field, Joseph P. Bradley, John M. Harlan, L. Q. C. Lamar, Stanley Mathews, Horace Gray, Samuel Blatchford.

Perditi, Toledo:
Would you please state in your paper who the Immortal J. N., is? I have often read of the above-named person, and am curious to know who and what he is.
He is a half-insane crank, whose real name is John N. Free, of New Lexington, Ohio. He has been for years the chronic bore of American newspaper offices.

E. R. S., Almont, Mich.:
Will you please inform me if bank cashiers are authorized by the government to stamp as counterfeit such bills as are so in their judgment, and thus deprive an innocent holder of such a bill, of his property?
No. But what person would want to keep one for is a mystery, as it might get him into trouble.

Student, New Berlin, Pa.:
Please answer the following questions in the columns of your valuable paper: When, where and under what circumstance did the campaign cry "Fifty-four, forty or fight!" originate? Who was President from 1787 to 1789?
1. See answer to J. M. in BLADE of January 19. 2. George Washington was the first President, made so in 1789.

J. G. S., Butte, Montana:
Please answer the following and oblige an old subscriber: 1. Has the Argentine Republic a minister to the United States, and how and where do you address a letter to him? 2. Has the United States a minister to the Argentine Republic, and how and where do you address a letter to him?
1. Yes. Senor Don Vincenti G. Quesada, Washington, D. C. Yes. Bayliss W. Hanna, Buenos Ayres.

H. B. R., Rochester, Ills.:
1. Will you please give a biographical sketch of Hosea Ballou? 2. Also of Hosea Ballou 2d?
1. Hosea Ballou was a leader of universalism in the United States, and a preacher in New England. He was editor of the Universalist Magazine. He was born in 1771 and died in 1852. 2. Hosea Ballou 2d, D. D., was editor of the Universalist Magazine and Universalist Quarterly. He was the first president of Tuft's college from 1852 to 1861. He was born in Halifax in 1796 and died in 1861.

W. R. Murray, ElDorado, Ill.:
1. Please give through the columns of the BLADE a short account of Fisher Ames. 2. Was he the greatest orator America has yet yroduced?
1-2. Fisher Ames, LL. D., was a distinguished statesman of the revolution and the years immediately succeeding. He possessed great powers of oratory and in his day was the pronounced leader. He delivered the eulogy on Washington in 1789. He was born 1758 and died 1808.

S. J. R., Lafayette, Ind.:
Please give a sketch of the life of P. T. Barnum. where he was born, and if he is still living.
Phineas Taylor Barnum was born at Bethel, Conn., July 5, 1810, and is still living. At 13 he worked in a country store. At 18 he went into the lottery business. He married at 19 and moved to Danbury and edited the *Herald of Freedom*. In 1834 he removed to New York where, hearing of Joyce Heath, nurse of Gen. Washington, he bought her for $1,000 and exhibited her and made money. Step by step, rich and poor by turns, he has advanced to the position he holds to-day.

T. S. T.:
Please give a brief sketch of Noah Webster's life.
Noah Webster, L.L. D., an American lexicographer, born at West Hartford, Connecticut, October 16, 1758. He graduated at Yale, 1778, and was admitted to the bar, but instead of practising the legal profssion he engaged in the business of tuition. In 1783 he wrote an English grammar, and also some political pieces, and in 1793 he started a daily newspaper, the *Commercial Advertiser*, in New York; but in 1798 he removed to New Haven, where he passed the remainder of his life. Died May 28, 1843.

Winsor R., Rockdale, Ky.:
Please explain what causes Indian Summer.
The Indian Summer is a period of warm, pleasant weather, which usually occurs every year over the northern portion of the United States after the autumnal storms, and continues often without interruption two or three weeks. It appears to be a more decided season in the interior than near the coast, and in the region of the great lakes is especially noticeable, the waters during its continuance remaining placid, and the atmosphere filled with a peculiar haziness. The Indians regarded it as the gift of their most honored deity, the god of southwest, who sends the southwest winds, and to whom they believe their souls to go after their decease.

A subscriber, Waynesboro, Penn.:
I came in possession of a coin a few days ago. It is about the size of the late copper penny. On one side are these words, "The Federal Union," and 13 stars. On the other side within a wreath are these words, "Army and Navy," and crossed swords and an anchor. It has no date. What is it? Is it a coin? What is it worth?
It is one of the little copper tokens that were so numerous from 1861 to 1864. There were hundreds of different kinds issued, often by private parties, and they were used as cents during the scarcity of small change, until Congress passed a law against such use. It has no particular value.

W. P. W., Wayne, Ill.:
Kindly give number and location of United States navy yards, and tell what a navy yard is, i. e., what does the word "yard" signify?
The navy yards are where the United States constructs and repairs her war vessels, coasters and revenue cutters. The yard signifies the enclosed ground around the docks and wharves, in which are stored the material used in construction and repair. The navy yards of the United States are located as follows: Brooklyn navy yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charleston navy yard, Boston, Mass.; Gosport navy yard, near Norfolk, Va.; Kittery navy yard, opposite Portsmouth, N. H.; League Island navy yard, seven miles below Philadelphia; Mare Island navy yard near San Francisco; New London naval station, New London, Ct.; Pensacola navy yard, Pensacola, Fla.; Washington City navy yard, Washington, D. C.

D. Brunson, Ashtabula, O.; E. L. Hobson, Licking, Texas Co., Mo.:
Please inform one of your subscribers when, where and from what sect of Christians did the Baptist sect originate?
The Baptists claim Christ as the founder of their churches, and John the Baptist as the first administrator of the ordinance from which they derived their name, whose commission was issued by the Redeemer; they affirm that the Savior and his apostles, and the members of all the churches of which they established, were Baptists, and that the primitive Christians for a considerable period after the death of the apostles held to the principles which Baptists now hold. The Baptists attracted attention and persecution in England and other countries of Europe, in the sixteenth century. No names were too reproachful, no sufferings too barberous for this then odious people. The wrongs were continued till the close of the seventeenth century. In 1538 a church was established in New Hampshire. In 1639 Roger Williams founded a church in Rhode Island. Baptists believe that "immersion is necessary to constitute the baptismal." The regular Baptists in all countries recognize but two classes of officials—pastor and deacons. The first great missionary society of modern times was founded by the Baptists in Kettering, England, October 2, 1792. The Baptists have 25 churches in France, 9 in Switzerland, 111 in Germany, 7 in Holland, 6 in Spain, 1 in Austria, 26 in Italy, 17 in Denmark, 271 in Sweden and Norway, 9 in Russia, 4 in Poland, 3 in Finland, 1 in Greece, 575 in British America and the West Indies (with a membership of 92,000), 54 in Africa, 576 in Asia, 135 in Austral-Asia, and 24,449 in the United States (with a membership of 2,102,034).

—Two great enemies—Hood's Sarsaparilla and impure blood. The latter is utterly defeated by the peculiar medicine.

Mr. J. D. Pyne, M. P., who was arrested in London yesterday, arrived in Ireland last night, and was placed in Kilmacthomas jail, Waterford, bail being refused.

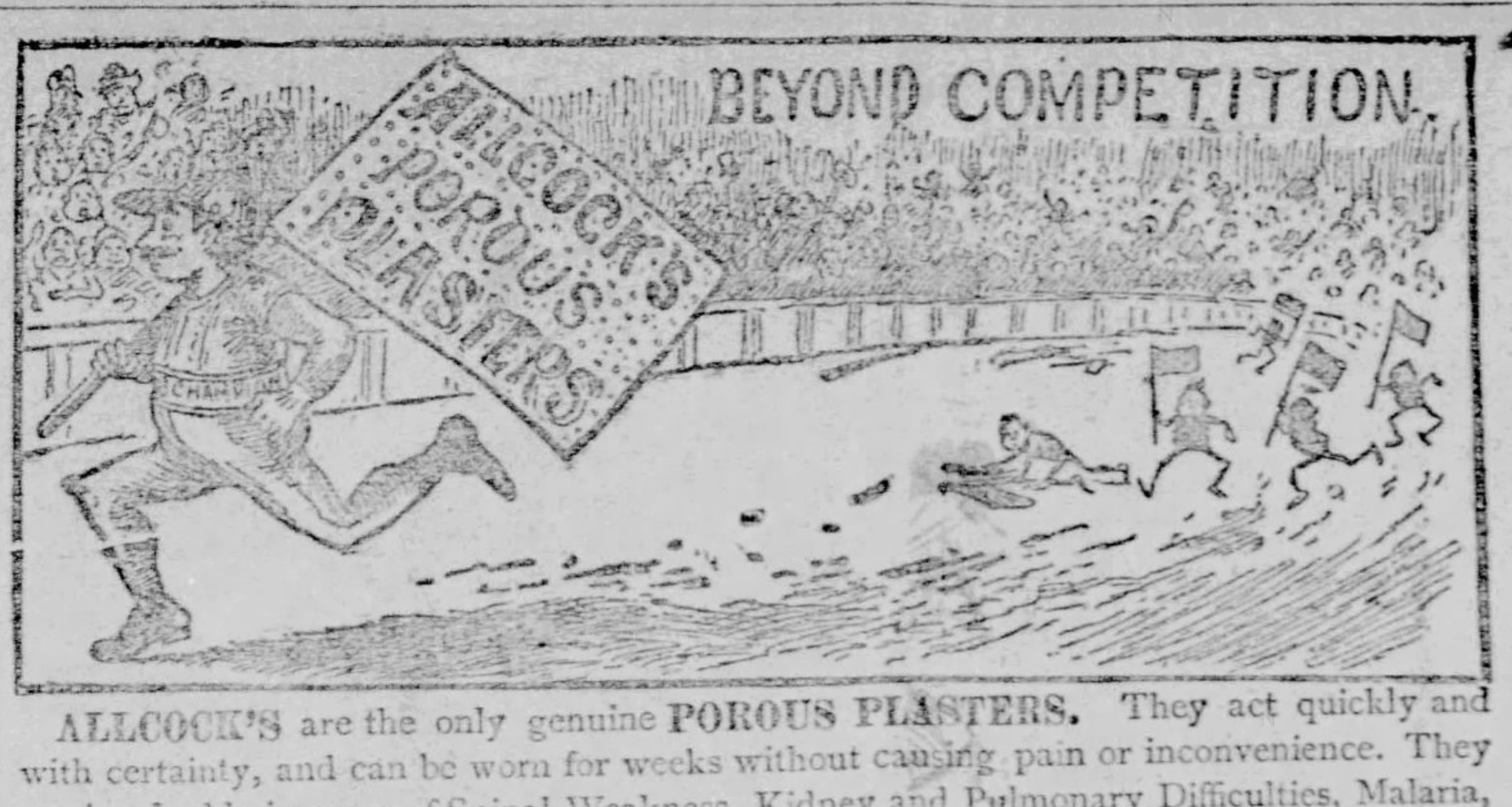
SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.



ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine POROUS PLASTERS. They act quickly and with certainty, and can be worn for weeks without causing pain or inconvenience. They are invaluable in cases of Spinal Weakness, Kidney and Pulmonary Difficulties, Malaria, Ague Cake, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Strains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Heart, Spleen, and Stomach Troubles, and all local pains.

Other plasters blister and inflame the skin so that the pores are closed, and often cause serious injury. You risk health and waste time and money by buying inferior plasters made to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S.

HE KISSED HER.

"H's and K's" at Washington by a Mistaken Senator.

Miss Nogueiras, the daughter of the Portuguese minister who died last week, is a very accomplished musician, and for several years was an conspicuous leader in Washington society. Her mother was the heraine of an incident last winter which received some attention in the newspapers at the time. She was sitting in a carriage in front of Secretary Whitney's house during a reception there, when a certain United States senator came out, climbed in beside her, ordered the coachman to drive on, slammed the door, and, throwing his arms around the lady, began to hug and kiss her in the most ardent manner. She was alarmed at the assault and screamed "Fire!" and "Police!" at the top of her voice, and the senator, discovering that he had made a mistake, stopped the carriage, offered an apology, and escaped from the infuriated woman. She was evidently not expecting such an escort, but was waiting for her husband, to whom she gave an account of the affair in the most excited manner. The senator's wife was not out that evening, but remained at home with her children, and the question that agitated Washington society for a long time and has never been settled was: "What lady did the senator expect to find in the carriage?"

Beauty's chaplet none may wear
Unless teeth show ample care,
Gums so healthy, hard and red,
Lips like roses' fragrance shed.
These by SOZODONT made sweet
Every sense with gladness greet.

HOW TO STAY PRETTY.

Good That Results From Much Rubbing at the Bath.

Tepid water is preferable for every season of the year. Milk baths have been in favor from time immemorial with ladies, and nothing is better than a daily hot bath of milk. Mme. Tadhen was among the historical women who bathed in milk, to which she added crushed strawberries to give it an agreeable perfume. I have also heard of an old lady of 80 who retained a girlish complexion like cream and roses by always washing in the juice of crushed strawberries and nothing else. But we can, fortunately, keep our skins healthy and fair without resorting to these extreme measures.

For the full-length bath a bag of bran will soften the water and make the skin deliciously smooth and fair; but let me here remark that no bath is perfect in its results without the long and brisk friction of hands or a coarse towel afterward. Friction not only stimulates circulation, but it makes the flesh firm and polished, like Parian marble. It is sometimes astonishing to see the change made in an ugly skin by friction, and any lady who wishes to possess a healthful body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, must give willingly of her strength to the daily task of rubbing the body thoroughly.—*Dress.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Where a Vaulting Ambition Falls.

The woman who would succeed as a newspaper writer must lay aside her hobbies and prejudices and schemes for reformation, they say. She must learn at the outset to do as she is told, and above all, she must remember that the materials with which she is to work are plain, unwhitewashed fact among which her imagination, if it caper at all, must caper with very low steps. A vaulting imagination is too apt to bring the annoying parasite of a libel suit upon the management.—*New York World.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Poetic Justice.

A wealthy Missouri farmer, D. W. Buford, made a will bequeathing all his property to his two eldest boys, disinheriting two younger sons and a daughter. The document was locked up in a desk, but when the heirs took it to court the Probate Judge refused to receive it, so badly was it mutilated. Mice had half devoured the paper, and so the younger children will get their share of the estate. When the judge gave his decision the two wicked brothers slunk away too miserable for anything.

Two Ways. Choose Which!

There are two usual ways of doing what Nature sometimes does incompletely, namely, to relieve the bowels. One is to swallow a drastic purgative which evacuates profusely, abruptly and with pain, the other is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the effect of which is not violent, but sufficiently thorough, and which does not gripe the intestines. If the first is selected the person employing it need not expect permanent benefit, and he cannot hope to escape the debilitating reaction which leaves the organs as bad or worse off than before. If, on the other hand, he resorts to the Bitters, he can rely upon the restoration of a regular habit of body, consequent upon a renewal of a healthful tone in the intestinal canal. Besides healthfully relaxing the bowels, the Bitters arouses a dormant liver, imparts a beneficial impetus to the action of the kidneys, and counteracts the early twinges of rheumatism, a tendency to gout, and malaria in all its forms.

Mr. Geilhooly, M. of P., who was arrested last evening, left the Easton Square station for Dublin in company with his guards at 7:15 o'clock this morning. There was no demonstration. The only person at the station to see them off besides a few reporters were Mr. Clancy, member of parliament, and two detectives.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE
PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.
(Full Suits and Overcoats.)
At proportionate prices.

DO YOU WEAR PANTS
TRADE MARK

For many years January and February have been great months with us for orders from new customers. People who have bought a fall suit at home, and now are determined to send us their trial order for pants to patch out with until they are ready for spring suit. Then we are pretty sure to have their order for that spring suit, as a result of their surprise and satisfaction at the excellence of the pants we cut to order for $3, because we cut a full suit, custom-made, for only $13.25. Upon receipt of 6c. we mail 20 samples to select from, self-measurement blanks, so accurate that we assume all risk of fitting, and, if you mention this paper, a good linen tape measure. Or, if you cannot wait for samples, and will leave selection to us, tell us about what color you prefer, send Waist, Inside Leg and Hip measures, together with $3 and 35c., to prepay mail or express, and we will take all chance of pleasing, and guarantee safe delivery. For any cause we refund money upon return of goods. The American Express Co. (capital $20,000,000), will cheerfully reply to any one writing to their Boston office about us.

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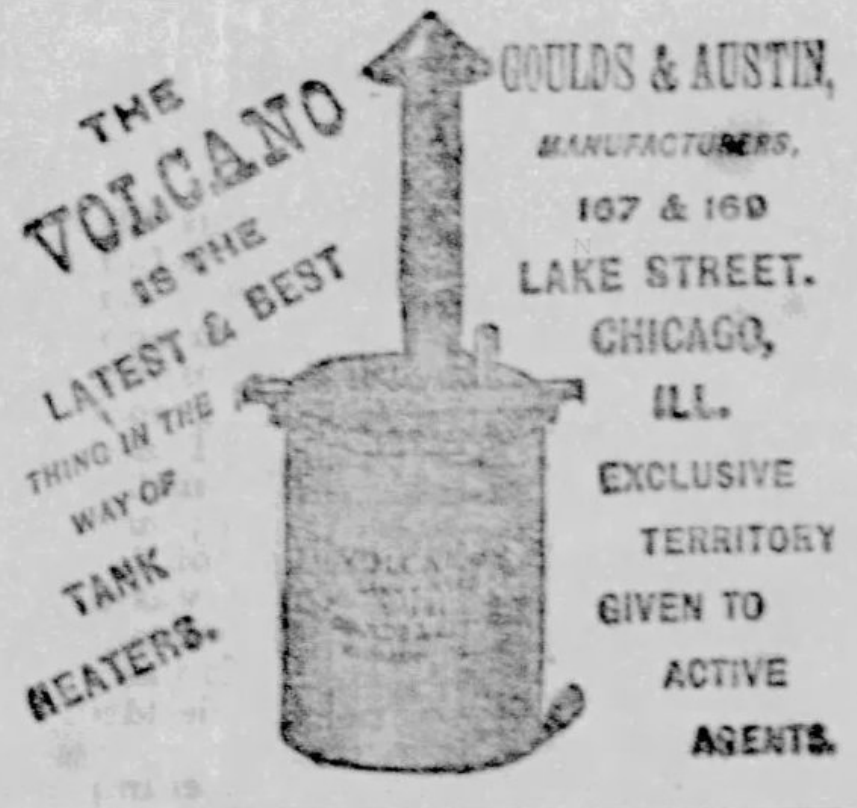

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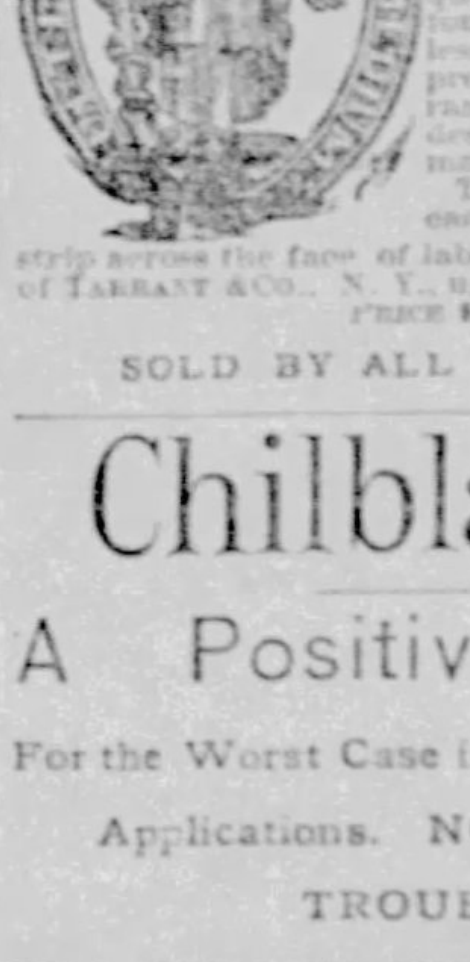

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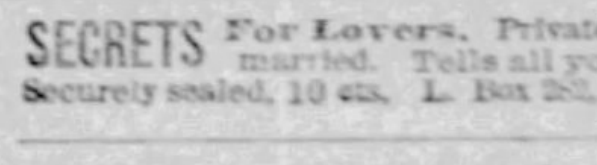

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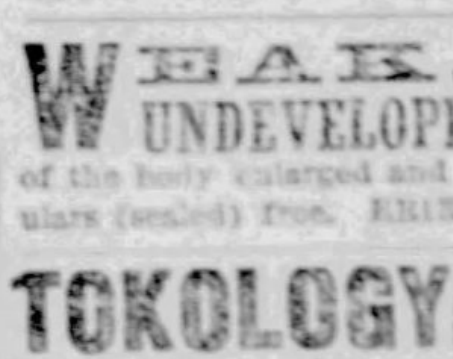

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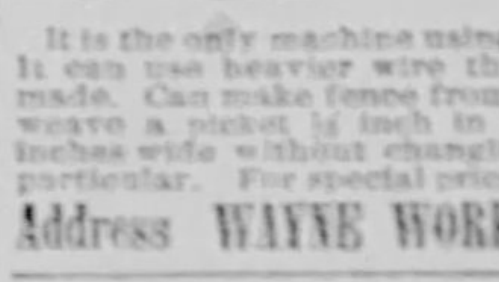

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THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

The departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT CONCERNING RUM.

The evil of drunkenness is as old as the art of making wine, which certainly dates back as far as the time of NOAH—and it is probable that the antediluvians possessed it. There are many references to wine-drinking and to drunkenness in the Bible—the former without censure, and the latter always with reproach and condemnation. Down through the circling centuries it has always been so, as regards the latter. Yet at the present day there are men who attempt to "steal the livery of Heaven to serve" the Rum Devil in, who are foolish enough to argue that, as the Scriptures do not prohibit the use of wine, and as our Savior's first miracle was the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast held in Cana of Galilee, that the use of it and similar beverages should not be prohibited to-day.

We pity the weakness of any one who could be convinced by so poor an argument. These "drinking Christians" seek to make the religion they profess a bulwark for the giant vice of the nineteenth century, which is the cause of more poverty, suffering, crime and death than any other. They forget, in so doing, this one great fact:

Distilled liquors (whisky, brandy, gin, rum, etc.) were not known at the time the Scriptures were written.

That great ally of the devil, the still, was not known. Wine was the only intoxicant. Suppose that the modern doctored and drugged whisky had been the drink upon the table at the Cana wedding instead of weak wine; do these foolish ones who think CHRIST'S first miracle an argument for the use of alcoholic drinks think for an instant that He would have turned a jug or two of water into "forty-rod" whisky? Do they suppose that He would have sanctified what would necessarily have been a drunken orgy by being present and thus, tacitly at least, giving countenance to its use?

Had whisky and the whole list of infernal compounds of which the worm of the still is the fruitful parent, been known when the two tables of stone, graven by the finger of God, were delivered to Israel's lawgiver amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, can any one doubt that among the list of "Thou shalt nots" their use would have been included?

It is a fact—and none is more clear in the pages of history—that drunkenness was one of the minor vices up to the time that the art of distilling was invented. There was nothing which could intoxicate save wine alone. Whisky and its congeners were unknown; and the art of brewing—of concocting nauseous liquids containing alcohol through a process which involves the partial rotting of grain—was practiced, if practiced at all, only among barbaric people. None of the civilized nations of antiquity used beer and similar compounds.

Wine was the only intoxicant. There are some good people who are really troubled by the so-called "Biblical argument" for the use of wine, who have gone to an infinite deal of trouble to prove that the wine made by JESUS at Cana was the freshly-expressed juice of the grape, before it had undergone the alcoholic fermentation, and therefore it was as incapable of producing intoxication as the fresh juice of apples—"sweet" cider. We do not think it profitable to waste time on such a trivial discussion. In point of fact, the case is incapable of actual proof, one way or the other. That intoxicating wine was known, is absolutely certain, both from Bible passages and from profane history; that non-intoxicating—freshly-made—wine was also used as a beverage, is equally clear. Who can tell which it was?

And, after all, what does it really matter which it was? There are many passages of Scripture which condemn intoxication. Bear in mind these facts:

1.—That wine was the only intoxicant known;

2.—That it was the pure juice of the grape, generally diluted with water; it was not "fortified" with cologne spirits, nor drugged and doctored with chemicals and coloring materials;

3.—That drunkenness was by no means as prevalent among the Jews as it is among all peoples to-day;

4.—That wine, made in the simple manner then followed, contains a very small per cent. of alcohol, and that it would require the drinking of a very large quantity to produce inebriation.

Then read the following Scriptural references to the evils of its misuse:

Proverbs xxxi, 4-5: It is not for kings to drink wine, * * lest they drink and forget the law. * *

Judges xiii, 4: And, therefore, beware I pray thee, and drink not any wine. * *

Ephesians v, 18: And be not drunk with wine. * *

Proverbs xxiii, 20-21: Be not among winebibbers, * * for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

1st Corinthians v, 11: But now I have written unto you not to keep company * * or a drunkard. * *

Isaiah xxviii, 1: Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim. * *

Joel i, 5: Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine.

1st Corinthians vi, 10: Nor thieves, * * nor drunkards, * * shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Luke xxi, 34: And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness. * *

Romans xiii, 13: Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. * *

Galatians, v, 19-21: Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: * * * drunkenness, revilings, and such like. * *

Proverbs xx, 1: Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Proverbs xxi, 17: He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

Proverbs xxiii, 29, 30: Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine.

Proverbs xxiii, 31: Look not then upon the wine when it is red.

Hosea iv, 11: * * Wine, and new wine, take away the heart.

But, our friends argue that the Scriptures do not prohibit the use of wine; they only condemn its abuse. True; but, taking the tenor of the injunctions for our guidance from Genesis to Revelations, and bearing in mind the limited and slow means of intoxication of that day with the limitless and rapid means of the present with our deadly whisky and kindred distilled drinks, and answer us this question: If these latter-day liquors, producing quick drunkenness had been then known, is it not clear, from the tenor of the Scriptures, that their use would have been forbidden? The answer of every thinking man must be in the affirmative. The denunciations of prophet and apostle would have rung out against all who dared to touch these life and soul destroying beverages, and the sacred volume would have bristled with commands to abstain entirely.

No man who is a Christian at heart can either drink himself or countenance the use of Rum by others. Remembering that no man begins to drink with the intention of becoming a drunkard, but that the occasional glass is taken until the habit is so fixed that it cannot be broken, and drags its victim down to poverty, death and hell, he cannot take the first step into danger himself, nor permit his example to lead others into temptation.

It matters not whether CHRIST made wine by a miracle, nor whether He drank it. It is not wine that makes the trouble nowadays, but whisky. The devil never had so potent a servant as Rum has been ever since the first whisky-still was put into operation. It will not do to countenance the use of Rum, for the use as certainly leads to abuse as sin leads to damnation. And every Christian who tries to carry the "new commandment" of our Savior into his daily life can do so if he throws the weight of his influence into the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES gives it as his opinion that it was whisky and not slavery that caused the war of the rebellion. He says:

> I was in Congress preceding the war. It was whisky in the morning—the morning cocktail—a Congress of whisky-drinkers. Then whisky all day; whisky and gambling all night. Drinks before Congress opened its morning session, drinks before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee-room without its demijohn of whisky, and the clink of the glasses could be heard in the capitol corridors. The fights—the angry speeches—were whisky. The atmosphere was redolent with whisky—nervous excitement seeking relief in whisky, and whisky adding to nervous excitement. Yes, the rebellion was launched in whisky. If the French Assembly were to drink some morning one half the whisky consumed in any one day by that Congress, France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes.

ONE remarkable fact, that is doubly significant now that Mr. BLAINE has spoken, is that when the sub-committee of the Republican National committee met at Chicago to arrange for holding the June convention, *every member*, excepting Mr. CONGER, of Ohio, expressed the belief that his own state favored the nomination of Mr. BLAINE.

THE Chicago *Journal* declares that the extortions of rings, pools, syndicates and trusts exceed in amount all that is stolen from the tax-payers by official thieves, all the embezzlements by bank employes and all the losses by fires of criminal origin. That is truth, based on figures that cannot be guilty of mendacity.

WHILE the people of New York were robbed to the extent of $17,000,000 for constructing the New state capital at Albany, the startling announcement is now made that a portion of the building is in danger of falling into ruins, and the assembly is seeking other quarters in which to hold its sessions.

THE Senate committee on Agriculture examined a number of witnesses and experts regarding the "pure hog lard" product of the country. The samples tested contained from 20 per cent. up to 100 per cent. of foreign matter, mostly cotton seed oil and beef fat.

MEMBERS from Arkansas in the House of Representatives refuse to recognize any other pronunciation of the name of their state than "Arkansaw," the legislature having declared that to be the only legal designation of that commonwealth.

LET the Bourbons lay the flattering unction to their souls that the West will go free trade this fall. The tumble which will break their necks will be all the harder next November. No state west of the Alleghenies will go Democratic.

IT is rumored that Representative SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, CLEVELAND'S leader in that state, and also one of the despotic coal ring, will probably succeed Mr. BARNUM as chairman of the national Democratic committee.

THE session of the British Parliament which began Thursday promises to be one of the most important, as well as the most stormy that has occurred for years.

BY a vote of 23 to 21, the United States Senate has decided to postpone consideration of the British extradition treaty until next December.

THE trusts want to be "let alone." That is what the rebels wanted in 1861. But they didn't get it.

MR. BLAINE DECLINES TO BE A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

JAMES G. BLAINE has, with one stroke of his pen, changed the entire situation regarding the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He has written a letter to Hon. B. F. JONES, chairman of the Republican national committee, declining to allow his name to go before the convention at Chicago next June. It will be found in full elsewhere.

The reasons which have induced Mr. BLAINE to take this step, he declares to be "entirely personal" to himself. These reasons are not specifically mentioned, but there is no doubt that the state of his health is the first great controlling factor which has led him to this decision. As we have before intimated in the BLADE, it is a fact, known to his more intimate friends, that he is not sound physically; and those best advised in the case feared to see him undertake the tremendous labors and anxieties of a fiercely-contested five months' campaign.

The second factor in leading Mr. BLAINE to this step was undoubtedly the fact that he foresees that his nomination at Chicago could only come through a heated battle of ballots in the convention. We think this is plain to any one who carefully reads his letter. He has been placed in a peculiarly delicate position since the election of 1884. There has been no doubt at any time that he is the choice of the majority of the Republicans of the country for the candidacy this year. His defeat in 1884 was one for which he was not responsible; and his letter points this out as plainly as it can, without giving offense. He shows the increase in Republican strength from 1882 to 1884, and also carries out the showing from that time to the present.

His attitude, then, since 1884—his entire silence as to his own wishes and aspirations for this year—can only be interpreted to mean that he desired to leave the Republican party free to nominate whom it desired; that he stood ready to take the honor, but only if it came with strength and unanimity that made it the demand of an overwhelming majority of the party. Considering the fact the party was defeated in 1884 under his banner—though that defeat was the result, as he justly remarks, of the loss of a single state, and that state by a plurality so small that it represented less than one-eleventh of one per cent. of the entire vote—he could not afford to accept the nomination unless it came as a demand for his leadership by the party, by a practical unanimity in his favor in the national convention.

Events have progressed far enough to show that this cannot possibly happen. Mr. SHERMAN entered the field last year, and his friends have been industriously working to secure delegates, especially in Ohio and in the South. Other candidates have been brought forward, many of them with such favor from the people as to show that they would, under certain circumstances, develop much strength in the convention. Mr. BLAINE is a close and intelligent watcher of events, and there is no man better able to judge of the future. He sees that his nomination, if accomplished, would necessarily come as the result of a struggle in the convention like that of 1884, and he will not have it on those terms. It must come, if at all, with practical unanimity. The hope of that being past, he declines to enter upon a fight to obtain that which was his due.

We have not the smallest doubt but that these two things—his declining health, and the division of sentiment in the Republican ranks regarding the advisability of his own nomination—have led Mr. BLAINE to write this letter to Chairman JONES. The theory put forward by certain mugwump and Democratic papers that it does not mean what it says, that Mr. BLAINE'S friends will go right along with his canvass, and that he, knowing this, wrote the letter to put himself in the attitude of being forced into receiving the nomination, is but the silly imagining of minds filled with spite and malice toward this great statesman.

We believe that Mr. BLAINE means what he says. To believe otherwise is to reduce him to the level of a rascally demagogue, a scheming puller of wires, without self-respect, and unworthy the respect of others.

The letter must be accepted as a finality. The Republican voters must consider Mr. BLAINE as definitely out of the race for the nomination, and face the changed situation. Who shall be the nominee? Who shall receive the support of the thousands of Republicans who have hitherto been unfaltering in their support of the foremost statesman of his time? These are the all-absorbing questions that are presented for solution.

The wisest course, in this changed condition of things, would be to send unpledged delegates to Chicago; to turn the convention into a deliberative body instead of again having it a pandemonium of warring and excited enthusiasts, each eager for the success of his own personal preference, and careless of the best interests of the Republican party. We are deeply desirous of a Republican triumph this fall, and care infinitely less for the success of any one candidate for the nomination in the convention than for the election of a Republican President and majority in Congress next winter.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

A SOMEWHAT meritorious bill has been introduced in the Ohio General Assembly to provide for holding inquests on the causes of fires. It provides that the coroner shall investigate thoroughly every fire and ascertain its cause, subpœnaing witnesses for the purpose, as in cases of sudden and mysterious death. Any legal steps to diminish the increasing frequency of incendiarism should be hailed with delight. Our fire losses are startling in their totals, and the percentage of those due to incendiary causes is believed to be on the increase.

THE United States is rapidly approaching Great Britain in the production of pig iron. In 1876 the English product was three and a half times over ours. In 1882 it was almost twice as much, but in 1887 our product was 6,417,148 tons, or only about 400,000 tons short of the English product. As a large part of this increase is in the new Southern fields, it is not singular that the protective sentiment is strong in those sections.

WHILE it seems a bitter disappointment to civil service reformers, it is not to intelligent observers at all a matter of surprise, that the President declined to approve the civil service rule requiring that a statement of the cause of dismissal be filed with every order of dismissal. It would be altogether a too damaging exhibit of the hypocrisy of the present administration.

THE chances for life to prince FREDERICK WILLIAM of Germany are very slight. There seems no doubt that he will die before his father.

THE Democratic national committee is made up chiefly of federal office-holders. How is that for civil service reform?

THE CENSUS OF 1890.

Already discussion is beginning as to the proper scope of the eleventh census, to be taken in 1890. We are glad that the attention of those who are interested in having our national statistics gathered as correctly as possible, has been drawn to the defects of the tenth census, taken in 1880. Its scope was entirely too broad. The work of tabulating and reducing the reports was so enormous that very little of the results were available till we were nearly half way through the decade. Better confine it within narrow limits, and have the results available within a twelvemonth.

Gen. FRANCIS A. WALKER, who had charge of the work of the last census, in a recent article, takes the ground that in providing for taking the census of 1890, the government should confine itself to the single task of enumerating the people by number, age, sex, race, nativity and occupation, and to the obtaining of agricultural statistics. He thinks the effort to obtain statistics of manufacturing, commerce, mining and railroads, etc., makes the work too cumbrous, and that these figures should be obtained every five years, through a permanent bureau of statistics, to be made a branch of the Interior department.

It occurs to us that the national government should obtain decennially the enumeration of the people, under the heads mentioned by Gen. WALKER, and nothing more, at the regular time of taking the census. This can be done, and the results be made available within a year. We would even omit the taking of agricultural statistics. We think the plan of a bureau of statistics a good one; but that the ground referring to agriculture, manufactures, mining, commerce and railroads should be clearly limited and defined, all elaboration of detail such as has marked the work of the last census being avoided, and that these statistics should be taken annually in each state, by the state governments, and by them reported to the federal statistical bureau for compilation. They can be taken by the tax assessors each year, and will be as accurate as they are now, and a great deal more valuable, because of their being annual. The relative growth or decline of all the main branches of our industries can thus be easily made available.

FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

EX-GOVEROR HOADLY.

There are three fallacies which this century seems destined to be responsible for:

That JEFF DAVIS is the hero of a holy war;

That TILDEN was honestly elected President;

That JOE SMITH was a true prophet.

Governor HOADLY appears to be a victim of the school which teaches that sort of history.

EUROPEAN ARMIES.

If there is really no danger of an European war, it is difficult to see why BISMARCK desires so ardently the passage of the bill which virtually adds 700,000 men to the German army. Last year the active army was increased from 427,000 to 468,000 men, the new contingent including 24 batteries of artillery. On a war footing the reserves would have added 1,100,000, swelling the number of men to 1,568,000, with nearly 3,000 guns. The Landsturm would then have remained as a final reserve for garrison duty. This enormous host is not considered sufficient for the defense of the empire. By the new bill 700,000 men will be added to the reserves, so as to enable the government to place over 2,200,000 men in the field for a campaign.

The cost of this vast undertaking has not been accurately estimated, but $70,000,000 is asked for a partial instalment. This provides for the equipment of the new reserves and the preliminary expenses of the change of system. What the annual cost of the enlarged reserves will be, the budget will show next year. This increase cannot be on account of any attitude assumed by France. The German army already exceeds the effective war force of France by more than 100,000 men. The new government in France manifests a most peaceful disposition, and there is, if anything, a decided abatement of military ardor in France. France can surely afford BISMARCK no excuse for seeking to add 700,000 men to the reserves. Russian policy is, perhaps, more aggressive, but Germany has fortified itself against assault from Russia by diplomatic alliances with Austria and Italy, so that there seems no need in this direction.

MR. RANDALL isn't worried over the tariff bill that is being hatched by the free traders on the Ways and Means committee. In reply to a delegation of New York and New Jersey workingmen interested in the maintenance of the protective tariff, he said:

> You can go home and make yourselves entirely at ease; there will be no legislation in this Congress which will destroy or injure any American industry. There is a majority in the Democratic party who would like to do such things, but it is not in their power, even in the House of Representatives.

IT is noteworthy with what unanimity those engaged in forming trusts protest that they do not intend to prey upon the community and assert that their combinations will not operate to the injury of the people. But the tendency of capital to combine should be so controlled by legislative action that its results will not falsify the predictions made in regard to it.

THE contested case in the House of Representatives from the Fort Wayne, Indiana, district, is settled, and Captain WHITE, Republican, keeps his seat. The vote in his favor embraced every Republican member and 44 Democratic ones. It is pleasant to see that right and justice once in a while triumph, in spite of partisan bigotry and jealousy.

THE Kingdom of Sweden has recently adopted a protective tariff, instead of a low schedule of duties. The ministry, which opposed protection, appealed to the people, and the popular vote was overwhelmingly for protection. The ministry at once resigned, and a new one was formed of men believing in the protective system.

A NUMBER of free trade organs are outspoken in opposition of the proposition made in Congress to include the Standard Oil, anthracite coal and whisky pools in the trusts which are to be investigated. Are the free traders under the combined thumbs of the three most arrogant and powerful trusts in the country?

SIM COY, the noted political worker of Indianapolis, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen months and to pay a fine of $100 for tampering with election returns. BERNHEIMER, his accomplice, gets one year's imprisonment and a fine of $1,000. So the Democratic fine workers meet with justice.

THE publication of the Austro-German treaty, with its Italian appendix, is received at St. Petersburg very calmly and with profuse expressions of peaceful intentions. But there is no cessation of the work of piling up munitions of war by the Czar's government.

BISMARCK'S idea is to have peace, even if he has to fight all Europe to obtain it.

WHAT WILL RUSSIA DO?

In the event of her precipitating war, Russia would not only have to force Germany, Servia and Roumania, and English sympathy and sentiment would, beyond question, be with the alliance. Russia would in many particulars have less to fear from war than would other European powers. She is not a commercial country, and has therefore no serious derangement of trade to fear. Her currency is simply irredeemable paper, which can be expanded indefinitely. Her population is mainly agricultural, and would therefore suffer little from war except through the drafts it would make on labor, but these drafts would be tremendous, for the losses of Russian armies in the field, owing to defective commissariat and medical arrangements, are usually enormous.

If the Czar begins war, it will be for the recovery of prestige, which in the eyes of the Russian people is every day being diminished by what is going on in the Balkan peninsula. On this account there is a strong war party in Russia which is urging on the Czar. It would be a war for the purpose of Russian aggrandizement. Every war which Russia has undertaken in Eastern Europe since 1815 has had for its object either the pushing of the frontier nearer the Bosphorus, or the capture of Constantinople, or the erection in the the peninsula, as a temporary expedient, of a series of vassal states, which would remain under Russian influence until she was ready to swallow them up. The wars of 1828, of 1853, and of 1877 all had these objects in view, and were all at their close apparently successful; that is, they either wrested territory from Turkey or weakened Turkey so her final break-up would be hastened.

What is making the present crisis is the fact which is now becoming perfectly plain to the Russian court and army and that portion of the people which reads newspapers, that all these efforts have been literally in vain, that in making the attacks of the last 50 years on Turkey, Russia has been really working in the interest of Germany. Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria, under German and Austrian influence as they are, are menaces to the realization of the Russian dream of a southern capital on the Bosphorus. Russia must give over this dream or strike a blow for its fulfilment.

The real question is whether the present is the opportune time for striking it, and in answering this the Czar may well hesitate. As we have said, Russian troops would be forced to meet those of Germany, Austria, Italy and the Balkan states single handed, while the splendid Italian navy would be brought into action, and the English navy would patrol the Black Sea and Archipelago, and might at any moment join in the hostilities. Russia could keep a great proportion of the German and Austrian armies employed in watching their frontiers and thus materially cripple their available forces without seriously impairing her own. But Italy would still have a strong army to send to the front, so that such tactics would be of little avail against the triple alliance. Under these circumstances war is for the present at least doubtful.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The women suffragists have for some time claimed that the next amendment to the federal constitution—which will be the sixteenth—would embody their pet fad; and some of the third-party prohibitionists have assumed the same thing regarding national Prohibition. The outlook just now is that both are mistaken. A joint resolution for the submission to the states of an amendment to the federal constitution was adopted by the Senate on January 31, and goes to the House for concurrence. It provides for the general substitution of April 30 for March 4 as the commencement and termination of the official term of the President, Vice President, Senators and Representatives in Congress; and also that the President and all these officers, whose terms would otherwise expire March 4, 1889, shall be continued to April 30, 1889. Should it be adopted, it will be the Sixteenth amendment.

There seems to be a strong probability that it will pass the House. It will then, if it shall receive the President's signature, go to the states; and, if adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of them—twenty-nine—it will be formally proclaimed to be in full force as a part of the constitution of the United States. This change in dates is one that should be made. The selection of March 4 was simply an accident. In point of fact, the constitution does not contain any provision fixing a day for the beginning and ending for the Presidential or Congressional terms of office. It merely declares that the House of Representatives "shall be composed of members chosen every second year," and that the President "shall hold his office during the term of four years." The constitutional convention fixed no date; and March 4 became the date because the Continental Congress, in preparing to put the new constitution into effect, passed a law to the effect that government under that newly-adopted instrument should begin on "the first Wednesday in March," and that day happened to be March 4.

However, the force of circumstances was stronger than the letter of the law in the spring of 1789, and the first constitutional Congress did not begin to work on March 4, because there was no quorum. There was no quorum present until April 6, and WASHINGTON was not inaugurated until April 30. It was mere chance that led to the selection of March 4, and like most other bits of chance-work, it was a bungling selection. The fact that Congress meets on the first Monday in December, and does not get fairly to work until January, makes the second session of each Congress very short, as it expires on March 4 at noon. Should this amendment prevail, it will give two months longer; and this will, to a great extent, equalize the lengths of the two sessions. The time of year is a much more pleasant one for out-of-door ceremonies, too, and there is far less risk of disease from exposure on an inclement day than in the beginning of March.

DURING the past week the general business of the country was about up to the average of the year in most lines, but in some others there was a very distinct turn for the worse. Nearly all kinds of agricultural staples were under greater or less depression. This was felt most acutely in Western produce, especially breadstuffs and provisions, because of a previous decline; while cotton, sugar, and even tobacco, also declined under the untoward temper of the moment. In fact, every agricultural commodity of sufficient importance to be a subject of speculation on exchange, and indeed every important staple of the farm, except live stock declined. Nor is this all; for the corporate investments of capital also declined. This almost universal shrinkage in value occurred when money was comfortable and everywhere becoming easier, when the tone of business was inclined to hopefulness rather than depression, and when values had already reached considerably from the December rises. It is a query whether it is merely an "off" time in speculation, or the beginning of a period of stagnation, due to fear of a general unsettling of values through tariff tinkering by Congress.

GEN. SWIFT thinks the Republicans will this year carry California by 15,000 majority, and the independent San Francisco *Bulletin* admits that his estimate is not exaggerated.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

DELESSEPS is almost at the end of all possible hope for further aid in building the Panama canal. His company applied to the French government to sanction a lottery to aid the project, but it was refused. DELESSEPS now urges the shareholders in the canal company to hold meeting thoughout France and to bring their political influence to bear upon their representatives in the national legislature. He advises them to write letters to the deputies, to unite in circulars of advice and warning, and to do everything in their power to induce the Chamber to take up the subject of a government guarantee of a loan. This is the last despairing device of a reckless gamester. There are hundreds of thousands of French families who have invested their savings in Panama bonds. These investors who are menaced with serious pecuniary loss have ballots to cast in every general election. They are invited by DELESSEPS to warn the deputies that they will vote against legislators who refuse to rescue them from their financial embarrassments.

This is a desperate move, but it is the only one left DELESSEPS. It will not prove as effective under the existing conditions of election as it would have been under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, which was originally adapted in connection with the constitution of 1875. The deputies are not elected in separate districts as was formally the case, but by departments, an elector voting for a list of deputies representing the department. The relations existing between the deputies and electors are not, therefore, so close as formerly, and the deputy stands in less fear of the resentment of the constituency. It is doubtful if this attempt to intimidate the French Chamber would succeed in any event. The deception as to the success of the canal scheme can not longer be kept up, and the sooner France realizes that the enterprise is a failure the better. The ministry has served France wisely and well by its action.

THE DINGLEY BANKING BILL.

Congressman DINGLEY'S bill authorizing the secretary of the Treasury to invest the money deposited by national banks for the retirement of their circulation in the purchase of United States bonds at current market rates, has been reported favorably by the committee on Banking and Currency, and there is a good prospect of its passage. The bonds so purchased, with interest accruing, are to be put in trust and used for the payment of the circulating notes of the banks which have deposited lawful money for such payment.

The report states that the amount of money deposited in the treasury for this purpose on January 1, was $103,962,570. The amount deposited by insolvent and liquidating banks, and banks reducing circulation ($56,417,643) has contracted the circulating medium to that extent. The amount deposited by national banks whose charters had been renewed contracted the legal tender circulation $46,544,367, but this did not change the volume of the aggregate circulating medium, as the extended banks depositing lawful money to redeem their old circulation took out new circulation to the same amount. As thus trust fund draws needed money from business, and deprives the public unnecessarily of the income that may be derived from so much of the fund as may not be required for some time to redeem the circulating notes, the importance and need of the legislation proposed is easily seen.

THE Chicago *Journal* declares that, only a few months before his death, Hon. JOHN B. GOUGH, in a private conversation with a friend in New York, emphatically expressed the opinion that separate political party action by the friends of the temperance cause was a grave mistake, and would in the end do the cause more harm than good. The *Journal* comments thus:

> His views in this respect were identical with those of Mr. Francis Murphy and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, than whom, since Mr. Gough's death, there are no more earnest or eloquent champions of temperance in this country. Now that Mr. Gough is dead and no longer able to speak for himself, it is easy for the reckless third-party zealots to claim him as having been in sympathy with them; but had he been in sympathy with them, his public utterances would have proved the fact. In none of his lectures or addresses did he ever indicate his approval of the third-party folly.

LAST year the enormous total of $400,000,000 of new life insurance was written in the United States, and the total amount paid out to policy-holders and their heirs in death, endowment and dividend payments, was over $70,000,000. There is a grand total of 820,000 policies in force, and the aggregate amount they promise to pay at death is over $2,100,000,000. The assets of the companies amount to $530,000,000. These figures refer only to standard insurance companies, and do not include the mutual benefit associations. The business of life insurance is growing steadily in this country.

OWING to the alarming frequency of attacks of robbers upon mail trains on sparsely settled routes in the far West, and the almost constant peril in which the lives of postal employes are placed by these marauders, the Postoffice Department has determined to arm, at the expense of the government, every postal employe on these exposed railroad routes with weapons of the latest and most effective kind. Wonder if an examination in the effective use of the rifle and revolver will be added to the civil service rules applying to the postal clerks?

HERE is a fact, one of a vast number of similar instances that could be given, which is worth thoughtful consideration by every wage-worker: A statement of the relative wages paid in a woolen mill employing 221 hands in Providence, Rhode Island, and a mill of the same kind and size in Bradford, England, shows over 100 per cent. in favor of the American operatives. There is an argument against free trade in that one statement that can not be overthrown or assailed.

THE BLAINE letter is a finality, and the sober second thought of intelligent Republicans will so accept it. Mr. BLAINE has through his own self-renunciation left the way open to a compact union of all differing opinions in the party, and success at the polls next November is now certain if the party leaders act prudently and wisely.

NEW YORK City proposes to hold a centennial celebration next April to commemorate the inauguration of GEORGE WASHINGTON as the first President of the republic, which event occurred on April 30, 1789.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats do not take kindly to the operation of the high-license law in that state. In Philadelphia alone it closes 4,000 saloons, thus closing just so many Democratic recruiting agencies.

WHAT'S the matter with Governor FORAKER as the successor to the place at the head of the list of available candidates for the Republican nomination, left vacant by BLAINE'S withdrawal?

THE Washington papers are advertising a generous gift made by President CLEVELAND for the relief of the poor of that city. It was the munificent sum of $25.

GOVERNOR HILL has burned his bridges behind him, and is working with might and main for the Democratic Presidential nomination against CLEVELAND.

PHIL. SHERIDAN'S Presidential boom will grow all the faster because of BLAINE'S declination to allow his name to be used.

BOB LINCOLN has a much clearer field for the Republican nomination now that Mr. BLAINE has declined to be a candidate.

"WE BRANDENBURGERS."

"We Brandenburgers only fear God and nothing else in the world," is now on the arms of the royal house of Prussia. Therefore the German Reichstag votes 700,000 more men, and fresh tons of gunpowder. It reminds one of the logic of that precocious lad who, when asked by the clergyman if his father was a God-fearing Christian, replied that he thought so, because his father generally took his gun with him on Sunday. It seems to require a liberal supply of artillery to fear God, as BISMARCK teaches, when at his best moments.

The Chancellor's late speech was like "the lady or the tiger." It is an enigma, and the best critics are in doubt whether he was talking for effect, or to communicate his real impressions. The young Prince WILLIAM, however, at the Brandenburg dinner, is too much of a sophomore, and has a moustache untouched with campaign frosts, so that it is too early to predict his future. He approaches the throne under conditions, which would turn the head of most young men, which ill-luck he is not liable to escape. We have heard of fighting the devil with fire, but the doctrine of fearing God and fighting him with gunpowder is new.

One year ago Premier BISMARCK came before his Parliament and pleaded for a small contingent, just to secure peace. He now presents himself and calls for three-quarters of a million more men and arms, and why? Because, forsooth, there is no doubt of peace. He is like the Indian man-eater, who demands infants to stimulate an appetite and others to satisfy it. It matters not what the political barometer may indicate. BISMARCK comes before the Chamber each year and begs one more concession for royalty. Last year Russia was restless and he asked for fifty regiments. The other day he argued:

> Regarding Russia also I am of no other opinion than when I said that we have to apprehend no attack from Russia. The situation must not be judged from press comments. The Russian newspapers I do not believe. I believe the Czar's word absolutely. The situation on the whole is not different from that of 1879. I grant that the concentration of Russian troops on the frontier may appear serious, but I perceive no cause or pretext for a Russian or a European war. Russia has no interest to conquer Prussian or Austrian provinces.

Now, therefore, gentlemen, let us have three-quarters of a million more men, and a loan of one hundred million dollars!

> Threats do not frighten us. The threats of the press are boundless folly. Such things can not in the slightest degree influence our action. We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world. The fear of God makes us wish to foster peace. He who breaks the peace will arrive at the conviction that the warlike and exultant love of the Fatherland such as summoned the whole population of Prussia to arms in 1813, is the common possession of the entire German nation; and he who attacks will find it armed to a man, every man having in his heart a firm belief that God is with us.

Thus he continued for one hour and forty minutes, and when he sat down it was moved that the "Landwehr bill" be adopted *en bloc*, and in view of the political situation that the "loan bill" pass without debate. It was so passed, and BISMARCK left the House and walked to his chamber, surrounded by a mass of frantic countrymen who could not expand their threats wide enough to express their admiration for the man they hated so freely twenty years ago.

The morrow will come when, the draft orders are issued and families become sundered to fill the fill the contingent, for not one will be found to volunteer. Little do we know what such an act of legislation means, except as a reminiscence of those days, when, it was not easy to procure soldiers after the first half million men were put in the field. It seems to us a terrible charge upon the non-militant citizen, to support an army of about two and a quarter million of men, all for an idea.

In this country, it costs one thousand dollars per year for a soldier. At one-fourth that sum, the annual footing for Germany will be about double the entire expense of our government. Then must follow an increased emigration from the Fatherland, to avoid conscription; and not many years can intervene till the prediction of modern economists will be realized, viz.: that the war tax of monarchies will bankrupt them. They will break down under it, just as the heavy coat of mail of the Middle Ages latterly overwhelmed both horse and rider, and now exists merely as a curiosity of the museums.

THE Democratic Congressmen from the Southwest and West are running the Indian bureau for all it is worth as a political machine. All will remember the scandalous removal of one of the best agents in the service, Dr. MAGILLICUDDY. The man who succeeded him has now in turn been compelled to protest against the "rotation" of all his employes to furnish the political spoils of Western Congressmen. Says this successor of Dr. MAGILLICUDDY in a letter to the Interior department:

This was stricken out of his letter as published in the report of the Interior department, but the Indian Rights association publishes it.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* makes the following just remarks on the workings of the local option law in Michigan:

> Local option in Michigan seems to be accomplishing more than any other means for temperance reform. Upon the 1st of May at least 30 counties of the state will enter upon the contest for entire prohibition of intoxicating drinks. The beauty of local option is that it allows communities that are prepared for such measures to inaugurate them. Where the question is left to the state at large the cities and the power of the saloon are usually strong enough to defeat the work. Michigan shows that by local option more than half the state enters upon prohibition at once.

THERE is much pressure being brought to bear upon Congress to pass the bill authorizing the issue of fractional paper currency. One good feature of the proposed measure is, that it could not inflate the volume of the circulating medium, for the reason that the proposed small notes could not be had except in exchange for greenbacks, which would also be held for the redemption of the notes. There is no doubt that paper money of the denominations of 10c, 25c and 50c would be a convenience in sending small sums through the mails.

ACCORDING to the report of Chief of State Police CURTIS, the second year of prohibition in Rhode Island has been even more unsatisfactory than the first. This result, however, is clearly due to the failure of the legislature to pass the law necessary to make effective the constitutional prohibition of the sale of liquor. It is to be remembered that this is a Democratic legislature.

A PENNSYLVANIA judge has ruled that a man being once tried for murder before a jury which disagrees, can not be again tried, because the constitution declares a person can not be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense. Should this ruling receive the approval of the higher courts, murder will become the cheapest crime in the calendar; and it is rather too cheap now.

A ST. LOUIS paper states a fact that will be recognized as founded on the rock of truth when it says:

> Those who are in favor of freeing the liquor traffic from all tax burdens and from every regulation short of absolute prohibition, simply proposes to try the desperate expedient of inaugurating a pandemonium in the vain hope that it will hasten the millenium.

THE New York *Commercial Bulletin* says that the January fire losses reach the usual aggregate of $16,040,000. The loss for the same month last year was $11,500,000. This absolute waste of capital is inexcusable, and needs the serious attention of the law-making power.

BLAINE'S letter hurts the mugwumps. They have no excuse for being Democrats now, save pure cussedness.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Violets are in bloom in California.

London now has 107,000 paupers.

There are 60,000 families in London living in cellars.

Jay Gould expects to be back in New York by April 10.

The Republic of Switzerland elects a President every year.

Mrs. Garfield won't return from Paris until early summer.

The high license law closed 120 saloons in Pittsburg, February 1.

Modesty is regarded as chic in Paris now, and dresses are worn long.

A busy bee among newspaper men is Nas-by.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

Port Huron has less than 12,000 inhabitants, and a debt of over $400,000.

Gen. Joe Johnston, now seventy-five, is well preserved and as straight as an arrow.

Alan Arthur, son of the late ex-President, is preparing some memoirs of his father.

A good many have been built upon, but there are still 444 burying grounds in London.

The Buffalo *Express* thinks that Cleveland's second-term ambition has died in the wool.

Carl Schurz is said to be permanently crippled by the result of his fall on the ice last winter.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is strenuously opposed to the sale of liquor anywhere near a railway station.

Citizens of Dougherty, Mitchell and Lett counties, Ga., are about to plant melon patches of from 50 to 150 acres each.

Gen. Lew Wallace has purchased a residence in Indianapolis, and will remove there from Crawfordsville, Ind., in the spring.

The United States has $240,000,000 invested in Mexico in mines, railroads and ranches, and England has $80,000,000.

Gen Wm. H. Gibson, the silver-tongued Republican orator, is now a regularly ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal church.

A New York boy has ten grandparents living, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, two great-grandfathers, and four great-grandmothers.

Senator Ingalls is said to be all primed and doubled shotted, only awaiting some slight provocation to pay his respects to the administration.

Many of Vicksburg's best citizens are in favor of abolishing the present city government and making the city a taxing district similar to Memphis.

M. E. Ingalls, president of the Big Four railroad, carries the largest life insurance of any man in Cincinnati. His policies amount to $300,000.

If the door creaks and you can't get oil and can get a soft lead pencil, rub the point into all the crevices of the hinges and the creaking will cease.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that he disapproves of all kinds of intercollegiate contests, and would abolish them if the had the power to do so.

The story is current of a Detroit man who took his baby to be photographed, and when he called for the picture he was unable to identify his own.

Ottumwa, Iowa, has an artesian well which discharges 2,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. It is said to be the best well in the country.

A number of Bostonians have started a fund for the relief of James Redpath, the New York journalist, who is seriously ill, and is said to be in need.

It is stated that $40,000 was sunk in the attempt to establish the *Daily Gazette* in Augusta, Ga., a city of over 40,000 inhabitants. It ran just eight months.

Grinnell, Ia., enjoys the distinction of never having a saloon and of not having furnished an inmate of the poorhouse or penitentiary for twenty-eight years.

James Redpath is recovering. He has written Louis E. Post as follows: "The doctors say I am going to die. I'll be hanged if I do until I see this thing through."

A house in New Jersey, which had been kept insured for eighty-nine years, burned up the other day between the lapse of one policy and the taking out of another.

The Ohio society in New York has postponed its annual banquet from February 20 to April 7, "the centennial anniversary of the settlement of the Ohio Valley at Marietta.

Gen. Moses Cleveland, founder of Cleveland, O., is to have a $5,000 granite monument there, to be dedicated July 22, under the charge of the Early Settlers' association.

To be able to wear all his decorations and orders at one time Prince Bismarck would require a breast 30 feet in breadth. Their weight amounts to a little over 40 pounds.

A hundred years ago Julien Dubuque set foot in Iowa, at the place where now is the city bearing his name. The Old Settlers' association is preparing for a centennial celebration.

The heir to the Russian throne, the Czarevich, is again suffering from the wasting disease which afflicted him a few years ago. His early death is believed to be a certainty.

John Wanamaker has been proposed as a delegate to the Republican national convention by his Philadelphia friends, and it is said he will go to Chicago to nominate George W. Childs for President.

Frank R. Stockton is at present the lion of literary circles in Washington. Every device is used to persuade him to inform a curious world whether it was the lady or the tiger which issued from the door.

People don't really kiss the Pope's toe. The Pope's toe is encased in a silk stocking, which is again encased in a dainty slipper embroidered with a cross, which the pilgrim touches with his lips.

Elijah Alden of Middleboro, Mass., is a lineal descendant in the sixth generation of John Alden of Mayflower fame. He is 97 years of age, but is able to dance a jig with a good deal of vigor and some grace.

A Buffalo merchant has in his possession the great iron padlock which was used in locking the great gates of Fort George during the war of 1812. It weighs about five pounds, and is considerably eaten with rust.

Ex-Senator Simon Cameron, Senators Frye and Ingalls, Congressman Thomas B. Reed, and other distinguished Republicans will attend the celebration of the organization of the party to be held in Pittsburg February 22.

Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, is understood to be the controlling spirit of Gen. Sheridan's Presidential boom. It is claimed that a literary bureau in Sheridan's interest is in operation, conducted by a former member of his staff.

A London firm has received an order for a number of war balloons from the Russian government. Each balloon will be provided with a car to accommodate six men, and will cost $2,500. They will be made of fire-proof material.

The Rev. Mr. Lloyd was asked to preside at the meeting of the Nineteenth Century club in New York, in place of Col. Ingersoll, but he declined, on the plea that he neither wished to served as the colonel's substitute in this world nor the next.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the millionaire philanthropist and art patron, is gradually sinking, and it is believed he cannot long survive. He has been confined to his bed for a fortnight, and now takes little notice of what passes around him.

Mme. Christine Nillson says in a letter to a Philadelphia friend that she is a constant rheumatic sufferer and she fears that she will be obliged to close her professional career at once. She adds that she has not even contemplated another American tour.

President Cleveland, according to the Washington *Critic*, now weighs 325 pounds, and the New York *Sun* cruelly comments: "Yet avoirdupois is not all. Genius, virtue, knowledge, and wit, combined with high intellectual insight, constitute the great man."

Milton's cottage, where he wrote "Paradise Lost," is to be purchased by means of a fund and preserved as a relic of the great poet. Queen Victoria has subscribed $200, which, by the way, is about four times what Milton received for his master-piece.

Mrs. John Gracher, who died last week at Reading, Pa., had a matrimonial experience which would be hard to duplicate. She was only 40 years old, but had been seven times married. She lived nine years with her last husband, who was 30 years her senior.

The Duke of Westminster is reputed to have a larger income than any other subject of Great Britain. He owns row upon row of tenement houses and possesses many square miles of farming land. He receives $50 a minute the year round, or $3,000 an hour, or $72,000 a day.

The oyster business in this country is marvelous in extent. More than $10,000,000 worth of oysters have been shipped from the Maryland beds alone this season. Over 50,000 persons are employed in the industry in the state, and it supports besides 1,500 schooners and sloops.

A pressed glass tumbler nine inches tall, with a capacity of eighty ounces, the largest in existence, has been made in Rochester. A special press was constructed to shape the glass and glassworkers regard it as much of a masterpiece in its line as the great steel gun cast at Pittsburg recently.

The longest railway anywhere operated by electricity is said to be a great success. It is in Richmond, extending twelve miles over steep grades and sharp curves, and is running profitably and unfailingly, the electric current being carried upon wires upon poles at the side of the street and connected with the car upon which is a motor, by a suspended wire which moves with the car.

Benjamin Franklin, of the Second Minnesota Volunteers, is the only man on the government pension rolls who sacrificed both hands and feet in the late civil war, and as there is no provision of law applicable to such special cases a bill will be presented to Congress increasing the pension he now receives to $150 a month. He now receives the pay provided for a soldier or a sailor who has lost both hands or both feet.

George Washington, Grover Cleveland, Henry Clay, Edward Everett, U. S. Grant, and Matthew Arnold are among the men who draw salaries from the government as policemen and mechanics on the Indian reservations. Benjamin F. Butler receives $8 a month for his services as a policeman on a Nevada reservation. Washington Irving is paid $360 for working a government farm in Washington territory, while Schuyler Colfax obtains $600 a year as a carpenter in the same locality.

$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for $85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than $100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. **ONE PERSON** in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely **FREE**. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the **Solid Gold Watch** and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from $1,000 to $5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable Household Samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you **do** send your address at once, you can secure, FREE, AN ELEGANT **$85**, SOLID GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH and our large, complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, STINSON & Co., box 122 Portland, Maine.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

Interesting Points of General Knowledge for the People.

The Ohio State Sanitary convention met in Toledo on February 9 and 10. Several of the papers were of great general interest, and they are condensed here for the BLADE's readers:

WHAT WE EAT.

"Foods and Food Adulterations," by Prof. Vaughan, of Ann Arbor.

Following is an abstract of Prof. Vaughn's excellent lecture:

Foods may defined as substances which, taken into the body, aid in building up or repairing tissue, or, by being oxidized or burned, generate force or energy.

Our ordinary foods consist of certain food-stuffs or elementary principles, together with a greater or less amount of wholly indigestible substances. Thus, oatmeal is a food containing the food-stuffs, gluten, starch, and fat, with a certain amount of cellulose (cell structure) which is of no service to the body. The nutritive value of a food depends upon the kind and amount of these food-stuffs that it contains. Since no satisfactory discussion of foods can be carried on until we become acquainted with those constituents upon which their values depend, we will briefly consider the food-stuffs. Fortunately they are not numerous, and may be divided into the following classes:

(1) Albumens or proteids.
(2) Fats or oils.
(3) Starches or carbohydrates.
(4) Inorganic salts.
(5) Water.

Albumens or Proteids.—To this group belong some of the most important food-stuffs. They all contain nitrogen, and for this reason the term "nitrogenous constituents" is sometimes used instead of proteids or albumens. The chief proteids are ordinary albumen, as the white of egg, casein of milk, fibrine of meat, gluten of grains and flour, and legumine of peas and beans.

The amount of proteid in the different foods is variable;—thus, meat contains from 15 to 23 per cent.; milk from 3 to 4; peas and beans from 23 to 27; grains and flours from 8 to 11; bread from 6 to 9, and potatoes and greens from 1 to 4.

When we remember that the blood, muscles, and all the vital organs contain proteids as their chief constituents, we can understand the importance of taking food rich in one or more members of this group. The average working-man requires in his daily food the equivalent of four or five ounces of pure proteid.

The digestive and assimilative organs have the power of converting one proteid into another, but they are not able to form a proteid out of a fat or a starch. For this reason no other food stuffs can, without injury, be a substitute for the proteids in our food for any length of time. Fats, when oxidized or burned in the body, produce more force than will arise from the combustion of an equal weight of any other food-stuff. The working man requires not less than two ounces of fat per day.

To the starches or carbo-hydrates belong a number of substances of similar chemical composition, and the majority belong to vegetable foods. The most important are starch, sugar, gum and dextrine. Like the fats, they are consumed in giving energy to the body, though a much larger amount of carbo-hydrates is required to yield the same result to the body. The daily need of this food stuff by the average working man is between seventeen and eighteen ounces.

The nutritive value of a food will depend upon the proportion and kind of food stuffs which it contains. However, there are many conditions which influence the nutritive value of a food. In order for this to be high, its constituents most not only be rich in food-stuffs, but they must be digestible. By improving the digestion, the appearance, odor and taste of a food increases its nutritive value. It is also quite essential that the volume of food taken should be large enough to satisfy the appetite, and still not so great as to prove burdensome. For this reason, foods in certain food-stuffs are usually taken with some other food rich in these constituents.

Thus the potato, which contains not more than 2 per cent. of proteids, is usually eaten with meat, which contains from 14 to 21 per cent. of proteids; or we may say with equal propriety, that because meat contains no starch, man has learned to take with it the potato, whose chief constituent is starch. If one should attempt to live upon potatoes only, the weight of the food that he would have to take each day in order to get the minimum quantity of proteids upon which life could be sustained would not be less than ten pounds.

However, as the proper cooking of the food aids digestion, man may digest some of the vegetable food even more quickly and completely than the ox can. But his food should not consist wholly of vegetable products. A certain amount of animal food, while not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of life, is essential to man's highest development.

That food is the most economical which contains the greatest amount of the most valuable food-stuffs for the least money.

The average workingman requires daily in his food, in round numbers, not less than four ounces of proteids, two ounces of fat, and eighteen ounces of carbohydrates. What combination of foods will furnish these for the least money? This is an important question; but in answering it, it should always be borne in mind that the foods suggested are to be healthy ones. A combination which would cost but little, but which would lead to dyspepsia or other ills, might in the end be quite costly.

The professor followed with several tables showing how cheaply a working man can live, and at the same time obtain the required proportion of the different food stuffs.

A large proportion of our daily food consists of material derived from the animal world. Other animals take vegetable food and build it up, so that it approximates in physical and chemical properties the flesh of man.

Of the foods thus derived from the animal kingdom, meat is one of the most important. Meat consists of different food-stuffs, as water, mineral salts, albumen and fat. On an average, 100 parts of beef consist of 72 parts muscle, 8 parts fat, and 20 parts bone. Veal contains 3 per cent more of water, and a corresponding amount of solid substance, than lean beef. The same is true of the difference between lamb and mutton.

Of all the kinds of flesh eaten, fat bacon contains the least amount of water. The average per cent. of water in bacon is 60, while that in lean beef is 75. The flesh of wild fowl, chickens, and pigeons furnishes on an average 77 per cent. of water. Fish is especially rich in water, the carp yielding 80 per cent. The fat in lean beef, veal and mutton may be as low as from 1 to 1½ per cent., while that of fat beef is 14, of fat mutton 9, veal 6, and bacon 24.

Along with these variations in the amounts of water and fat there are corresponding changes in the quantity of nitrogenous material. As a rule, fish is poorest in nitrogenous substance, the per cent. in carp and salmon being 13, in pickerel 15; fat veal, mutton and bacon, 15; fat beef, 16; lean beef 22.

The following rules may govern us in the selection of meats:

Good beef has a reddish-brown color, and contains no clots of blood. Well nourished beeves furnish a flesh which while raw is marbled with spots of white fat; it is firm and compact. Old, lean animals furnish a flesh which is tough, dry and dark; the fat is yellow. Veal is slightly reddish, and has tender white fibres. The fat is not distributed through the lean, as in beef. The same is true of mutton. In well nourished animals, white fat accumulates along the borders of the muscles.

Pork is rose-red, and has fat distributed through the muscle. The lard is white, and lies in heavy deposits under the skin. The flesh of an old boar is dark, and often has an unpleasant odor and taste.

Good beef is not of a pale pink color, and such a color indicates that the animal was diseased. Good beef does not have a dark purple hue, for this color is evidence that the animal has not been slaughtered, but died with the blood in its body, or has suffered from some acute febrile affection.

Good beef has no, or but little, odor; or if any odor is perceptible it is not disagreeable. In judging as to the odor of meat, pass a clean knife, which has been dipped in hot water, through it, and examine subsequently as to the odor of the knife. Tainted meat often gives off a plainly perceptible and disagreeable odor while being cooked.

Good meat is elastic to the touch. Meat that is wet and flabby should be discarded. It should not become gelatinous after being kept in a cool place for two days, but should remain dry on the surface and firm to the touch.

The flesh of young animals is more tender than that of the adult, but experiment, as well as experience, has shown that the former is less easily digested. For instance, veal and lamb are less easily digested, and tax the stomach of the dyspeptic more than beef and mutton. Dr. Smith has shown that this is largely due to the fact that the flesh of young animals cannot be perfectly masticated. The tissues of the young animal are less stimulating, less nutritious, and more gelatinous than the tissues of the adult animal.

On the other hand, it is well-known that an animal may be so old and poorly nourished that its flesh well-nigh defies both mastication and digestion. The common breeds of cattle are best fitted for market at the age of 7 years.

CHOLERA

Its Prevention and Limitation—A Timely Topic Ably Handled.

Dr. D. H. Beckwith, of Cleveland, member of the Ohio State Board of Health, then read the following valuable paper upon a topic of more than usual interest:

No authentic case of Asiatic Cholera has ever made its appearance in places beyond its endemic area except through direct contact with the disease itself or with its active principles in specific forms. No crowding in tenements or communities, even under the most baleful conditions, has ever been productive of this type of disease—a fact which involves problems in preventive sanitation the solution of which has been attempted in various countries by quarantining ports of entry and establishing cordons of police and soldiery about inland districts. Blockades and boycotts, however, as at present established, are not always effective; so to those problems must be added a corollary—the best means of limiting its ravages after its invasion.

The power of dissemination which characterizes this disease in localities possessing

CERTAIN HYDROMETRIC PECULIARITIES

has been very widely noticed and as freely commented upon. Seaport, lake and river towns, and inland places in low and marshy districts seem to possess this power in a marked degree. The introduction of cholera to such places, usually lying along the great commercial highways, is easily accounted for; but its widespread dissemination must be attributed to local conditions. We have much corroborative testimony touching this point from many sources. The report of the superintending surgeon of the Cawnpore district in India for 1833, says:

> The year has been remarkable for an uncommon degree of heat and the prevalence of destructive epidemics. This has not been caused by a deficiency of rain, the total fall being 30 inches in 50 days, while last year there was but 18 inches, and the season was a most healthful one. Every slight fall of rain was attended by an increase of the disease, and it did not entirely disappear till the end of September, when the weather cleared up.

SOME CONCLUSIONS.

From the brief sketch here attempted of a subject so vast in its proportions, we do not feel justified in making logical deductions, but from the great mass of cumulative evidence, which has been collected by scientists throughout the world and with which we are all more or less familiar, the following conclusions may, we think, be legitimately drawn and very properly discussed:

1.—That Asiatic cholera is indigenous to India, and becomes epidemic elsewhere only by importation through the ordinary channels of social and commercial intercourse.

2.—That it becomes epidemic after importation by the operations of the laws and customs prevailing in different countries regulating the relations of individuals and communities.

3.—That proper authority may so modify such relations, in the time of public danger, as to confine its depredations to narrow limits and to speedily accomplish its eradication.

4.—That fear, the most powerful ally in the spread of the disease, should be allayed by educating the people through the medium of the daily press to a full understanding of its characteristics, and the easy means of escaping its ravages.

The first of these conclusions justifies the enforcement of a strict quarantine; not the old time quarantine of arbitrary detention and herding of sick and well together, but a reasonable one, such as the exigencies of modern civilization demand, and the advance of scientific methods makes possible. The disembarkation of passengers and crew with all their baggage and effects, the separation of the sick and the well, the thorough and speedy disinfection and renovation of all effects, the thorough cleansing of the vessel and the detention of all those who show premonitory symptoms for a period covering the time of incubation, would, under efficient management, accomplish the desired results and yet cause a delay to all concerned of but a day or two at the outside. Such a system, we believe, is in operation at New Orleans, and its efficiency is unquestioned, in view of the fact that it has practically excluded yellow fever from that port for the past seven years. The contrast between this quarantine station and the crude and inefficient one at New York, the great center of immigration to this country, points to the necessity of relegating all quarantine management to the general government, so far as ports of entry are concerned at least, and the spirit of existing commercial competition between different ports clinches the argument in its favor. It is, besides, unfair to burden seaboard states with the expense of excluding a common enemy of all the states. But, whether under governmental or local control, the quarantine should be made thoroughly and absolutely effective, and no time should be lost in accomplishing that end, in view of the close proximity of this dreaded foe.

UNDER THE SECOND HEAD

we would counsel a cheerful obedience on the part of an intelligent public to the mandates of her sanitary officers—men who are in the highest sense of the term public philanthropists. These officers are for the most part medical practitioners who are constantly curtailing their own incomes in their efforts to promote public health—a sort of self-sacrifice which shows itself in no other profession or line of business.

IN THE THIRD PLACE

we would advocate the exercise of eternal vigilance on the part of health officers as the price of immunity from this scourge. Scientific investigations of the morbific properties of choleraic poisons, within the four walls of the chemical laboratory, are very well in their way and are to be encouraged; but house to house visitation, the abatement of nuisances wherever found, the thorough inspection of foods and drinks, a fearless discharge of every duty and the education of the masses up to a higher standard of personal hygiene will prove of far greater general value in keeping the pestilence from our doors.

Finally we appeal to

THE PUBLIC PRESS

to exert its powerful influence in allaying the ill-timed dread which seizes upon the populace at the approach of this fearful disease. A knowledge of its characteristics, of its non-contagious properties, of the possibility of personal immunity by the exercise of careful habits and cleanliness, of the use of pure water and wholesome food, of the character of premonitory symptoms, and of the ease with which they are controlled, will present an invulnerable front to the advance of the plague.

In this connection we would refer to the advantages of inoculation. That it is a specific against the attack of the disease I am not prepared to offer as an opinion, but that a belief in its efficacy on the part of the part of the public will give additional security I do not doubt. In Spain, where inoculation has been widely practiced, statistics show that few of those who are so treated are attacked. It is a fact which is pregnant with thought to the medical profession.

The old adage, "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," has broad signification in the presence of the pestilential darts of Apollo, which find a wide mark in the superstitions and traditions which have been handed down from remote antiquity. But as the years advance and knowledge becomes more universal, the Goddess of Reason shall be enshrined in the hearts of our people and her worship will secure to them immunity from the poisoned shafts through the wide dissemination of the truths of sanitary hygiene.

MEAT POISONING.

Abstract of the Paper on the Above Topic, by Dr. J. A. Chesney, of Bucyrus.

From the earliest ages to the present time meat poisons of various kinds have been dealing death freely and indiscriminately to our kind without their existance being suspected until within the past few years.

A little over 50 years ago our entire knowledge of this important subject, consisted in the knowledge of the fact that animals suffering from certain contagious and sporadic diseases, such as pleuro-pneumonia, rinderpest, foot and mouth disease, malignant pustule, and dropsical affections of either heart or kidney origin were unfit for consumption, and that decomposed or putrid meat acted often as an irritant poison. * * *

As lately as 1832 trichinæ spiralis were discovered in pork, and this discovery has resulted in avoiding a world of human suffering and in saving many valuable lives. The remedy is plain and trichinosis should now be a thing of the past. * * *

In 1844 the discovery was made that the human subject contracted tænia or tape-worm from the raw and poorly cooked meat which he consumed. Here also the remedy is pointed out and has resulted in great benefit to the race. * * *

It has also been demonstrated that canned meats are often poisonous, not only from the lead used in soldering, as formerly supposed, but from the tin itself, and that, too, from tin of good quality; that hams become contaminated from the coloring matter of the sacking in which they are enveloped. Numerous other sources of contamination of our meat which have been discovered and dwelt upon by sanitarians might be mentioned. * * * But it is only very recently that we have begun to understand the most virulent, the most common and the most fatal of all meat poisons, the poisonous alkaloids or ptomaines formed in meat under certain circumstances.

It has long been known that decomposed meat was poisonous, but this knowledge was too indefinite to be of much practical utility to the sanitarian or toxicologist. It is only of late years that it has been known that a short time after the death of an animal there may develop in the body certain poisonous and non-poisonous alkaloids, the chemical and physiological action of which resemble that of the poisonous vegetable alkaloids.

As early as 1853, Schlosbarger made a discovery of organic substances in the products of decomposition. Then Marquard separated a base. But it remained for Selmi, an Italian, to discover these alkaloids, separate them, name them—ptomaines—and give their chemical and physiological actions. This was in the period from 1870 to 1877, and since that time new discoveries have been continually made, and their nature and properties have been more closely studied until we seem to have gained a fair knowledge of them. But developments in private practice continually remind us that we are far from being accurately informed as to the circumstances of their formation.

And it is the object of this paper to offer an addition to our knowledge upon this branch of the subject, by relating a few cases of meat poisoning which have occurred in the writer's practice and which seemed to offer some rather surprising features.

The doctor then related three cases of meat poisoning, occurring in a prominent family in his city, which nearly resulted fatally. The symptoms were caused by eating veal steak, although it was proved to be from a healthy calf, of the proper age for butchering, and the meat had suffered from no undue exposure (or at least from no unusual exposure) to any atmosphere favorable to decomposition.

The only part of the veal which was poisonous was two small steaks, which had been cut off and lay exposed on the counter for two and a half hours, with the temperature of the room at 60 degrees.

The symptoms were violent vomiting and purging, with intense abdominal pain and threatened collapse from exhaustion, and took place in each case in almost exactly five hours after the meat was eaten.

The interesting points were:

First—The remarkable short time of the exposure of the meat; being much shorter time than any instances given by any of the experiments upon this subject.

Second—The remarkable promptness with which the symptoms make their appearance.

Third—The symptoms were those of poisoning from that particular alkaloid which resembles belladonna or atropia in its effects. Thus proving that is one of the first formed.

It teaches us that for meat to contain these poisonous alkaloids it is not necessary that it should be putrid, but that meat which would be pronounced wholesome by any housewife may have become poisonous by a very slight exposure to a warm atmosphere.

John Roach's Skilled Workman

I am in charge of the Coopersmiths' Department of John Roach & Son's shipyard, where I have been employed for the past sixteen (16) years. I had enjoyed robust health all my life until the year 1880, when I was

Taken With Kidney Trouble.

Whether it was from drinking hard water, or from a strain, or from exposure I cannot say.

I saw the advertisement of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, Rondout, N. Y. I bought a bottle of the medicine, and when I had taken it I was decidedly better. I continued its use and am

NOW PERMANENTLY WELL,

for this was over four years ago, and I have never had a single symptom of the disease since. Dr. Kennedy is free to tell anyone, far and wide, that I was cured of Kidney Disease by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. And I recommend its use to everyone afflicted. GEO. NESSENTHALER, Chester, Pa.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

JOSEPH WHITWORTH.

Progress and Elevation of an English Tool Making Mechanic.

In 1833 Mr. Whitworth engaged in manufacturing on his own account at Manchester, establishing himself in one room and putting out the sign, "Joseph Whitworth, tool maker." It was in the infancy of extensive manufacturing, and there were no fixed standards of adjustment, no guarantees for accuracy of work or attempt at symmetry or uniformity in any respect, but each maker was a rule to himself. Whitworth foresaw that if industrial enterprise would prosper it must be systematized and workmen must install harmony in their designs and must aim at minute exactness in their forms and measurements. His attention was particularly directed to the inconveniences which were produced by the variations in the pitch and thread of the screws used in the construction of machinery—variations so considerable, if we may quote the words of an English sketch of his work, "that every maker had screws own special sizes, and that the failure of a single one might cripple a machine in a distant country until the original maker be communicated with and could send out another of the same proportions." Mr. Whitworth not only saw the immense advantages which would arise from rendering the pitch and thread of thread of screws uniform, but also the difficulty which might be experienced in inducing any maker to adopt the proportions used by any other. With rare sagacity, he obtained specimens of all the screws used by leading manufacturers, and then designed one which was the average of them all, and a copy of none. By this expedient he evaded opposition and worked a revolution in the construction of machinery. The new screw was universally adopted, and, in the present day, every screw of the same diameter has a thread of the same pitch and of the same number of turns to the inch, and all screws of the same size, from whatever makes obtained, are interchangeable."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Graphic Description of a Boom.

Last summer I overheard two men talking as they were digging away in the mines, and one said: "Jim, they say thar is a big bum up at Rome."

"What's that?" said Jim.

"Why, hit's a kind of thing whar one feller gits nothing for something."

"Why, that's a faro bank or a lottery, ain't it?" said Jim.

"No, it ain't. I tell you it's a bum—a kind of new tradin' business what swells and shrinks, and the sweller and shrinker says down in a cellar and works the machine. They trade in stock."

"Horses and mules?" said Jim.

"No, hit's all on paper, and nobody can see what he's buyin'. You put your money in and wait for a swell. If it comes you are all right, but if a shrink comes you are busted, and you feel so ashamed that you don't say anything about it, and it never gets into the papers—nothing but the swells gits into the papers."—*Bill Arp.*

Living as Common Folk.

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne are staying in Naples, where they live in a simple, unostentatious fashion, dining at the public table, and otherwise practicing rigid economy. The princess and her husband traveled incognito, and on their arrival at Naples walked to the hotel. The manager, however, recognized the princess and offered her a suite of apartments on the first floor reserved for notables. These were declined, as was a suggestion that the illustrious guests guests eat in private.

—After reading what you say in the BLADE of February 2d, I can say I have read TOKOLOGY and followed its teachings, and I can truthfully say it is the GREATEST BLESSING ever sent to suffering women. I wish every woman could know what it did for me. Its teachings are so plain anyone can understand them. I want your best terms to agents, also sample leaves, as I want to go to work. Yours, MRS. SUSIE SKINNER, Lincoln, Neb.

See add on Fifth page.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A. W., Kansas.—No poetry wanted.

J. C. C., Malone, N. Y.—We cannot use MS. written on wrapping paper with a pencil. Use good paper and black ink, if you want your effusions read.

W. M., Knoxville, Tenn.—We cannot use controversial articles on religious subjects.

Mrs. C., Hutchinson, Kan.—We cannot send the BLADE in pay for articles. We do not pay for contributions.

W. R. H., Crestline, (no state).—We do not want any serial stories.

A CORRECTION.

The Yankton Board of Trade Have Something to Say on the Blizzard.

YANKTON, D. T., Feb. 9.—The Yankton Board of Trade, with the full knowledge of the facts, obtained by careful and thorough inquiry, request the eastern papers and press associations to give place to a true statement in regard to the blizzard of January 12th. The story of Agent Kinney has been supplemented by one sent out from Sharon, Pa., both to the effect that a thousand lives were lost and great numbers of stock destroyed.

The storm was phenomenal in suddenness and severity. Upon a warm day, when it was thawing, with a slight snow fall or rain in places, into an atmosphere loaded with moisture, came a severe northwest wind. The moisture was frozen in its ultimate particles, and came with the with the wind like doubled fog or a wave of dence smoke, and it grew colder for twelve hours. In southeastern Dakota the storm came in the middle of the day, at a time when the most people were abroad.

The day was pleasant and many thousands of people were out upon their farms and upon the prairies upon every kind of business, most clad for the pleasant day. There were probably 75,000 children in school. Of all these, so caught by the storm, over an area in Dakota of 150,000 square miles not over 175 lives in all were lost, or at the outside 200.

Reports, rumors and wild imagination exaggerated everything, and two men have added glaring falsehood. Major Kinney saw nothing that he pretended to or is credited with reporting. He drove by a team from the Indian agency to Yankton, stopping over a night or two on the way. He made no complaint here of suffering by himself and wife, and went forward comfortably in the cars. To no one did he make his great report till he was out of the country.

His statement that railroad passengers suffered from cold and that children were frozen to death in passenger cars was a pure fabrication, totally devoid of truth or semblance of truth. The other man specifies one death and reports five hundred. Both clinch their falsehood with the reports that the facts were suppressed. Every local paper printed all the facts, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sioux City and other papers had agents everywhere that gathered the details.

As to live stock the exaggeration is still worse. Of the 6,000 horses, 7,000 sheep, 20,000 cattle and 15,000 hogs in the county, not over 50 in all were lost. The herds that were reported in this county and others to line the roadside with carcasses are alive and fat. Some of these herds have since been shipped from this place. Similar reckless reports were made from other localities.

The storm was unexampled. Nothing just lik it ever occurred before. For fifteen years nothing like it has happened. The worst storm in the northwest was Dec. 31, 1863, and January 1, 1864, and caused suffering and death in our army clear down to the gulf states. The worst cold of the storm of January 12 was not in Dakota, but in Wisconsin and Michigan, and a storm surpassing it in snow and equaling it in all other respects has since swept over New York and New England, an area about equal to that of Dakota. The further reckless repetitions about the Dakota storm ought in truth to cease.

GEO. R. SCOUGAL,
President Board of Trade.

—NEGLIGENCE makes the thief. If you neglect to keep yourself well, pain will steal over you like a thief in the night. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract, externally and internally, and you will keep out that burglar.

Wanted the Christians Converted.

Mrs. De Peyster—Oh, I am so delighted to see you, Mrs. Crosby-Smith.

Mrs. Crosby-Smith—The pleasure is mutual, I assure you, Mrs. De Peyster.

Mrs. De P. (after a few minutes' chat)—I would like you to give a donation to our society.

Mrs. C. S.—What society?

Mrs. De P.—The society for Converting the Jews. Those dear Jews!

Mrs. C. S.—Ah, yes, very kind of you indeed, but my dear Mrs. De Peyster, did you read what Bishop Potter wrote about the Jews?

Mrs. De P.—No, my dear. What was it?

Mrs. C. S.—Well, writing of Hospital Saturday and Sunday, he said that the Jews led in benevolence, and that their zeal should be a model to us Christians. So instead, my dear Mrs. De Peyster, of my subscribing to a society to convert the Jews, I ought to support a society to convert us Christians to Judaism.

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M. Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I thing S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone."

Queer Instruments.

The silvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of Peru are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silvio in the William S. Vaux collection at Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other, with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the open necked vase the air is compressed into the other, and in escaping through the narrow opening is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sounds. Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds; one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia, Pa., imitates the notes of the robin or some other member of the thrush tribe.

READ THIS!

A $5 DAISY WRINGER FREE!

A $8 WASHING MACHINE FREE!

Last year we placed upon the market the greatest labor-saving invention of the 19th century. It was a self-operating Washing Machine. It washes the clothing clean WITHOUT THE WASHBOARD OR ANY RUBBING WHATEVER. We advertised a few hundred free to introduce them, and through these free samples sold over 80,000. One lady in Chicago (Mrs. McDermott, 338 W. 15th St.,) was so well pleased with her sample that she became an agent and sold over 120 in four months. W. C. Hamill, Box 387, Toronto, Ont., ordered over 600 after testing his sample. We have scores of just such examples as this. It pays "to cast your bread upon the waters." OUR GREAT OFFER. This year we intend to sell not less than ONE MILLION WASHERS, and to do this we will first start off by GIVING AWAY 1000 samples. All we ask of those who receive one is that they will give it a good trial, and if satisfactory recommend it to their friends. Agents are coining money. We have several who are making $10 per day and upwards. "First come, first served." So if you want one from the lot we are going to give away, send your name and address at once. Address, MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill. (Mention this paper.)

A Special Offer! As an inducement for you to send us your name at once, we will make this special offer: To the first party in each State and Territory who answers our advertisement we will send as a free gift, one of the celebrated DAISY WRINGERS, retail price, $5.00 each. This unprecedented offer is made for the sole purpose of inducing you to send for one of our Washers AT ONCE. If you know of any friend out of employment, won't you please call his attention to this advertisement, for it is indeed "the chance of a lifetime."

$100 Reward. During the past year our circulars and advertisements have been copied by other concerns who are jealous of our great success. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! We have been in the laundry supply business for 6 years and will pay $100 reward for any infringement on our Washer.

READ THIS! The New York "Christian at Work" says: "We have personally examined a great many letters received from all sections of the country from those who are using this wonderful Washing Machine, and all unite in commending it in the highest terms." We also have similar reference from the "Farm and Fireside," the "Home and Farm," and scores of other papers.

WHY?

Do you love fruit-growing? Do you love flowers? Have you a little garden? Have you a large farm? Are you interested in cattle raising, in the dairy? Do you keep bees, poultry? Do you love your family and desire to provide them with pure reading matter? Do you wish to keep your sons and daughters on the farm and to make them happy and contented? Do you live in the East, West, North or South? You should read the RURAL NEW YORKER. It is the leading farm weekly of America, and costs more to publish than any other. Specimens free. Address the RURAL NEW YORKER, 34 Park Row, New York.

OBSERVE—*The Toledo Blade and the R. N. Y. both for one year for only $2.50.*

Publishers' Column.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

Rand McNally Standard Atlas of the World

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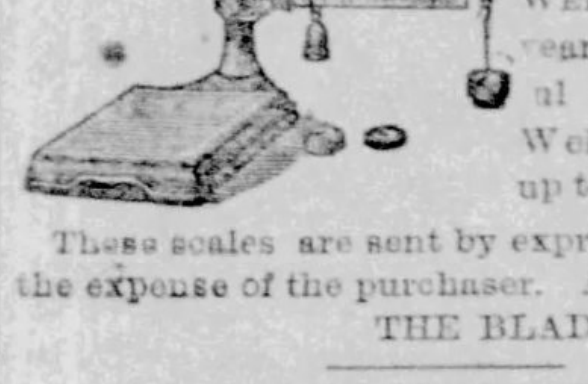

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Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

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We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

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No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

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These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as wel Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

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Three copies of either	6 cents.
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Commissioners.

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We are determined this season to pay club agents more liberally for their work than ever before paid by any newspaper. The BLADE is so well known, and so well circulated in every part of the United States, that it is the easiest paper to canvass for. We invite every canvasser to write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," which we are now mailing broadcast. Our terms allow the largest cash commission, for very small clubs, ever paid by the publishers of any weekly newspaper. In addition to our liberal cash commission, we have been able to announce that we shall give one of our Blade Sewing Machines to every agent who will, between now and May 15th, send us two hundred yearly subscriptions for the Blade. The plan is simple. We only ask that subscriptions be sent in small clubs at a time—as directed in our "Confidential Terms"—as fast as the names are taken. If on or before May 15th the total number of names sent reach two hundred, we will ship the Sewing Machine. The agent will, therefore, earn nearly $100.00 value for a very small amount of work. This is certainly worth working for, and we expect a large number of agents to enroll themselves in this work. Write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," and say that you wish to be enrolled for the Machine competition. In sending clubs, number your names as you send them, from 1 to 200. Please bear in mind that this proposition does not pay agents a very large cash commission, whether they earn a Sewing Machine or not. We offer the Sewing Machines as an inducement to those agents who will continue their canvass during the season, and beyond a single club. Send for specimen copies and go to work at once. Address

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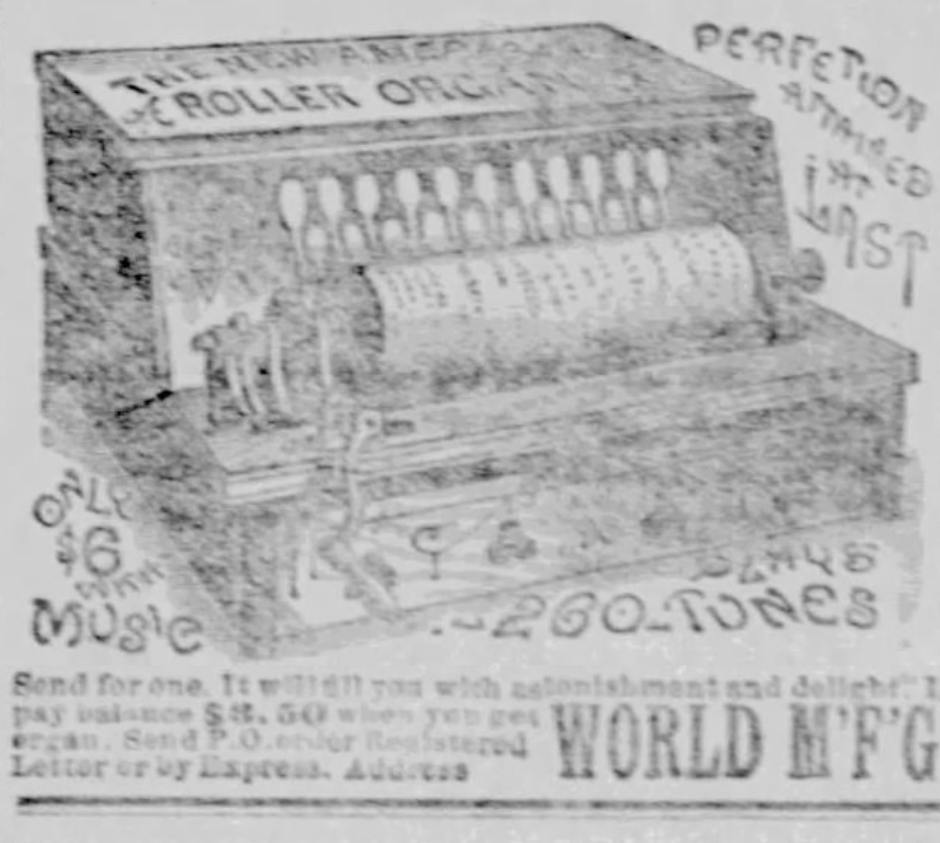

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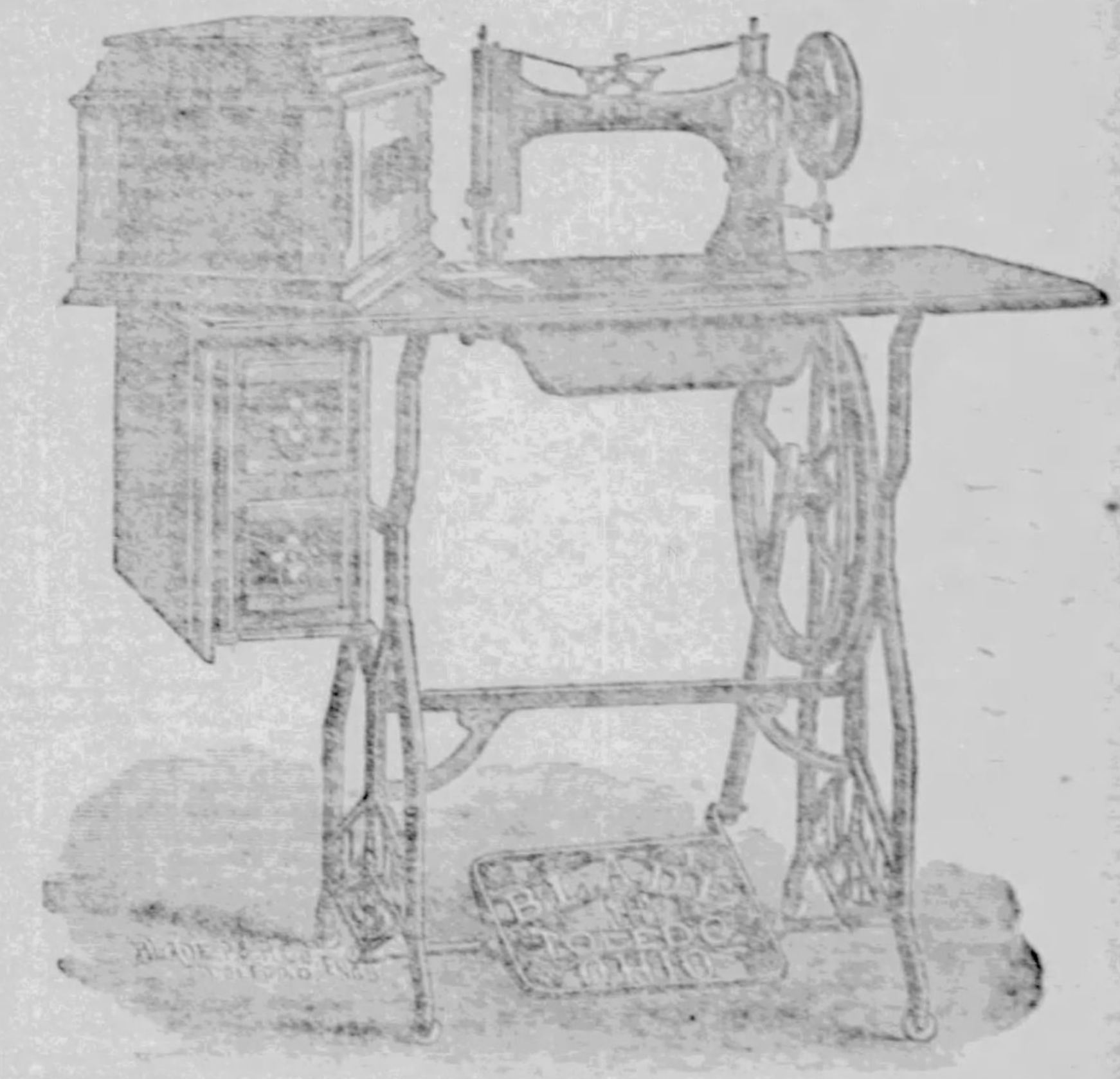

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHO WILL BRING A DAY OF GRACE?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Gail Hamilton writes many excellent things. She has a way of cutting down to the heart of a subject with keen words full of meaning, and what she says carries weight. Lately she has been writing about dress reform, and this is one thing among many others:

"The dress of the woman of to-day is vastly better than dress has sometimes been but also vastly worse. It is intensely uncomfortable, and is not wholly beautiful. The street dress is short, and to that extent convenient. The evening dress is long and plain, and to that extent beautiful. But the bunchy tournure is deforming, heavy, hampering, ridiculous; the pinched waist is distressing."

Of that paragraph as a whole, I intensely approve. Only to one thing do I take exception. The street dress, she says, is short and to that extent convenient. That is the popular idea at present, born of the conviction that as it is unlike the old trained abominations that used to be seen in public places, it must be a great deal better. In dry weather, it is, perhaps, an improvement, for then the skirts may be allowed to swing *ad libitum* and if the edges become quickly frayed and worn, it furnishes a morning's work for the wearer, or gives the dressmaker another job.

In wet weather, however, comes the tug of war. The skirts are just long enough to reach the slush and wet, and dipping at every step, soak up the mud and water until loaded down with all that can be absorbed, and then they flop and slop around the ankles, until shoes and stockings are soaked through also. An attempt to carry them high and dry, results in most ludicrous effects. They are far less convenient to lay hold and keep possession of than the trains were, and are besides so narrow, as to either compel the use of both hands for their elevation,—and then what becomes of the umbrella, bags and bundles,—or else they are drawn so tightly as to compel a sort of hobble instead of a walk, which is, to say the least, not graceful and decided fatiguing. Right here, I want to remark as a sort of preliminary free advertisement, that if this fashion endures, I am going to get up some sort of strap for the shoulders in which the umbrella may be slipped, and hold itself aloft in triumphant disregard of the meek clothes-tyrannized-over woman below. To be sure that sort of an arrangement would not be quite convenient, if one needed to lower it suddenly, but it would be no worse, perhaps, than what has to be endured now.

During the last week of sloppy, wet weather, I chanced to be in the street car, myself in a state of rebellion because of my enforced ride—enforced by the necessity of keeping my dress from being utterly ruined—when a pretty woman entered with a look of intense vexation upon her face, an expression which I was not in the habit of seeing there. Only one other beside ourselves was in the car, and that a lady, so a quick outburst at once let the light in upon her state of mind. It was her dress skirts! It is a villainous state of things, she exclaimed, that compels a woman to such discomfort, or else, to make herself so singular as to attract public attention.

Her words delighted me. Here was another of my sex in open rebellion over what was my standing grievance. Number three in the car also entered her protest, and my heart grew glad within me at the thought that possibly a feeling was dawning that might be the beginning of a reform—not of a general dress reform for that is under way already—but one in this special direction.

It is no use, however, of talking about the matter, unless women of fashion set the example, or enough of those whose opinions and character command respect make the movement in a business-like manner and for a business purpose. It need not, at first, be an absolute thing for all seasons and places. Let there be a dress for rainy days, or when the snows are melting and the walks are one grand slop. Then when it is pleasant, return to Madame Grundy's rule and wear the gown of conventional length, and in the house, a train also, if desired. No one can deny the elegance of a gracefully managed trained dress of fine materials, and adapted to the individual wearer, upon festival occasions.

The question is how to make such an innovation popular. I do not know. Women will suffer on year after year, protesting inwardly, if they have spirit to protest at all, sometimes openly anathematizing the fashion which holds them in bonds, and yet go right along in the same old way, with bedraggled skirts tied around the limbs that were evidently made to walk with, and not to be hobbled.

"Why do not those women who are obliged to go forth in all weathers have independence enough to wear such a dress as you speak of, and let the rest of us alone?" asks some conservative individual who feels that the stamp of style is the stamp of right.

That is a very natural question, and it is as easily answered. Rigid caste lines are as yet unknown in this country. The moment that some costume, as a whole, or even as a part, makes a class and separates it from what is usually considered a more desirable condition in life, so soon as it is looked upon as a badge of servitude, or of inferiority. The majority of workers would rebel at anything of that kind. They would rather endure any inconvenience, any physical suffering, than to mark themselves as belonging to any grade of society which is not the highest. Absurd as it may seem, the most ignorant working girl in the country does not hold it impossible that she may yet be in the White House, and considering how the shuttlecock of fortune is thrown hither and thither, she is not, after all, so far wrong.

We must come back then to the first idea that this work of regenerating women by giving them the comfort of decent dresses for sloppy weather must be inaugurated by Dame Fashion, and worn by those who can afford to render dress a fine art. Comfortable length must be made as much the mark of the street costume of a lady "to the manner born" as quiet colors and plain making is now, and then it will quickly become popular.

When, oh when, will that blessed day dawn? When will women be able to move along the streets with the ease and comfort with which a man gets over the ground? When may they return to the dresses of their grandmothers and great grandmothers in this one thing of length of skirts, without being frowned upon as a crank, or an abnormal development of the sex to be religiously avoided?

I say nothing at this time of the pinched waists which are also an abomination. Just now, in prospect of the coming spring and plenteous rains with daily thaws, my whole soul is in travail over the dipping, uncomfortable, neither long nor short skirts which women are compelled by custom to hold to. I echo, with all my strength, Gail Hamilton's concluding words:

Has the 19th century, has the Caucasian blood, no power to redeem itself from thrall, to lend itself to grace and freedom? We talk of Paganism, and the Greek women made themselves such models of loveliness that the art of all the ages since has never supplanted them. Paganism and the Chinese women only bandage their feet, while Christian women bandage, with equally unrelenting self-sacrifice, the vital organs. Taste, culture, intellectual activity—and we have been able to invent no relief from the bondage of the modern garb, save the hideous bloomer, whose entire rejection is the chief claim of our countrywomen to real taste.

With all our higher education, the emancipation of the sex, the outcry for suffrage, the woman's boards, clubs, colleges, professions, where is the woman who shall give us something worth them all? What annex is nourishing her, what cradle rocks her whose inborn originality shall seize the the absurdity, the grotesqueness, the barbarism of the corn-presses which women now call "dress," whose cultured originality shall pierce realms of art and history and science and shall evoke thence a custom which shall not only gratify but stimulate the æsthetic sense, which shall add to the free and sweeping lines of grace, the free and subtle sense of strength, the thrilling ecstacy of vital health, of abounding life, a custom which will do more for the real emancipation of woman than any legislation can do, because it will put her in harmony with the eternal law of all her being and gently lead up the new and golden year of physical comfort, artistic grace, mental vigor, and social power.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Sachet Book-Marks.—A very pretty gift to a friend is a book-mark, something to be put into some favorite book where it would often meet the eyes and recall the absent one. They can be made in various ways, but one like the following would be very lovely: Take two broad ribbons with a fancy edge. Have them the same width, but one at least 8 inches longer than the other. The longer should be not less than 18 inches for books of the most common size. Some very narrow ribbon of the shade of the longer is also needed. Fringe both ends of the ribbons. Upon the shorter embroider or paint the word "Mizpah." Paint the ends of the longer with some little design or leave them plain. Lay the short piece over the center of the long and sew them together with a blind stitch along the edges. With a stiletto make holes through both ribbons just inside the fringe of the shorter piece and lace the narrow ribbon in and out across it, fastening the ends securely at the sides. Before closing the second end get a piece of the finest sheet wadding. Divide the larger carefully and sprinkle it with sachet powder then put it together again and slip it between the cotton layers. Of course it must be perfectly flat and thin.

Send 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, Ohio, and get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" before the edition is exhausted.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Knit Edging.—Cast on seven Stitches.—1st row: k 2—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 1; every alternate row knit plain; 3d row: k 3—t o—n—t o—n—t o—knit 1; 5th row: k 4—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 1; 7th row: k 5—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 1; 9th row: k 6—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 1; 11th row: k 7—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 1; 13th row: k 6—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1—b off 1; 15th row: k 5—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1;—b off one; 17th row—k 4—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1—bind off 1; 19th row—k 3—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1—bind off 1; 21st row—k 2—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1—bind off 1; 22d row—k 2—bind off 1—knit rest plain.

Insertion to match Edging.—Cast on 11 stitches. 1st row—k 5—t o—n—k 4—every alternate row k plain; 3d row—k 4—t o—n—t o—u—k 3; 5th row—k 3—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 2; 7th row—k 2—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1; 9th row—k 1—t o—n—t o—n—t o—nt o—n—t o—n; 11th row—k 2—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1; 13th row—k 3—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 2; 15th row—k 4—t o—n—t o—n—k 3; 17th row—k 5—t o—n—k 4; 18th and 19th rows plain.—Western Rambler.

Gentleman's Scarf.—Materials—3 ozs. chinchilla worsted; 2 ozs. of shaded brown; 2 wooden needles, ¼ inch in diameter. Cast on 40 stitches; knit plain garter stitch; knit 4 finger lengths of the brown and 10 finger lengths of chinchilla, then four finger lengths of brown, thus having brown for the ends. Crochet some pretty design on each end.—F. E. P.

Wide Crocheted Lace.—Chain 25—1st row—3 d c in 4th st of ch—1 ch 3 d c in same place—ch 7—fasten in 11 st of ch—ch 7—3 d c in 18 st of ch—ch 1—3 d c in same place—ch 7—fasten in last st of ch. 2d row—d c in ch 7—16 times sh in sh—ch 7—fasten with 2 single ch st where ch 7 of last row was fastened—ch 7—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 2 at top of lace—ch 2. 3d row—sh in sh—ch 7—fasten with 3 s c—sh in sh—d c in d c of last row. 4th row—d c in d c of last row—sh in sh—ch 7—fasten with 3 s c—ch 7—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 2 of last row—ch 2. 5th row—sh in sh—ch 7—fasten 3 s c—ch 7—sh in sh—d c in d c of last row. 6th row—d c in d c of last row, with 1 ch between—sh in sh—ch 7—fasten with 2 s c—ch 7—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 2—ch 2. 7th row—sh in sh—ch 7—fasten 1 s c—turn and d c in st of ch 7, ch 2, turn and repeat 3 times making 4 times across in all. This makes a diamond and completes one scallop of insertion: sh in sh, this fastens point of diamond to sh—d c with 2 ch between, in d c of last row. 8th row—d c with 3 ch between in d c of last row, make the insertion as before. 9th row—3 d c with 1 ch between in d c of last row. 10th row—ch 7, fasten in ch 1 of former row until you have 10 chains. 11 row—ch 7, fasten in middle st of ch 7 of last row. 12 row—ch 7, fasten in middle st of last row. This completes one scollop. There should be 4 rows of the solid work in this scollop, in the rest only 3. In the second scallop at the bottom of lace you must ch 1 and fasten it in the middle st, ch 7 of last scollop. I hope this will be plain. I have just finished enough for an apron, and it is beautiful.—Ollie Ray.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Flowers of Northern Michigan.—The woods of Northern Michigan are filled with nature's treasures. High over head the wind sings through the tops of the pines and balsam fir trees, while the ground is covered with lovely mosses, running vines, ferns and Lycopodiums. Besides the large fern Peteris Aquilina, or common brake, there are many others that are much cultivated as pot house plants by florists. One of the prettiest is the Maidenhair fern, which not only is a lovely pot plant but can be pressed and kept for decorating where dry ferns can be used. It is so common here no one thinks of making a window plant of it.

The mosses are really grand. The silk moss, so much prized for floral work, can always be had for the gathering, while the loveliest of fern mosses are abundant; indeed, the variety of mosses and ferns seems endless.

One of the grandest sights to be met with in our forests, is a large vine of clematis, virgin's bower, either, when covered with its lovely white flowers, or with the large, feathery seed pods, which almost hide the foliage—running wild over bushes and small trees. Two years ago, I took up a plant and set it in my yard, and last summer it was admired more than any vine I had, and I had a good variety. In wet places, lovely light and dark blue violets, and some a creamy white; others, a lovely yellow are found. In dryer places, trillium grandiflorum is common. There are two varieties—the white and the pink. In one of the catalogues I received last fall, this plant was offered as a novelty; and why not? Who does not love the wake robin, as it is often called. Its large three petaled flowers, not only come early in the spring, but last a long time. I shall try transplanting some of the roots next fall.

Another favorite which I find quite often is the arum, or wild turnip. The flower is known as Jack in the Pulpit, which is also cultivated as a pot plant. Near the streams Iris versi color and the brown cat-tails are abundant, with now and then a white cat-tail for variety. Calla palustris, a variety of the calla lilly, is also found in wet places, also great white and yellow water lillies.

Another plant, which is rare and a real pleasure to find, is the corpse plant or Indian pipe. Not only is the flower a pearly white, but the leaves and stalks also, and like the lovely Crypripedium Acaule or Lady's slipper, it repays one for a long tramp to find a specimen. I am not sure that I shall make a success of transplanting the Lady's slipper plant, but shall try another season, for it would be lovely either for house or garden.

The Dog's Tooth violet, or Spotted Ladder plant, is everywhere, and I doubt not if it were a high priced imported plant everyone would want it. Now it is hardly noticed. Solomons Seal is another of our wild plants, and I have read that in England it is highly prized, while here it is never cultivated, yet it is a really nice plant and if put into pots will grow and bloom in the house.

During the fall months the woods are full of golden rod, wild asters and sunflowers with a few lovely blue gentians. There are the five flowered, and the closed gentians. Partridge vines with their twin red berries, and winter-greens are found almost everywhere, but the lovliest of all our wild beauties is the trailing arbutus with its lovely pink flowers changing to white, and so fragrant that a spray will perfume a room. The foliage is a dark shining green. The buds form in the fall and as soon as the snow melts off in the spring these sweetest of all Flora's children come into bloom. I often pick it and send it to my friends in another state, where it never grows, it being a curiosity to them. If the editor would like a box of the flowers I will send her some when they are in bloom again. They will not bear transplanting, so we must be content to let it live its wild life, and enjoy hunting for it in its hiding places deep in the woods.

There are three varieties of Lycopodiums, but only two are employed in decorating. L. alavartum or running pine cannot be surpassed for winter decorative evergreen. Twine it over windows and pictures or make wreaths of it. It is pretty any where. L. alpenum, sometimes called bouquet green, is a fine ferny looking plant growing up in a bouquet form, and although it is an evergreen, it is often grown as a pot plant where it is rare. Florists use it for bouquets, and it is also very pretty for wreaths, crosses, horse-shoes, anchors and hearts and when made up with everlasting flowers are nice ornaments.

Farther north both the bouquet green and running pine are gathered by the Indians and shipped by the carload east, west and south for Christmas and later for Easter decorating. Another summer I expect ta spend much of the time in the woods hunting wild flowers, ferns and mosses, and will tell you more about them if desired. Now, if the editor will allow me to make another free offer, I would like to offer some very pretty blue pansy seed to any one wanting them. Please enclose only one letter stamp for return postage. I saved quite a quantity of the seeds last summer, so can fill all requests for them.—Frances B., Box 126, West Branch, Mich.

More About Tramps.—Will you permit me to offer a few thoughts in reply to R. E. Evesquil on tramps. I differ widely with her in my views with regard to that class of humanity. In the first place, I doubt very much whether men are ever obliged to go wandering through the country among strangers, begging their living. If they are disabled in any way they would be far better off among their acquaintances, and then it would be known whether they are really needy and worthy of help. And I don't think our American people, with their generous natures, would let them suffer for necessaries or comforts if they on their part would do all they can for their own support. I was taught from my earliest remembrance that every one should labor in some way for their support and in the "sweat of their face they should eat bread." I have always worked, from the time I was old enough to pick up a basket of chips for my mother to boil the teakettle on a hot summer day, till the present time—nearly 70 years—and a great many days when I felt very little like it, and have always had all I was able to do. And when I see a strong, able-bodied man of from 18 to 40 years of age, some times all scented up with perfumery, come to my door, and in a whining voice say, "Please ma'am, will you give me a little something to eat. I am looking for work, and——" I don't wait for him to finish his sentence, but say, "No, sir; it is all I can to do to cook for my own family." Perhaps I can cruel, but I can not see it in that light. Some of them have been heard to say: "The world owes them a living."

Well, so it does if they will make an honest effort to earn it. The apostle Paul says, "If any would not work neither should he eat." And if they rather starve than work, I for one, am willing they should have their choice.

I have a nephew who sailed for several years and always saved his wages and bought himself a farm. I heard him say he would hardly give *some* sailors a meal of victuals if they were starving, for they would sail a trip and when they got into port would draw their pay and go straight into town and squander it all, and when the boat was ready to start out again they would be penniless, and at the close of the season for sailing would have nothing to keep them through the winter.

We never know when to trust them. I wouldn't dare to let a tramp into my house and leave him alone while I went into another room to get him something to eat. We have every reason to suspect them, for they often prove themselves untrustworthy of any confidence. Ladies on our street have sometimes kindly given them a piece of nice bread and butter; they would get a few yards from the house and toss it into the fence corner. And, besides, they are often just spies, looking around your premises to see if they can find a chance to rob you of your valuables. And how often we hear of women, after kindly feeding them, who have been very illy dealt with and insulted. No, I never admit a tramp into my house, and seldom feed them.

I am always willing and glad to help those whom I know are needy and honestly worthy of help; and such we have among our acquaintances and the citizens of our town.—Mrs. A. M. Parmely.

Out in Iowa.—When reading interesting accounts of the different parts of our country, I have often thought I would give a description of my own home, and although I do not live where "the orange blooms or the laurel twines," yet the situation for farming facilities has few equals. Yes, I am a farmer, and have never regretted that I chose this free and quiet life, where I can enjoy nature in all her beautiful changes, breath the balmy and invigorating air and rest, not listening to the noise and commotion of the city's tumult, but to some sweet and soothing sound lulling all care away.

I came, a young married man, to Worth county, five years ago and although great riches are away in the distance, yet I am slowly climbing, and I hope one day to stand on the topmost round. For I see no reason why an energetic, persevering person living here, with push for his motto, cannot become a No. 1 farmer, for surely the richness of the soil, the delightful climate, the abundance of water, which is clear and pure, and easily obtained, yes, everything which nature bestows, is in his favor. And, as I look over the vast prairie lands lying idle, I often think how much better it would be if honest, industrious persons were tilling them, instead of trying to make a livelihood in our overcrowded cities. Northbrook, the county seat, is a busy, thriving town about four miles from my home, and within a radius of six or seven miles are four railroad stations—some of good size, others growing rapidly.

Oh! the farmer's life is the life for me,
So independent, joyous, merry and free.

—Frank J. Waynes, Northwood, Ia.

INQUIRIES.

Will some taxidermist please recommend a guide to taxidermy? Also tell how to soften and renew skins or soiled plumage? Will be pleased to give or take information regarding the art.—A Coquillette, Prairieburg, Ia.

Will some one give a recipe for coloring cotton brown or tan with kutch?

Will some of the Household send a good recipe for making rusks like those we buy at the bakery? How to make whitewash so it will not rub off? What will keep the hair from becoming dry and breaking off?—Jewell City, Kas.

Mrs. J. B. More, Terre Haute, Ind., would like a lady companion, and if some member of the Household who is willing to leave home and wants something to do, will correspond with her, one of the many questions asked in that direction might be answered.

Will some one tell a good remedy for soreness and hardening of the bottom of the feet, as I am a great sufferer from it, and also pain in the back of neck.—Mrs. Browning.

Will you please tell me what to use to remove gloss from black clothes, or publish in the inquiries for the same? Also give me your terms for obtaining subscribers, and oblige one of your subscribers.—E. T. Galley.

Write to the Business department of the Blade for the answer to your last question.—Ed.

Will some of the readers of the Household please send names for twin girls?—Nannie Thornton.

Will some lady please send me one scallop of the Pop Corn lace for a pattern? I have it on paper but I cannot get it right. I do not understand the abreviations. I would like to know how to make loop, single and double crochet, double chain stitch, picot, ribbed crochet, crossed treble stitch, shell stitch, open shell stitch and treble. It was in the Blade some time ago, signed Sarah. Please answer through the Blade or write to Mrs. W. T. Cullin, Lockwood, Dade county, Missouri.

Would like a recipe for gingerbread, such as we buy at the groceries.—N. J. B.

Would some one please give directions for knitting the Perfection Leaf lace?—Western Rambler.

Will some one kindly send me the words of the song, "My grandmother lives on yonder green, As fine an old lady as ever was seen," etc. I wish this song very much to use at a school exhibition, and any one sending it soon will confer a lasting favor on one who will cheerfully return the compliment in any possible way. Address box 42, Spivey, Kingman county, Kansas.

I would like to ask if any one can give a recipe for dyeing striped fur black?—Mrs. D.

Ladies, what can we do to stop the destruction of our song birds? It seems to me if we could get some newspaper to print the numbers, we might send in our names as the children do for their pledge, promising not to wear bird adornments on our hats. United, we might do something. Will the Blade help us?—A Constant Reader.

The Blade will do whatever is possible in that direction.—Ed.

I would like to ask if any of the readers of the Household ever had sciatic rheumatism, and have been cured permanently, or if they know if any one was ever cured of it. I have had it now for nine months. It is in my left limb. I am beginning to get rather discouraged about it. I am 27 years of age and in fair health other ways. I trust this subject is not an old "chestnut" to the Household. I am a new reader and am of course ignorant as to any previous information, etc., if any.—A. J. Taylor, Fredericktown, O.

Have any of the brothers or sisters of the Household subscribed for a newspaper called the Waynesburg, Pa., *True Blue*, and do not intend taking it the full time they subscribed for it; and would they please do me the kindness to transfer to me the unexpired time? Postage prepaid.—Joseph L. Anderson, 507 Berkley street, Camden, New Jersey.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

I wish to become a trained nurse. Will the editor or some kind reader please tell me what course to pursue or give the address of some person who will give the desired information?—Madeline.

Write to the "Training School for Nurses" in some city like Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Cincinnati, and ask them to send you a circular, which will give you this information. Simply address your letter as above, with name of place.—Ed.

Please let me know where I can get the book "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," by Henry T. Fink; also what price.—Selah Pittman.

Macmillan & Co., New York, are the publishers. The price is, we believe, $3 50, but we are not quite sure.—Ed.

When wishing a newly married couple much joy, should we say to the bride, "I wish you much joy," and to the groom "I wish you the same." If not what should we say to the groom?—C. I. S.

It might be more elegant to change your form of expression to "Allow me to congratulate you," though not necessary.—Ed.

First—What are the rates paid acceptable Mss. by periodicals to authors? The reason I ask this question is: A periodical I subscribe for states that all Mss. sent in must have the price marked on them or they will not be accepted. Now, is there any standard besides the author's judgment to come at the real value. I mean the acceptable ones?

Second—Is there any paper or periodical devoted to literature, that would aid one who wishes the same as a profession? If there is, which is the best?—Sydney A. Dow.

Rates for different periodicals vary so much that no absolute standard is possible, but an author is generally safe in charging from three to seven dollars a page of print in the magazine sent to. It is easy to estimate from the number of words you send, what you charge for the whole article.

The "Writer," a new magazine recently started in Boston, is a great help to young literary workers. It is published monthly for $1 a year.—Ed.

If Mrs. L. N. Finch, will wash her white washed walls with strong vinegar, before papering, her paper will stay on.—Mrs. L. H.

I am tired of this answering the whole world. I did not suppose everybody was dizzy-headed. You please say I will answer no more, but you can insert that a strong tea of hops drank freely, will stop dizziness.—S. A. Carpenter, Newport, Ill.

The poem entitled, "No Sect in Heaven," was published in the *Western Rural* about six months ago. If unable to procure the paper containing this poem, I have a copy of it and will send you one.—Mrs. James McMicken, Buena Vista, Col.

I will tell you how to take grease spots out of your floor. Sprinkle liberally with common baking soda, pour boiling water on, scrub with a broom and rinse with clean water. If at first you don't succeed try again. I once had the bottom come out of a jar that had lard in it, and spill the lard warm on the carpet. I took up the carpet, put the grease spot over an empty tub, put soda freely on the spot, and then poured boiling water on quite freely. I then rubbed it with my hands in the hot soda water, threw that water away and put the carpet over the tub again and poured more hot water through to rinse, hung out and when dry there was not the least grease mark to be seen.—Mrs. M. M. Joy, Osborn, Kan.

I saw a request from a lady a short time ago for the song, "Beautiful Gates Ajar." Please say if she will send self-addressed stamped envelope to me I will send her the song. I am a Kansas "country girl," and see but little society, but if my poor letter eludes the waste basket, I may be encouraged to tell the sisters about my room and how I furnished it, also describe some pretty rugs.—Mabel R. Stewart, Deerhead, Kan.

RECIPES.

Hamburg steaks.—Take a piece of beef, from which you remove all skin, fat and sinews, chop the meat up very fine, season it to your taste with salt and cayenne pepper, then add a small scarlet onion and a little garlic chopped *very* fine; wet your hands, and mould or form the mass into small round steaks, about an inch in thickness; fry them in butter, first one side and then upon the other, place them upon a hot dish, and pour a hot tomato sauce over them; or serve them simply with the butter in which they were fried poured over them.

Broiled Hamburg Steaks.—Instead of frying, place your steaks upon a gridiron or double wire broiler, well greased, and broil them on both sides; place them on a hot dish, and pour over them melted butter seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper. This mixture of meat is also often spread upon slices of bread, with butter in which a spoonful of dry mustard has been mixed, and used as a sandwich, or it may be served raw and cold with slices of bread spread with butter.—*Cheer.*

Coloring Goods.—By request of Mrs. M. J. T. I send directions for coloring the following colors on cotton:

To Color Yellow—For 8 lbs. of goods take 6 ozs. bi-chromate potash, 3 ozs. of sugar-lead; dissolve in warm water in separate tin vessels; dip goods first into the sugar-lead, wring out and dip into the potash; repeat until you have the desired shade. Rinse in cold water.

To Color Blue.—For 10 lbs of goods dissolve 10 ozs. copperas in warm water sufficient to cover the goods. Let them remain in this while preparing the dye; put clear water into a tin or copper boiler; when boiling, put in 6 ozs. prussiate potash; after this is dissolved put in the goods wrung from the copperas water; let them remain a half hour, take out into a tub, air well, then add 4 ozs. more of prussiate potash; dip the goods again, let them remain a few minutes; take them out again and air well and add 3 ozs. of oil of vitriol; then dip the goods till you have the desired shade; rinse in cold water and dip into the yellow dye for green (the same as for yellow), divide the goods and color those for dark green first. For all fancy shades, the goods must be white and clean.—Mrs. H. E. S.

Perspiration Under the Arms.—Wash twice a day with carbolic soap and apply a stringent salve, or wash, containing tannic acid full strength; if too much hair is the cause, trim it off and cut out a hole in the clothing except in the outermost garment, then take with care some solution of belladonna or atropine under a doctor's care, watching the effect upon the brain and eye.—S. P.

Cure for Itch.—Make use of plenty of sulphur; take ¼ lb. of fresh butter and 1 teacupful of vinegar; simmer till it evaporates, add 1 nutmeg grated, 1 tablespoonful of allspice; let it cool to the thickness of cream, then add 1 teaspoonful sulphur; anoint three days in succession. This has been tried by many families, and has always proved a success.

Brown oysters on toast.—Open two dozen large oysters, keeping them separated from their juice. Then mix smoothly the yolks of two eggs with a little flour; bread the oysters and season them with salt and pepper; then dip them separately in the mixture of eggs and flour, place them in a sauce-pan and brown them in a clarified butter. When brown take them out of the sauce-pan and pour the juice of the oysters into the butter remaining in the pan. Thicken this with a little flour, and, after simmering it gently for two or three minutes, put in the oysters and let them remain until they get thoroughly hot then take them out and serve on slices of toasted bread.—*Cheer.*

—"Best cure for Coughs and Colds is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LACON, ILL.	G Fullenwider
Frank S Davis	PARRISH, ILL.
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.	Maggie Carter
Lenny Bartlett	R C Carter
Clyde Bartlett	Xenia A Carter
WAYNESVILLE, ILL.	Ida F Carter
Neddie Fullenwider	George Carter
Kitty Tracie	

Names this week, 11. Total 22,080.

The above embraces all names received up to February 9.

A SONG OF WINTER.

Sing a song of rapture,
Gayly everywhere!
Four and twenty thousands
Snow flakes in the air.

Sing a song of sleigh-bells
Ringing loud and clear,
While the roguish urchins
Follow in the rear!

Sing a song of sledding—
Now the sport's begun!
Four and twenty snow-birds
Looking at the fun!

Sing a song of sunshine,
For the storm is o'er;
Gay old earth is laughing
At the marble floor.

HOW THE HOUSE WAS MOVED.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"It looks exactly as if it was starting on a walk up that hill," said some one who looked at Mrs. Quinlivin's.

"Or of having been dropped there, and never able to make up its mind which way to turn," said some one else.

It really did. One corner of it rested on a huge stone, giving the house the appearance of having just taken the first step on its way up.

But it had no intention of taking another. It had only taken that one because when it was built Timothy Quinlivin found that the stone made a very good foundation for a corner, so on it the corner was placed. And as the hill bulged out just beyond it, the house was set "skew-jee," as the neighbors called it—a fashion which would have disturbed a more particular family.

But skew-jee or straight was all the same to the Quinlivins. It suited Mrs. Quinlivin exactly, for she could stand at her ironing-table and look through the window at the coal trains going by.

It suited Mikey Quinlivin exactly, for when he went by on one of the trains as brakeman he could look right down and see his mother. And it suited all the younger Quinlivins because they had never thought about it at all.

"It's the dreadful misery in me arms I'm havin'," said Mikey to his mother one day. "It's mesilf can hardly be turnin' the brakes."

"It's the rubbin' I'll be givin' ye when ye goes to bed," said his mother, "an' thin the dain 'll be gone intirely."

The rubbing was faithfully done, and done often, but the misery in poor Mikey's arms did not disappear. His work was very hard for such a boy. It was the same undertaken by his father, Timothy Quinlivin, when, a few years ago, he had brought his large family to find a better living under the Stars and Stripes than "ould Erin" could give them. He had found good work at the coal-pits, and had by hard striving bought the bit of ground at the foot of the hill and built the little house. The coal-cars came out with their loads, and passed directly in front of it up a steep grade which carried them well above the house. Then the road made a rather abrupt curve, with a still ascending grade, and it was the grade and the turn together which made the breaking so hard.

Poor Timothy Quinlivin had died before Mrs. Quinlivin had become well accustomed to the loud rumble of the cars down the grade, and the creaks and puffs as they slowly worked up it. And Mikey had bravely taken his father's place in the struggle for a living for the small brothers and sister until they should be able to struggle for themselves.

Mrs. Quinlivin had plenty of washing and ironing to do, for just around the hill lived some of the owners of the mine, higher up and in houses which looked as if they had no idea of walking away anywhere, but were well content with their present location.

But Mrs. Quinlivin knew well that her two hard-working hands unaided would be a poor dependence for so many and her face grew more and more careworn as Mikey came again and again with the misery in his arms.

And it was a gloomy day in the little house when Mikey came home during work hours, and with a pitiful shake of his head passed into the little room beside the kitchen in which he slept.

"It's no use, mother," he said, with a sob in his voice. "It's never the bit o' work's left in me at all. I've spoke to the bosses, an' it's good to me they are, the blessing of Heaven be on 'em!—an' says they'll hire some one for the month to take my place. But it's sorra the bit I'll be doin' in a month, I'm fearin'."

He held up his stiffened, aching arms with a woe-begone look which went to his mother's heart.

"It's the doctor we'll be havin' to see ye," she said.

The doctor examined Mikey's arms and heard his story.

"The hard work?" he said. "No, it's not the work. That would bring out your muscle—see, it's doing it well—and making a young Hercules of you. Only I don't suppose you know who that was."

"Is it the new brakeman, sir?" asked Mikey.

"Well, perhaps so. But here's what's hurting you," he said, pointing to the floor and the walls of the room.

Mikey and his mother looked anxiously at the dampness which lay on the floor and the mould on the walls.

"It's dirty it looks, sir, I know," said Mrs. Quinlivin, apologetically. "I keeps 'em well wiped off, but it will come back."

"No wonder," said the doctor. "The back of the house it built right against the hill, isn't it."

"Yes; it was cheaper so."

"Hardly, I think. See—half the drainage down the hill comes against the wall. The sooner you have the house moved, the better. You'll all have the rheumatism if you stay here."

"Wirra! wirra!" exclaimed Mrs. Quinlivin, in a doleful little sigh, as she and Mikey exchanged rueful glances.

"How iver can we be doin' it?" said Mrs. Quinlivin, as the doctor went away.

Mikey answered with a groan, partly of pain, partly of the despairing feeling, that if it would be hard to have the house moved at any time, it would be doubly hard now that he was not earning.

Day after day poor Mikey lay in the damp house, getting worse fast, now that he was exposed all the time to its unhealthful influences. And still the mother mourned over him and over the mould on the walls, which had given her little trouble before, because, poor soul, she had not known its dire threat of mischief to her and hers.

When the melting, rainy spring-time had passed, and the bright June days filled Mikey's heart with a craving to be out-of-doors, his mother prepared a rude lounge under the shade of a tree and carried him to it, for the poor boy was by this time almost helpless, the misery and the stiffness having slowly made its way over his whole body.

As he lay and watched the trains go by, the laborers would wave him a cordial greeting, their honest hearts overflowing with sympathy for his suffering.

"It's like the new road 'll be comin' over this way," said Mikey to himself, as he lay gazing dreamily at the trestle-work. He watched a long train wind its slow way up the grade, and noticed how far it was above the house, and still it kept on, up, up. He saw for the first time how exactly the house was in line with the road which lay above the curve, and then an exciting thought came to him.

"I've heard 'em tellin' about houses havin' to be moved to let the railroad by," said Mikey, raising himself as far as he could on his elbow to look with keener interest at the bend in the road. "Yes, we're just right in the track of that road till it makes the turn."

His mother had gone around the hill with some clean clothes, and his younger brothers were playing and shouting about him, rejoicing in the sunshine and the sweetness of careless young life.

"Where's little Kathleen?" presently asked Mikey of one of them.

"It's shleepin' in the cradle she is," said Pat, as he ran by on his way to the barn to find some eggs.

Mikey could hear the merry scramble of the lively youngsters, and mingling with it came the sound of little Kathleen's voice.

"She's afther wakin', an' sheared o' bein' left by herself," said Mikey, who was very fond of his one little sister. "Jim! Pat! Pau deen! ye spalpeens, would ye be lavin' the bit prishkeen to be cryin' all alone wid herself? Come, thin, wid yez!"

But his voice did not reach them, and he groaned as he realized his utter helplessness. "It's meself would be comin' to you quick enough, darlint, but for the ache in me poor bones. No; it's like I'll niver be movin' again." Tears dimmed his eyes as he waited restlessly for some response from the boys. "Pat, will ye be mindin' little Kathleen? What's that?"

Above the racket made by the boys came a low, sullen rumble, increasing with every moment. Through his tears Mikey gazed in the direction from which it proceeded, and as the rumble became a roar, sprang into a sitting posture—a thing he had not done for weeks.

Far above, from where the ascending road made another curve and went out of sight, a thing of dread and horror came whizzing, tearing, rushing down the incline with terrific speed.

With one quick thought came to Mikey the terrible meaning of what he saw. The coal train had broken, and the rear cars had started on a wild journey to end—where?

"Exactly in line with the house." Mikey's leisurely calcuation flashed through his dizzy brain as the black horror came on directly toward him. He knew it could not turn that curve at that speed.

"Little Kathleen!" With a shriek which mingled strangely with the roar, Mikey gave a leap from his couch, and with a few swift steps was by the side of the cradled darling. And in the same moment a cloud shot across the sunlight, and he flung himself over the cradle, burying his head in the pillow beside the fair curls.

A shock as of thunder—a crashing, crushing and grinding, and the boy lay under a heap of splintered beams, in a stillness in which he scarcely knew whether he lived or was dead.

"Halloo, Mikey! halloo!" the welcome sound of voices broke on the stillness, as neighbors came with white faces to give help. Kindly hands worked bravely to raise the fragments which lay over Mikey, and were about to carefully lift him when, with a cry of thankful joy, he raised the little one in his arms, and staggered out with her into the blessed sunlight.

"Oh, me b'y! me b'y!" The first sound which made its way through Mikey's dazed senses was his mother's cry of alarm. The boys peeped whimpering out of the barn, looking in fear and amazement at the demolished house and the wrecked cars, which, after plunging directly through it, had kept up their mad career for a hundred yards further before a final dash into a steep bank.

Mikey ran toward his mother with his little sister. And as she gathered the frightened child into her arms, she looked, not at the ruins of her home, but at her son.

"An' is it yersilf that's walkin', Mikey?"

Mikey gazed down at his feet, held up one and then the other, and then his arms.

"It's niver a bit o' the misery left in 'em!" he exclaimed, gazing into his mother's eyes.

In consideration of Mikey's troubles and his deserts, the damages were settled by the railroad company much more promptly than is usual with corporations. And the July sunshine had not faded before those who did not know what had happened might reasonably have concluded that the house had at length made up its mind which way to go, and had travelled up the hill, not again, however, settling itself skew-jee. And Mikey had never ceased wondering if he really had been sick at all. And Mrs. Quinlivin has never got over congratulating herself on the brave supply of firewood obtained from the old house, and rejoicing in the strange way in which it had been moved.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

AN ARAB NATIONAL GAME.

We come now to the most interesting of the Arab games—jereed, or "spears." Although I have mentioned it as perhaps the only national game, it is not, however, played so much nor so engrossingly as base-ball is in this country. It is hard to gather enough players to make it interesting, for it is an imitation of real warfare, and requires numbers. The establishment of a college like that at Beirut brought together a body of young men, and it was not long before the game was organized. Certain students soon came to be recognized as leaders, and the sport was for a time indulged in; but whether the sudden languishing of the game was due to the interference of the faculty of the college or not, it is certain that some influence was brought to bear and the game was, for the time, stopped.

The general plan of the game is as follows:

Sides are chosen by the leaders, and lines marked out, about a spear's throw apart. This distance varies with the size and strength of the players, 30 yards being a fair average. Each player has a blunt wooden spear, about the shape of a billiard cue, only not so small in proportion at the smaller end. It is shaped in such a way that when balanced on the finger and then grasped, it will not be held at the middle, but at a point a little nearer the larger end. A *jereed* player must possess skill in two ways: He must be able to hurl the spear far and true, and also to catch a spear when thrown at him, as it goes by. This sounds more difficult than it really is. The players dodges as the spear approaches, so that it will shoot past his side,—the right side, if possible,—and then, as it passes him, he sweeps it in with his hand and brings it down to the side, reversing it so as to throw it back again, all in a moment.

The object of the game is for one side to drive the other side back and to occupy its line. But it is not so rough a game as this purpose would seem to imply. Not half so many accidents occur as in base-ball, and it is not nearly so rough as foot-ball, since the object of the game can be attained very easily and quickly by throwing the spear over the head of your opponent; for then he has to run back and pick up his spear,—and that not only weakens the enemies' line, but gives them, for the time one less spear-thrower.—*St. Nicholas for January.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH A "DIAMOND-BACK."

I had gone out for a sail. But it was in one of those delightfully primitive "home-made" boats which abound on this river, and which sail equally well whether bow foremost or stern foremost. Equally well, I say, but their best is bad. This boat would not beat to windward at all, and I was too lazy to row.

I was waiting in the hope that an alligator or big turtle would perhaps obligingly tow me to the shore, when from the direction of the house there came a succession of sharp, ringing shots, evidently the reports of a rifle. And with these came the screams of children, the barking of a dog, and other evidences of an unusual commotion. This was, remember, on the third day after our arrial in the Land of Flowers. There were no Indians about, and it did not seem possible that the house could be besieged by bears; though failing some such explanation as the presence of large game, I could not surmise what this rifle-fusillade meant. I attempted to pole to the shore, but it soon became evident that Harry's boat was no more true to the pole than to her course in beating to windward; so, to solve the difficulty, I stepped overboad and waded ashore. The fun was all over by the time I came on the field; but there, in the path that led from house to river, lay a veritable diamond-back, dead; one bullet through his neck, his spine broken by another, and his tail lacerated by a third. It turned out that while the children, with "Fannie" (a favorite Gordon setter-dog), were running down to the water, the dog—ahead, as usual—"pointed" at something in the grass, just out of the path. Hastening up, in the expectation of flushing a quail, or perhaps a rabbit, Dotty (my daughter, aged eight) found this big diamond-back on the alert and ready for business. As an armed pirate lights its battle-lanterns, clears its decks, and beats to quarters, so this terrible cruiser of the land had kindled his eye into flame, disposed his body in coil, and sprung his portentious rattle. Luckily, our "Dot," who had visited museums in St. Augustine, well knew what all this meant, and prepared to beat a retreat, calling on "Fan" to follow. But that innocent creature, all unfamiliar with diamond-backs, had the curiosity of her sex and invited a nearer approach to see if the thing were dangerous or not. So, as the snake was but a few feet off, and time precious, and the story of Eve and Eden and the tempter too long to tell, "Dot" caught the dog by the tail, and dragged her up-hill and out of danger. Meanwhile, the alarm had been given at the house, and a gentleman, who happened to be at home, re-enforcing the party with a rifle, the reptile was soon dispatched. In measurement it fell short of seven feet by only one inch. And we all thought it a rather large snake to find within a hundred feet of our dwelling-house, and almost in the path that we daily traveled to and from the river. The Herr Doctor thought so, too; but, in his seventeen years on the place he had seen but three diamond-backs, and these were miles from the house. And you may be sure that during that night, and for several nights thereafter, I held my little girl very closely in my arms before we put her to bed, and that limits were promptly set to the children's explorations of fields and groves.—*From "Diamond-backs in Paradise," by Charles Henry Webb, in St. Nicholas for February.*

The Sunday School

The Rich Young Ruler.

LESSON IX., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1888.

Golden Text—Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Matt. 6:24.

LESSON TEXT.

Matt. 19:16-26.

16. And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

17. And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

18. He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness,

19. Honor thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

20. The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

21. Jesus said unto him, If thou will be perfect, go and sell that thou has, and give to the poor, and thou shall have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

22. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

23. Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.

24. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

25. When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?

26. But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? (v. 16.) It is so much easier to do than it is to be, that almost everybody is willing to make some effort, or some sacrifice, in the hope of getting to heaven thereby. One man will hire a seat in church, and occupy it pretty regularly; another will go to church occasionally on a Sunday evening; yet another will abstain from card-playing Sundays, or stop drinking altogether, with the thought that it may secure an eternal reward. If, in fact, heaven could be guaranteed for the payment of a certain sum, or the performance of a specified act, there would be a great many more heaven-bound pilgrims than now, among the sons of men. Said a godless man, "If I'm going to have anything to do with religion, I want to be in a church that has its priests who will take care of the whole thing for me, and send in their bill at the close of the year, so that I can pay up like a man, without any question of arrearages." The nearer a church comes to that standard, the better it suits the popular mind; but that is not God's plan of salvation. It is being—not mere doing—that secures heaven to a man. The old question, "What must we do, that we may work the works of God?" has always the old answer from the only Savior of sinners, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments (v. 17.) There is always a plain path of duty open before every man. No matter where he lives, no matter what his training has been, no matter how imperfect is his knowledge, there are obligations resting upon him which he knows he ought to discharge; and there are commandments staring him in the face which he is sure he ought to obey. It is not often that a man is doing as well as he knows how. Rarely is there a man who has kept all the commandments of which he is informed, and who is looking for more duties in order that he may attend to them also. There is such a thing as being really in perplexity over the right path to pursue; but you and I have had very little trouble on that account. We have been many more times disturbed because of failing to keep commandments we knew, than we have been disturbed because of not knowing commandments to occupy our time and strength in their keeping. Hence for now, as in the days of old, the injunction is a timely one, "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments."

All these things have I observed: What lack I yet? (v. 20.) He who says he lives up to his own ideal of performance or of attainment, thereby shows that his ideal is not a high one, whatever is his present measure of being or doing. In study, in work, in character, the more progress a man makes, the greater possibilities he sees before and beyond him. To say that we have done as well as we ought to do, is to say that our conception of duty is a very imperfect one. In fact, a claim of completeness in well doing is a confession of a low standard of right and wrong. Let no one of us, therefore, be willing to affirm, or to suppose, that we have been fully faithful in the discharge of even the ordinary duties of life as we have understood them! What lack you yet? Why, you lack a right conception of the scope and claims of the moral law. You don't yet know how little you do know of duty and of right.

Sell, give, thou shalt have treasure in heaven (v. 21). But the giving up the good things in this life in the hope of finding them again in the next, is just what the average man does not want to do. He would like to have good things now and better things by and by. That is the common idea of the true order of religion and its consequences. Man read the Old Testament story of earthly prosperity held out as a reward of well-doing, and the New testament disclosures of heavenly joys beyond the highest earthly possessions, and say they would like to have Old Testament rewards in this world, and New Testament treasures in the next. If they are told that they must choose between them, they are inclined to say that they will take—both. So they stand hesitatingly on the border line between the two realms, reaching a hand for the treasures in either direction. Here comes in the call of the Master to decide for the one or the other. No man can have heaven who is not willing to give up earth. No man can have treasures above who insists on holding on to treasures below. If you want good things in the next life, you must be willing to have nothing at all in this life.

It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven (v. 23). If this text read, "It is hard for a poor man to enter the kingdom of heaven," how people would pray, "Lord, keep me from being poor! Lead me not into that way of danger!" But how few persons are now heard to pray, "Lord, keep me from being rich." If men were to be judged for courage according to their readiness to face the perils having wealth, what a courageous race the men of our generation would be! A great many people seem to be willing to share that danger. If God sends riches, we ought, of course, to accept the peril of them as we would the peril of small-pox or yellow-fever, if God sent us that; but why should not we pray to have the cup of riches pass from us and our loved ones,—unless it be God's will to summon us to that danger in spite of our request to the contrary? What reason have we for thinking that we should be in no greater danger than at present, if riches were in our possession?

With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible (v. 26). Left to himself, man would not choose the way of life, at its cost of self-surrender and of constant self-denial. He would prefer to retain that which has attractions for the present, and take the risks of the future. Only as God throws around us enticing and restraining influences are we kept from self-ruin. We have reason, each and all of us, to thank God for using his power to avert from us riches, or station, or coveted pleasures, or other sources of evil after which our hearts go with longing; and we have like reason to pray to him unceasingly to save us from our own selves, and to make it even harder for us to go astray than it is for us to keep on in the path of duty. There is comfort in the thought that God can compass the impossible; and that he is lovingly ready to do for us what we neither could do, nor yet should want to do, for ourselves.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Pity the Little Ones.

The daughter of a well known gentleman in Richmond, Va., who has turned her thirteenth year, was suffering with a bad cough night and morning, and nasal catarrh so severe as to be obliged to use seven or eight handkerchiefs per day. Five months after they used the first treatment of Compound Oxygen they wrote for another supply, and stated that she was still improving; that the discharge from her nose, which had been so copious and so annoying, had ceased. "Her improvement is wonderful. Looks well; romps and plays out of doors." Nearly four more months expired when they wrote again, saying, "My little one has wonderfully improved. She thinks she is entirely cured."

Hundreds more of such interesting cases might be added. The little book of two hundred pages called the treatise on Compound Oxygen is replete with instructive testimonials, and the history and use of the Compound Oxygen. Sent free on application to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Joseph B. Williams, who says he is a lawyer from Cincinnati, is held for trial in New York, charged with attempting to steal clothing from a Third avenue store.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

A call has been issued for a mass meeting of shoemakers at Cincinnati, Monday, when Master Workman Hugh Cavanaugh will be present to report action of the General Executive board of the Cnights of Labor. It is supposed this decision will end the lockout.

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Outside of those kisses bestowed by affectionate relatives there can be but three recognized classes of the genus kiss, as viewed from a male standpoint. The first comes upon your lips as if they were touched by a smoothly-planed, cool and insensate board, without any animation, unproductive of any agreeable sensation whatever, and not worth being garnered with the heart's mementos of golden, happy hours. The second is a gentle, velvety kiss, very sweet and pleasant, but vexatiously unsatisfying to an ardent nature, and but little more pronounced than a fascinating cousin would likely bestow. The third is such as coral, tempting, passionate lips bestow, for about ten minutes, upon your lips—"a lingering sweetness long drawn out"—that not only steals your breath, but seems to be drawing your very breath from out of your body. A fellow may forget his mother—and about the time he is harvesting such a kiss he is sure to forget her—but the recollections of that undwarfed, honest kiss will abide with him, a source of joy, and be commensurate with life itself.—*Union (Ky.) Local.*

—General Geary, while Governor of Pennsylvani, wrote Dr. Shallenberger: "I regard your Antidote as a public benefaction. In my case, as well as in many others known to me, it has proven an invaluable remedy for chills; not only prompt in curing, but singularly pleasant and beneficial in its general effects upon the system."

Man, Let Gowns Alone.

I will tell you something awfully queer; that is, the difference between men and women dressmakers. A man will fit a bodice to you with absolute exactness. If you are flat he will not improve you with a bit of cotton. You will get a good fit of what you are, but you will not be improved upon; but when it comes to the skirt he is in a frantic state of horror, if you have small hips he will insist on padding them; while if you have good ones he mentally dances and prances with delight, stretches his cloth so they may show to the best advantage and considers himself artistic. Now the woman dressmaker builds you up if you need it about the bust, and can suit the hips to the bust by soft folds drawn across them, or, by a simplicity that is the hight of coquetry, she can make them very noticeable. The moral of it all is that a man can make a coat for a woman, but unless he has the Venus de Milo or Mrs. Langtry he had better let gowns alone.—*N. Y. Star.*

—The success of some of the agents employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., is truly marvellous. It is not an unusual thing for their agents to make as high as $20 and $30 a day, and sometimes their profits run up as high as $40 and $50—even more. But we hesitate to tell you the whole truth, or you will scarcely believe we are in earnest. Write them and see for yourself what they will do for you.

The Word "Blizzard."

The word "blizzard," it appears, is not of Western origin, nor a coinage of so recent date as has been generally supposed. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes that he has heard the word constantly from boyhood in Pennsylvania, and that is was familiar to his elders more than fifty years ago in the central counties of that State. Concerning its original use he adds:

The word was always used to include the idea of force, violence, spitefulness or vindictiveness. If one dealt another a hostile blow he "gave him a blizzard on the nose," "on the jaw," "between the eyes," etc. If a magistrate lectured a litigant severely he "gave him a blizzard." If in debate one dealt mercilessly in ridicule he "gave his opponent a blizzard." If one man swore at or cursed another he "gave him a blizzard." If a man's wife scolded him she "gave him a blizzard." I never heard the word elsewhere till within the last four years, when I encountered it in the papers "out West," where it was applied to sudden and severe storms.

Blighted Prospects

are largely the result of improvidence and lack of enterprise. Those who look out for the good chances, get on; such people are fast learning that they can live at home and make $1 and upwards per hour at work for us, in our new line of splendid business. All ages, both sexes. Any one can do this pleasant, easy work. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will write at once and learn all; no harm will be done if you do unwisely conclude not to go to work. All is free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

A Little Mixed.

The following are given as excerpts from the examination papers and essays of "original thinkers" in grammar and high school grades: "Jaundice, a scandal." "Mosquito, a child of white and black parents. "Herodotus was a descendant of Herod the Great, and he was king of the Jews." "The Aryans spoke the French language." "Virgil was a great American author." "Diogenes was a great philosopher and a successor to Alexander the Great." "Longfellow wrote 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.'" "Hawthorne wrote 'Moses from an Old Manse.'" "Plato was the father of language, and his language was so perfect that it is said that if Jupiter were to speak he would speak Plato."—*Boston Journal of Education.*

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If you have a cough without disease of the lungs, so much the better. A few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is true that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long.

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The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Pericarditis.

W. S. T., Mt. Ayr, Iowa: Your young horse died of pericarditis, for which there is, we believe, no cure. Dr. Jennings says of this disease: "This disease, as its name implies, is an inflammation of the pericardium, the bag or sac which surrounds the heart, and known to butchers as the heart bag. After death arising from pleuritic affections, effusions are quite commonly found within this sac, which are attributed to the sympathy existing between the pericardium and the pleura. The fluid is sometimes of a bright yellow color, while at others it is of a turbid character, with considerable lymph floating in it, which collects in a mass, forming a thick layer upon the internal surface of the sac."

Eczema.

A. L. M., Hanna, Ind.: Your old mare is troubled with eczema of the heels. You must give the animal an entire change of diet. Give comfortable quarters, and blanket her. Once each week, for three weeks, give her four drachms of aloes in a pint of water, and half an ounce of saltpetre every other day for a week in the drinking water. Poultice the leg for two days with linseed meal poultice, with a little burnt alum scattered over the surface of the poultice. Then wash with tepid soapsuds water and apply this: Acetate of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, half an ounce; water, one pint. Mix and apply twice a day, washing with soapsuds water before each application. This is at times a very obstinate disease.

Catarrh.

J. W. S., Mondamin, Iowa: Your old mare is evidently suffering from a severe case of catarrh, which must be taken in hand at once, or it will run into nasal gleet. You may find a tumor or polypus in the left nostril, which is obstructed. If a tumor is seen it should be opened with a sharp knife. If a polypus (which clings to the inside of the nostril with a bottle-like enlargement), pass a small wire around it and twist it off. Put the animal into comfortable quarters and blanket well. Inject the nostrils once a day for three days with sulphate of zinc, 2 drs; tepid water, 4 qts. The discharge from the nostrils may be assisted by placing steaming bran in a bag and holding the mouth of the bag over the nose. Be careful to throw the bran away where no other animal may get at it after it is used. During the second week take, of sulphate of copper, nitre and powdered gentian, of each 1 dr. Make into a ball and feed night and morning. Feed good wholesome food.

Smut.

J. M. J., Kansas: Yes, smut in the feed of horses is injurious. It impairs the appetite, causes weakness and wasting, and in considerable amount, causes diarrhea and colic.

Grafting.

J. S. S., Alpha, Mo.: You should have stated that which you wish to graft. To make grafting wax, mix equal parts of resin, beeswax and tallow together. If it be too hard to work with the hands, melt it again and add more tallow. To make it harder, add more resin.

Butter Coloring.

S. M., Sanilac, Mich.: The way butter or oleomargarine is colored is with annatto. See BLADE FARM of recent date. Annatto is harmless, and will give butter a good color, if the article is pure.

Butter Making.

Subscriber, Kansas: No matter how rich cream may be, if not properly treated the butter will not come at times. Salt the cow regularly; do not let her get excited. Give plenty of pure water; keep the cream at a uniform temperature, say 60 degrees; feed nutritious feed. Do not allow your cream to get too sour. Churn when it reaches a slight acid condition. If you take the cream off from the milk at different times, or add different messes together, stir well in the cream pot at every addition, in order to mingle the cream well together. Do not churn too rapidly; take from a half to three-quarters of an hour. Follow the above, and we think your butter will come. If your cow shows feverishness, give her half a pound of salts, and a cupful of molasses stirred in warm water.

Ringworm—Catarrh.

W. E. S., Grove City, Ill.: Yes, ringworm is not an uncommon thing on cattle. It is a vegetable parasitic growth, and may be killed by first washing the patches with soft soap or weak lye, and using the following as an ointment, well mixed, every day: Iodine, half a drachm; iodide of potash, one drachm; glycerine, half an ounce. Sometimes the following cheap lotion will do the work: Acetate of lead, half an ounce; water, one pint. As to the harness rubbing the hair from your horse it does not indicate an unhealthy condition of the coat. Keep the harness soft and touch the part where the hair has been rubbed off with coal oil. Do not put much on at a time. A very little is sufficient.

Poland-China Hog.

J. A. K., Fayette County, Pa.: There has been much controversy as to the origin and improvement of a Poland-China hog. The American Swine Breeders' association give their history thus: In 1816 the Shakers of Union Village, Warren county, O., purchased at Philadelphia one boar and three sows of what was at that time believed to be pure China. They were called big China hogs. Subsequently other China hogs were introduced. The Shakers of Warren or Butler counties continued to cross them with the Russian and Bayfield blood that had long been in use there, and by repeated crosses, produced a hog of fine quality, known as the Warren county hog. In 1835 or 1836, the Berkshire hog was introduced. The Berkshire blood was liberally infused into the stocks existing in Southwestern Ohio and Kentucky. Crossing with the Berkshire was almost exclusively done until 1838 or 1839, when William Neff, of Cincinnati, imported some fine specimens of the Irish Grazer this breed grew into high favor, and was liberally used in making crosses with the best specimens of crosses previously made. In a few years the use of the pure Berkshires was discontinued, and soon after importations of the Irish Grazer ceased. The Poland-China hog has been much improved within the past 16 or 18 years by an infusion of Berkshire blood. We cannot say how many record companies are now in existence.

Sprain of the Back.

C. W. L., Nance Co., Neb.: Your horse undoubtedly received a pretty bad sprain of the back, and as a result retention of urine has followed. If his urine does not pass properly give powdered camphor, two drachms; saltpetre, half an ounce. Mix for a ball. Stir a little hardwood ashes in the drinking water once a day for a week, say a pint. Dip a blanket in warm water, wring it out, and apply it warm over the small of the back. Do this for a full day, keeping the blanket warm. Then rub on small of back daily with this: Iodine, half an ounce; glycerine, two ounces; mercurial ointment, two ounces; olive oil, six ounces. Use the animal but little to saddle for some time. If at times the animal is troubled with retention of urine repeat the camphor and saltpetre.

Here is One for You.

Mr. W. W. Boak would like to know what time of the year is best to cut willow or other trees to prevent sprouting or after-growth.

Do Not Dose With Medicine.

S. E. M., Carrollton, Mo.: Your mare that is with foal, and has a rough coat, should not be dosed with medicine. Give her light exercise, good quarters, and feed at regular hours. A bran mash once a day for about four days, followed by this will be all that is necessary for her: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ ounce; powdered gentian, ½ ounce; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. Give this once a day for about five days.

Lameness.

J. H., Yerkes, Pa.: It would be impossible for us to give you anything like correct advice from what you say regarding the lameness of your mare. A personal examination would be necessary. The veterinaries should be able to agree as to where the trouble exists.

Dyspepsia.

W. S. A., Ames, Iowa: Your cow is suffering from dyspepsia. Give her, bicarbonate of soda, 3 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms; ginger, 2 drachms; mix and give morning and evening for three or four days. Feed regularly, and keep in good quarters away from direct draughts of air. Give her a feed of roots, if possible, every day or two.

Mange.

A subscriber, Carroll, Iowa: Your horse is troubled with mange. Take of powdered stavesacre seed, one ounce; lard, four ounces; olive oil, one ounce. Mix at a gentle heat, and after washing the part affected with weak lye or soft soap, apply. The trouble is caused by insects in the skin. Do not use the currycomb or harness used on the animal on any other horse.

Foot Ointment.

W. A. A., Miamisburg, O.: A good hoof ointment is: Pine tar, 4 fluid ozs.; whale oil, 4 ozs. Apply daily. So says the American Cyclopedia of Life Stock.

Charcoal.

H. B. Bradford: Charcoal is a fertilizer to a limited extent. It fills a good purpose by condensing ammonia, nitric acid and the gasses of the atmosphere. It absorbs and condenses the nutritive gasses within its pores to the amount of 20 to 80 times its own bulk. Charcoal often checks rust in wheat, and mildew in other crops.

Keeping Eggs.

E. A. S. Bloomer, Arkansas: You will find information as to how to keep eggs in a recent issue of the Weekly BLADE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Next Week.

We shall devote considerable space in the BLADE FARM next week to communications. We have some excellent ones that will prove of much interest.

Frequent Stirring of Soil.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing a communication from G. Rakestraw in regard to frequent stirring of the soil, I will give my opinion. I used to be of the same opinion as Mr. R., but experience has taught me different, that is, in this locality, Norton county, Kansas. In the summer of 1886 I had out 40 acres of corn. About the time we were laying by our corn it was very hot and dry. My neighbors quit plowing and cultivating their corn, and advised me to do so. But I believed in frequent stirring of the soil and continued to cultivate my corn during the hot, dry weather, until I had 20 acres of the 40 cultivated four times, while 20 were left at the third cultivation. The 20 that were cultivated during the hot weather wilted and looked brown at the ends of the leaves after the fourth cultivation, but three days after laying it by there came a hard rain and thoroughly soaked the ground, and the consequence was that the corn that was cultivated the most was the best corn by far, and I had better corn than my neighbors. But in the summer of 1887 I had quite a different result. It was also a hot, dry summer, and I continued to cultivate my corn during the hot, dry weather, until it was all cultivated four times. All the rains we had were very light ones, and my corn ground being cultivated so many times was very loose and mellow, and having rains to pack it, consequently the wind and sun dried it out until there was not moisture enough to mature the corn, and the corn that was cultivated so much during the dry weather was almost a failure, while my neighbors on adjoining farms, who only cultivated one one or two times, had very good corn. Now what was the reason? Simply this: Their corn ground was not frequently stirred during the hot weather and retained the moisture. While my ground was frequently stirred, and was very loose and mellow, and the wind and sun dried it out, and from these results I am of the opinion that unless we get a good rain in a few days after laying by our corn, in a dry season, we will injure it more after the second plowing than we will do good. The two results go to show that this is a reasonable conclusion, viz.: The first season after laying by the corn we had a hard rain to compact the ground, and result was it did not dry out. The second season we had no rain to pack the ground, and the result was, it was so loose that it soon dried out, while all those who had not cultivated but once or twice had very good corn.—A. J. JOHNSON, Norcatur, Kan.

Raising Cabbages.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will give you my experience in raising cabbages, which is one of the best vegetables that can be raised. Take a piece of rich bottom land, about the 1st of June, and plow deep and fine; drag and mark 3 feet each way. Take the seed and put in hills, one, two or three seeds in a place, and cover one inch deep. As soon as the plants are up a couple of inches, hoe them out, filling around the plant up to the leaves, holding the plant straight with one hand, and so on till all are hoed. Let the plants all grow that have come up. In the course of eight or ten days go into your cabbage yard, and if there are any miss hills, take up from hills where there are more than one and fill out the miss hills.

To set out young cabbage, take a stick one inch through and one foot long, sharpen one end, punch a hole down six inches deep; fill the hole with water. Take the plant in the left hand and put the roots in the water in the hole so the leaves will be in the water—that is, the lower part of the plant; then, as you fill up the hole gently raise the plant about one inch out, in order to give the roots a downward tendency, and pack the dirt firmly around the plant, and my word for it, you will not lose one plant in a hundred.

The reason for planting three feet apart, is to prevent the weeds from growing, as soon as the leaves begin to put out, and also to protect the ground from drying out. I can grow cabbages in this way at a cost of 50 cents per 100. Hoe often until the leaves put out.—SAMUEL COLE, Creighton, Nebraska. [Mr. Cole's communication is timely. The matter of properly raising cabbages is one that will interest thousands of our readers. Mr. Cole has a few words to say about politics, which has been placed in the hands of the political editor of the BLADE. He remarks that he was one of the founders of the grand and glorious Republican party in 1856. He thinks Robert Lincoln an available candidate.]

Dry Murrain.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To prevent dry murrain in cattle, keep a trough filled with equal parts of salt and air-slackek lime where the cattle can have free access to it, and I know you will never be troubled with dry murrain, for I have tried it, as well as my neighbors, after losing several head.—R. E. ROGERS, Kellogg, Kansas. [As dry murrain is a source of great loss to stock owners in many parts of the country, Mr. Rogers, has done well to give a preventive.—ED.]

A Good Communication About Poultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—You want the ladies of the BLADE to tell what kind of poultry they raise, how many eggs they get from a given number, how they feed them, and what they feed them on. I for one will give my experience on a small scale: I have 175 Plymouth Rocks, crossed from the dark and light Brahmas, which are very large and pretty hens. About 25 are now just old enough to commence laying, being late fall chickens, and 50 are 2 and 3 years old. I could not expect as much profit from them as the 100 early last spring pullets. I will dispose of the old ones soon.

I kept an account of the eggs that we sold last year. The amount sold was $75. I cannot give the number of dozen, for the first of this year I destroyed the book and commenced on another. I can give you last month: Gathered, 80 dozen; sold 78 dozen at 20 cents per dozen. They did as well in December and are improving; will do better this month.

I feed them on wheat, oats, and corn in the grain. I give them all the dishwater and table-scraps as hot as I can get it. I have not had their vessels frozen much this winter, for as soon as it cools enough they drink it, and at noon I fill them with milk, which is soon gone. I then give them all the fresh water they will drink, warm. I feed them three gallons of wheat and oats, equal parts, in the morning. At noon the same, and at night, about 4 o'clock, 1½ gallons of corn, and occasionally a feed of boiled potatoes. They have not been out of their houses this winter, and are as happy as chickens could be. I do not keep fire, and their combs are not frozen. I hope to succeed, for my husband is not very partial to chickens, and I like to care for them. I think this winter will convince him that they are more profitable than fifteen cows that he buys hay for. At least he is willing for me to raise all next year that I wish to, and will help me care for them, and has prepared things convenient for the business.

To A. D. W.: My hens commenced eating their eggs earlier in the season. I gathered them frequently; would put my hand under the hens on the nest and would take all. They are very tame and did not mind it. They did not get a chance to eat them for some time and now I can leave them until evening. I think the cause is, the shells are often tender in the winter and they get broken. Then they will eat them.—MRS. GEORGE GILCHRIST, Oskaloosa, Iowa. [Mrs. Gilchrist has given us a good communication. We think other ladies would do a good thing by an exchange of ideas on matters relating to poultry.—ED.]

Making Trees Fruitful.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I was reading in the BLADE of Ira Tinkham's experiment of driving his old threshing machine nails into his trees to make them fruitful, which I will not let pass without protest, for fear others will be led astray. The idea of driving food into a hungry man's scull! His experiment is all right, but he draws a wrong conclusion, for we know as soon as we attack the vitality of a tree severe enough to endanger its life it will put forth every effort to bear fruit before it dies. There is a great deal to be said on this subject, points that are well understood by horticulturists. I believe that if Mr. Tinkham had chopped his trees one-half off and propped them so they would not blow over, the result as to fruiting would come the same. Do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.—E. L. COOVIER, Youngsville, Warren county, Pa.

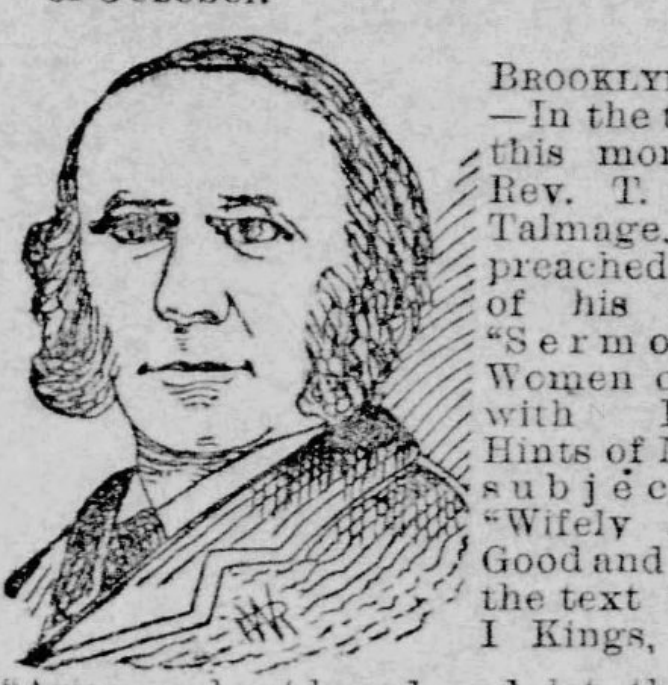
Grafting Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If P. F. H. would have stated what kind of trees he wanted to graft, I could have answered his inquiry more correctly. The apple I always graft in the root; the pear and plum and cherry at the crown; the peach and apricot and rose in the stock. To give my reason why I would occupy to much space. If P. F. H. will write to me, I will give him the information he desires gratis. From an old nursery man.—REZIN BOLTIN, Mahone, Ill.

WIFELY AMBITION.

TALMAGE ON WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

Wives Should Use Their Influence for God and Home—The Moral of the Story of Jezebel.



BROOKLYN, Feb. 12.—In the tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached the sixth of his series of "Sermons to Women of America with Important Hints of Men." The subject was: "Wifely Ambition, Good and Bad," and the text was from I Kings, xxi, 7: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." Dr. Talmage said:

One day King Ahab, looking out of the window of his palace at Jezreel, said to his wife Jezebel: "We ought to have these royal gardens enlarged. If we could only get that fellow Naboth, who owns that vineyard out there, to trade or sell, we could make it a kitchen garden for our palace."

"Fetch in Naboth," said the king to one of his servants.

The plain gardener, wondering why he should be called into the presence of his majesty, comes in, a little downcast in his modesty and with very obsequious manner bows to the king.

The king says: "Naboth, I want to trade vineyards with you. I want your vineyard for a kitchen garden, and I will give a great deal better vineyard in place of it, or, if you prefer money for it, I will give you cash."

"Oh, no," says Naboth, "I cannot trade off my little place, nor can I sell it. It is the old homestead. I got it of my father and he of his father, and I cannot let the old place go out of my hands."

In a great state of petulancy King Ahab went into the house and flung himself on the bed, and turned his face to the wall in a great pout.

His wife Jezebel comes in and she says: "What is the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"Oh," he says, "I feel very blue. I have set my heart on getting that kitchen garden and Naboth will neither trade or sell, and to be defeated by a common gardener is more than I can stand."

"Oh, pshaw," says Jezebel, "don't go on that way. Get up and eat your dinner and stop moping. I will get for you that kitchen garden."

Then Jezebel borrowed her husband's signet ring or seal, for then, as now, in those lands kings never signed their names, but had a ring with the royal name engraved on it, and that impressed on a royal letter or document was the signature. She stamped her husband's name on a proclamation which resulted in getting Naboth tried for treason again the king, and two perjured witnesses swore their souls away with the life of Naboth, and he was stoned to death, and his property came to the crown, and so Jezebel got for her husband and herself the kitchen garden.

But while the wild street dogs were rending the dead body of poor Naboth, Elijah, the propet, tells them of other canines that will after a while have a free banquet, saying: "Where dogs lick the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

And, sure enough, three years after, Ahab, wounded in battle, his chariot dripping with the carnage, dogs stood under it lapping his life's blood. And a little afterward his wife, Jezebel, who had been his chief adviser in crime, stands at her palace window and sees Jehu, the enemy, approaching to take possession of the palace. And to make herself look as attractive as possible and queenly to the very last, she decorated her person and, according to Oriental custom, closed her eyes and ran a brush dipped in a black powder along the long eye lashes, and then from the window she glared her indignation upon Jehu. As he rode to the gates in his chariot he shouted to the slaves in her room: "Throw her down!" But no doubt the slaves halted a moment from such work of assassination, yet knowing Queen Jezebel could be no more to them and the conqueror Jehu would be everything, as he shouted again, "Throw her down!" they seized her and bore her struggling and cursing to the window casement and hurled her forth till she came tumbling to the earth, striking it just in time to let Jehu's horse trample her and the chariot wheels roll over her. While Jehu is inside at the table refreshing himself after the excitement he orders his servants to go out and bury the dead queen. But the wild street dogs had for the third time appeared on the scene, and they removed all the body except those parts which in all ages dogs are by a strange instinct or brutal superstition kept from touching after death—the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

All this appalling scene of ancient history was the result of a wife's bad advice to a husband, of a wife's struggle to advance her husband's interest by unlawful means. Ahab and Jezebel got the kitchen garden of Naboth, but the dogs got them. The trouble all began when this mistaken wife aroused her husband cut of his melancholy by the words of the text: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth."

The influence suggested by this subject is an influence you never before heard discoursed on, and may never hear again, but a most potent and semi-omnipotent influence, and decides the course of individuals, families, nations, centuries and eternities. I speak of wifely ambition, good and bad. How important that every wife have her ambition, an elevated, righteous and divinely approved ambition.

And here let me say, that what I am most anxious for is that woman, not waiting for the rights denied her or postponed, promptly and decisively employ the rights she already has in possession. Some say she will be in a fair way to get all rights when she gets the right to the ballot box. I wish that the experiment might be tried and settled. I would like to see all women vote, and then watch the result. I do not know that it would change anything for the better. Most wives and daughters and sisters would vote as their husbands and fathers and brothers voted. Nearly all the families that I know are solidly Republican or Democratic or Prohibition. Those families all voting would make more votes, but no difference in the result. Besides that, as now at the polls men are bought up by the thousands, women would be bought up by the thousands. The more voters, the more opportunity for political corruption. We have several million more voters now than are for public good.

We are told that female suffrage would correct two evils—the rum business and the insufficiency of woman's wages. About the rum business I have to say that multitudes of women drink, and it is no usual thing to see them in the restaurants so overpowered with wine and beer that they can hardly sit up, while there are many so-called respectable restaurants where they can go and take their champagne and hot toddy all alone. Mighty temperance voters those women would make! Besides that, the wives of the rum sellers would have to vote in the interest of their husbands' business, or have a time the inverse of felicitous. Besides that, millions of respectable and refined women in America would probably not vote at all, because they do not want to go to the polls, and, on the other hand, womanly roughs would all go the polls, and that might make woman's vote on the wrong side. There is not, in my mind, much prospect of the expulsion of drunkenness by female suffrage.

As to woman's wages to be corrected by woman's vote, I have not much faith in that. Women are harder on women than men are. Masculine employers are mean enough in treatment of women, but if you want to hear beating down of prices and wages in perfection, listen how some women treat washerwomen and dressmakers and female servants. Mrs. Shylock is more merciless than Mr. Shylock. Women, I fear, will never get righteous wages through woman's vote, and as to unfortunate womanhood, women are far more cruel and unforgiving than men are. After a woman has made shipwreck of her character men generally drop her, but women do not so much drop her as hurl her with the force of a catapult clear out and off and under.

I have not much faith that women will ever get merciful consideration and justice through woman suffrage, yet I like experiments, and some of my friends in whose judgment I have confidence are so certain that alleviation would come by such process that I would if I had the power, put in every woman's hand the vote. I cannot see what right you have to make a woman to pay taxes on her property to help support your state and national government, and yet deny her the opportunity of helping to decide who shall be mayor, governor or president. But let every wife, not waiting for the vote she may never get, or, getting it, find it outbalanced by some other vote not fit to be cast, arise now in the might of the eternal God and wield the power of a sanctified wifely ambition for a good approximating the infinite.

No one can inspire a man to noble purposes as a noble woman, and no one so thoroughly degrade a man as a wife of unworthy tendencies. While in my text we have illustrations of wifely ambition employed in the wrong direction, society and history are full of instances of wifely ambition gloriously triumphant in right directions. All that was worth admiration in the character of Henry VI., was a reflection of the heroics of his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was restored to the right path by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Justinian, the Roman emperor, confesses that his wise laws were the suggestion of his wife Theodora. Andrew Jackson, the warrior and President, had his mightiest re-enforcement in his plain wife, whose inartistic attire was the amusement of the elegant circles in which she was invited. Washington, who broke the chain that held America in foreign vassalage, wore for 40 years a chain around his own neck, that chain holding the miniature likeness of her who had been his greatest inspiration, whether among the snows at Valley Forge or amid the honors of the Presidential chair. Pliny's pen was driven through all its poetic and historical dominions by his wife Calpurnia, who sang his stanzas to the sound of flute and sat among audiences enraptured at her husband's genius, herself the most enraptured. Pericles said he got all his eloquence and statesmanship from his wife. When the wife of Grotius rescued him from long imprisonment at Lovestein by means of a bookcase that went in and out, carrying his books to and fro, he one day transported, hidden amid the folios, and the women of besieged Weinsberg, getting permission from the victorious army to take with them so much of their valuables as they could carry, under cover of the promise shouldered and took with them as the most important valuables their husbands—both achievements in a literal way illustrated what thousands of times has been done in a figurative way, that wifely ambition has been the salvation of men.

De Tocqueville, whose writings will be potential and quoted while the world asts, ascribes his success to his wife, and says: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all in my eyes is to have lighted on Maria Motley." Martin Luther says of his wife: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Cresus without her." Isabelle of Spain, by her superior faith in Columbus, put into the hand of Ferdinand, her husband, America. John Adams, President of America, said of his wife: "She never, by word or look, discouraged me from running all hazards of the salvation of my country's liberties." Thomas Carlyle spent the last twenty years of his life in trying by his pen to atone for the fact that during his wife's life he never appreciated her influence on his career and destiny. Alas, that having taken her from a beautiful home and a brilliant career, he should have buried her in the home of a recluse, and scolded her in such language as only a dyspeptic genius could manage, until one day, while in her invalidism riding in Hyde Park, her pet dog got run over, and under the excitement the coachman found her dead. Then the literary giant woke from his conjugal injustice and wrote the lamentations of Craigenputtock and Cheyne Row. The elegant and fulsome epitaphs that husbands put upon their wives' tombstones are often an attempt to make up for lack of appreciative words that should have been uttered in the ears of the living. A whole Greenwood of monumental inscriptions will not do a wife so much good after she has quit the world, as one plain sentance like that which Tom Hood wrote to his living wife when he said: "I never was anything till I knew you."

Oh, woman, what is your wifely ambition, noble or ignoble? Is it high social position? That will then probably direct your husband, and he will climb and scramble and slip and fall and rise and tumble, and on what level or in what depth or on what height he will after a while be found I cannot even guess. The contest for social position is the most unsatisfactory contest in all the world, because it is so uncertain about your getting it, and so insecure a possession after you have obtained it, and so unsatisfactory even if you keep it. The whisk of a lady's fan may blow it out. The growl of one bear or the bellowing of one bull on Wall street may scatter it.

Is the wife's ambition the political preferment of her husband? Then that will probably direct him. What a God-forsaken realm is American politics those best know who have dabbled in them. After they have assessed a man who is a candidate for office which he does not get, assessed him for some office attained, and he has been whirled round and round and round and round among the drinking, smoking, swearing crowd who often get control of public affairs, all that is left of his self-respect or moral stamina would find plenty of room on a geometrical point, which is said to have neither length, breadth or thickness. Many a wife has not been satisfied till her husband went into politics, but would afterward have given all she possessed to get him out.

I knew a highly moral man, useful in the church and possessor of a bright home. He. He had a useful and prosperous business, but his wife did not think it genteel enough. There were odors about the business and sometimes they would adhere to his garments when he returned at night. She insisted on his doing something more elegant, although he was qualified for no business except that in which he was engaged. To please her he changed his business, and in order to get on faster abandoned church attendance, saying that after he had made a certain number of hundreds of thousands of dollars he would return to the church and its services. Where is that family to-day? Obliterated. Although succeeding in business for which he was qualified, he undertook a style of merchandise for which he had no qualification and soon went into bankruptcy. His new style of business put him into evil association. He lost his morals as well as his money. He broke up not only his own home, but broke up another man's home, and from being a kind, pure, generous, moral man as any of you who sit here to-day, has become a homeless, penniless libertine. His wife's ambition for a more genteel business destroyed him and disgraced her and blighted their only child.

But suppose now there be in our homes, as, thank God, there are in hundreds of of homes here represented, on the wifely throne one who says not only by her words but more powerfully by her actions: "My husband, our destinies are united; let us see where industry, honesty, common sense and faith in God will put us. I am with you in all your enterprises. I cannot be with you in person as you go to your daily business, but I will be with you in your prayers. Let us see what we can achieve by having God in our hearts, and God in our lives, and God in our homes. Be on the side of everything good. Go ahead and do your best, and though everything should turn out different from what we have calculated, you may always count on two who are going to help you, and God is one and I am the other." That man may have feeble health, and may meet with many obstacles and business trials, but he is coming gloriously through, for he is reinforced, and inspired, and spurred on by a woman's voice, as much as was Barak by Deborah, when Sisera, with 900 iron chariots, came on to crush him and his army, and Deborah shouted in the ear of Barak: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands." And the enemy fell back, and Sisera's chariot not getting along fast enough in the retreat, the general jumped out and took it afoot, and ran till he came to a place where a woman first gave him a drink of milk, and then sent a spike through his skull, nailing him to the floor.

Some of us could tell of what influence upon us has been a wifely ambition consecrated to righteousness. As my wife is out of town and will not shake her head because I say it in public, I will state that in my own professional life I have often been called on God, as I thought, to run into the very teeth of public opinion, and all outsiders with whom I advised told me I had better not, it would ruin me and ruin my church, and at the same time I was receiving nice little letters threatening me with dirk and pistol and poison if I persisted in attacking certain evils of the day, until the commissioner of police considered it his duty to take his place in our Sabbath service, with forty officers scattered through the house for the preservation of order; but in my home there has always been one voice to say: "Go ahead and diverge not an inch from the straight line. Who cares if only God is on our side?" And though sometimes it seemed as if I was going out against 900 iron chariots, I went ahead cheered by the domestic voice: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands."

A man is no better than his wife will let him be. Oh, wives of America, swing your scepters of wifely influence for God and good homes! Do not urge your husbands to annex Naboth's vineyard to your palace of success, whether right or wrong, lest the dogs that come out to destroy Naboth come out also to devour you. Righteousness will pay best in life, will pay best in death, will pap best in judgment, will pay best through all eternity.

In our effort to have the mother of every household appreciate her influence over her children we are apt to forget the wife's influence over the husband. In many households the influence upon the husband is the only home influence. In a great multitude of the best and most important and most talented families of the earth there have been no descendants. There is not a child or a grandchild or any remote descendant of Washington, or Charles Sumner, or Shakespeare, or Edmund Burke, or Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Cowper, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Lord Chatham, or Grattan, or Isaac Newton, or Goldsmith, or Swift, or Locke, or Gibbon, or Walpole, or Canning, or Dryden, or More, or Chaucer, or Lord Byron, or Walter Scott, or Oliver Cromwell, or Garrick, or Hogarth, or Joshua Reynolds, or Spencer, or Lord Bacon, or Macaulay. Multitudes of the finest families of the earth are extinct. As though they had done enough for the world by their genius, or wit, or patriotism, or invention, or consecration, God withdrew them. In multitudes of cases all woman's opportunity for usefulness is with her contemporaries. How important that it be an improved opportunity.

While the French warriors on their way to Rheims had about concluded to give up attacking the castle at Troyes because it was so heavily garrisoned, Joan of Arc entered the room and told them they would be inside the castle in three days. "We would willingly wait six days," said one of the leaders. "Six!" she cried out, "you shall be in it to-morrow," and under her leadership on the morrow they entered. On a smaller scale every man has garrisons to subdue and obstacles to level, and every wife may be an inspired Joan of Arc to her husband.

What a noble, wifely ambition, the determination, God helping, to accompany her companion across the stormy sea of this life, and together gain the wharf of the celestial city! Coax him along with you! You cannot drive him there. You cannot nag him there, but you can coax him there. That is God's plan. He coaxes us all the way—coaxes us out of our sins, coaxes us to accept pardon, coaxes us to heaven. If we reach that blessed place it will be through a prolonged and divine coaxing. By the same process take your companion, and then you will get there as well, and all your household. Do just the opposite to your neighbor. Her wifely ambition is all for this world, and a disappointed and vexed and unhappy creature she will be all the way. Her residence may be better than yours for the few years of earthly stay, but she will move out of it as to her body into a house about five and a half feet long and about three feet wide and two feet high, and concerning her soul's destiny you can make your own prognostication. Her husband, and her sons and daughters, who all, like her, live for this world will have about the same destiny for the body and soul. You having had a sanctified and divinely ennobled wifely ambition, will pass up into the palaces, and what becomes of your body is of no importance, for it is only a scaffolding, pulled down now that your temple is done. You will stand in the everlasting rest and see your husband come in, and see your children come in, if they have not preceded you. Glorified Christian wife! Pick up any crown you wish from off the king's footstool and wear it, it was promised you long ago, and with it cover up all the scars of your earthly conflict.

Sixteen miles from Petersburg, Russia, was one of the royal palaces, and there one night Catherine, the empress, entertained Prince Henry. It was a severe winter and deep snow, and the empress and the prince rode in a magnificence of sleigh and robe and canopy never surpassed, followed by 2,000 sleighs laden with the best people of Russia, the whole length of the distance illumined by lamps and dazzling temples built for that one night, and imitations of mosques and Egyptian pyramids; and people of all nations, in all styles of costume, standing on platforms along the way, and watching the blaze of the pyrotechnics. At the palace the luxuries of kingdoms were gathered and spread, and at the table the guests had but to touch the center of a plate, and by magical machinery it dropped, and another plate came up loaded with still richer viands. But all that scene of the long ago shall be eclipsed by the greater splendors that will be gathered at the banquet made by the heavenly king for those consecrated women who come in out of the wintry and snowy chill of their earthly existence into the warm and illuminated palace of heaven. With the king himself and all the potentates, yourself robed and crowned, you will sit at a table compared with which all the feasts at Kenilworth and St. Cloud and the Alhambra were a beggar's trust. And the platter of one royal satisfaction touched at the center shall disappear only to make room for a beggar's crust, and the golden plate of one royal satisfaction, touched at the center, shall disappear only to make room for the coming up of some richer and grander regalement.

LIBBY PRISON.

The Famous Building to be Removed from Richmond to Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 7.—A new departure in the line of relick-worship has been taken in this city. The preliminary steps for the formation of a corporation whose object is the purchase and removal of the famous Libby prison, of Richmond, Va., were taken here yesterday. The gentlemen who figure as the commissioners, and who are instrumental in organizing and developing the scheme are Messrs. Wm. H. Gray, Josiah Cratty, John A. Crawford and Chas. K. Miller, all Chicago men. The company will have a capital of $400,000, and it is understood that the stock has already been applied for. The history of the enterprise is best told in the words of Mr. Wm. H. Gray, to whom is due the credit for its inception;

"Last November," said he to a reporter, "when I was traveling through Eastern Virginia with Judge Moore, of Toledo, we met, on the road between Old Point Comfort and Richmond, Col. Barnes, a former officer in the Confederate army, and at present engaged in the business of fruit growing on a large farm near Richmond. In the course of a conversation on the events of the war reference was made to old Libby Prison, and it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to purchase the building and transport it to Chicago. I took Col. Barnes into my confidence, and asked him to ascertain if the property could be purchased. Shortly after my return I received a letter from Rawlings & Rose, real estate dealers in Richmond, stating that the old prison was now the property of the Southern Fertilizing company, and that it could be purchased for $23,000.

"At my request Mr. John A. Crawford, the general superintendent of the Chicago Towing company, went to Richmond and looked over the ground and investigated the possibility of moving the building. He returned full of enthusiasm for the enterprise. Some further correspondence with the real estate firm mentioned, resulted in their obtaining for me an option for thirty days on the property. The building," continued Mr. Gray, "is built of red brick, three stories high, and covered with an old fashioned gable roof. It fronts Cary street and runs back almost to the James River, the first story in the rear being the basement in the front. It was built in the good old-fashioned, substantial manner, which is a distinguishing feature of the plain architecture of the South, and is as solid to-day as when erected over fifty years ago.

"It contains about 600,000 bricks, stone caps and sills, and is surrounded on three sides by a stone sidewalk. I have consulted with Burnham & Root, the architects, and they inform me that it can be taken down, removed to this city, and rebuilt just as it now stands in Richmond. We, that is the company, propose to number every brick, stone and shingle. The building will be taken down in sections, the material will be boxed up and transported by rail to Chicago. We will carefully draw every nail that has not rusted away; we will grind up the mortar and use it as far as possible in the rebuilding. Every, beam, joist, door and window will be set in place."

"What will the enterprise cost?"

"Somewhere about $20,000. We will surround it with another building 200 by 150 feet, with a glass roof, and on the wall opposite the rear of the prison we will have painted a panoramic view of the James river and the country beyond."

"Where do you intend to place it?"

"We have not yet determined. Some of the exposition people favor tearing down the conservatory at the south end of their building and giving us a site there. I am informed that up to two years ago, when the property came into the hands of the Southern Fertilizing company, the Richmond authorities had to keep a guard around it to ward off the relic hunters, who would have picked it to pieces. I haae been informed that some of the Richmond people may kick, but it will do them no good."

Josiah Cratty, one of the incorporators, in talking of the scheme, said: "It should be understood that there is no idea of waving the 'bloody shirt' in this; it is simply a business speculation for what there is in it."

A SAD CASE.

A 13-Year-Old Wife, the Mother of Two Children, Deserted by Her Second Husband.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb 9.—[Special wire.]—The police of this city were yesterday called upon to deal with the most strange case with which they have ever come in contact. Sunday night a girl, who looked not older than 13 years of age, was taken up at the Union depot. She was given a lodging, and yesterday afternoon stated to the chief of police that she had been deserted by her husband, and that she had come to St. Joseph to look for him.

The police were at first disinclined to believe the girl's story on account of her extreme youth, but it was afterwards learned that she was telling the truth about her lost husband, and that she had been twice married and the mother of two children, now deceased, although she is not yet 13 years old.

The girl's story is given as reported to the police, and is as follows:

About two years ago she was married in Grundy county, Mo., to Robert Patterson, a boy 17 years of age. She was then 10 years of age, and both of her children were the result of this marriage. Her husband died in the meanwhile and she returned to her father's home near Highland station.

Her father seemed to regard her as a burden and she was compelled to marry John Stevenson, a young man of the neighborhood, 23 years of age. The last marriage occurred about three months ago, and until Tuesday last the two lived happily together.

On the last mentioned day Stevenson decamped, leaving her without food or fuel.

The little she had was sold, and she started in pursuit of her husband. She saw him at Mound City, but he contrived to elude her and she started for St. Joseph. She was kindly taken care of, and Mayor Doyle provided her with a ticket to Hickory Station, Grundy county, where her father lives.

Revolution in the Iron Business.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Acting Consul Hornstedt, of Moscow, has made a report to the department of State in regard to an important invention recently patented by a Russian subject, and now being successfully worked in Russia. He says: "The invention consists of a method to produce iron and steel direct from the ore. The whole secret of the process is the construction of the furnace, which is simple and inexpensive.

"It will be difficult for our iron masters to believe that under the new process iron ore, after submitting it to the ordinary smelting process, is taken direct from the furnace to the rolling mill and turned into sheet iron; yet such is the case, there being to my certain knowledge three furnaces in this country now in full operation and working with great success.

"There can be but little doubt that his new invention will create a perfect revolution in the manufacture of charcoal iron.

"Whether the process can be used with equal advantage where coke is the fuel, I can't positively assert, as the furnaces I refer to are worked with charcoal. I am, however, assured that an experiment made with coke was crowned with equal success."

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
THE WORLD-FAMED
LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY.
WHAT AILS YOU?

[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

Are You Sick?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK. DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada, says: "About one year ago, being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. MOLLIE E. TAILOR, of Cannelton, Ind., writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I gave it to my little girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHWAW, of Sidney, Ohio, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Pellets and they saved his life. We have also used the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can also recommend it very highly."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

SICK HEADACHE. A. B. WEAVER, Esq., of 396 Bouck Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Having used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family, I desire to testify to the great relief afforded by it in cases of sick headache. As a children's remedy, for coughs and colds, I have likewise found it all that could be desired, its employment having uniformly availed to promptly check any attacks of that kind."

DYSPEPSIA AND DEBILITY. Mrs. MELISSA ATWATER, of Steuben, Washington Co., Maine, says: "I was afflicted with dyspepsia, nervous and general debility, for which I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' six bottles of each. That was some two years ago. It cured me so that I have not had a sick day since. I had been in very poor health for a number of years, and took much medicine from physicians, but received no benefit from them."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and **all skin and blood diseases**, for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM. "COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 15th, 1887. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The name struck my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier, I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her, and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She has enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-rheum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and as much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' so zealously flaunted before the public, as gold is above the baser metals.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. WHEELER, 182 21st St."

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES. Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE. Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Ainsworth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

Fever-sores.—ALICE H. CRAWFORD, of Sioux Rapids, Buena Vista County, Iowa, writes: "Six years ago I was cured of 'Fever-sores' by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION. Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Maryland, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester Co., Md., vouches for the above facts.

Sore Eyes.—Mrs. SARAH A. TURNER, of Golden City, Utah Territory, says: "My eldest child was cured, nearly three years ago, of sore eyes, being at the time nearly blind, by your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and following the directions in your book."

A BAD ULCER. ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer. Three bottles healed it up perfectly."

Goitre, or Thick Neck.—JULIA P. BECKWITH, of 147 West Gray Street, Elmira, N. Y., writes: "After the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' together with your good advice, my neck has now become perfectly well."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs) by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of extract of malt and cod liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by the "Discovery."

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

LUNG DISEASE. Mrs. RUTH A. SICKLES, of Ocean Port, Monmouth Co., N. J., says: "We have used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in our family for the last two years, and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pneumonia, and one lung became consolidated, but by the use of the 'Discovery' she has entirely recovered, and is now in good health."

CONSUMPTION. SOLOMON BUTTS, of North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

GAINED 25 POUNDS. Wasting Disease.—WATSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 104), Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Can., writes: "I would like to give you a slight testimonial for the benefits which I have received from your preparations during the past twelve months. When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I did so at the solicitation of J. A. Gormlie, druggist, of this place. He had sold me many other preparations, always recommending your 'Discovery,' which I did not take, owing to prejudice. However, I finally took his advice and your medicine, and have never been sorry for either, as I am to-day a healthy man, while one year ago I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and today I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dared to. After all these benefits, how can I refrain from adding my testimonial, unsolicited, to the thousands already in your possession."

Chest Disease.—E. B. NORMAN, Esq., of Anon, Georgia, says: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine for pain in the chest that I have ever known. I am sound and well, and I owe it all to the 'Discovery.'"

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE. W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of Bellville, Florida, writes: "I have taken your wonderful 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of the worst case of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was. I am endeavoring to have all my neighbors keep your remedies in the house."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING. Mrs. N. W. RICE, of Newfane, Vermont, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

Raised Blood.—L. H. COX, Esq., of Wales Centre, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with pain in the chest, and raised quantities of blood, and was unable to do any work for several months, but after taking three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and several vials of the 'Pellets,' I am now able to do considerable work, and gain very rapidly."

LUNG DISEASE. Mrs. MARTHA OWEN, of Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo., writes: "I was treated for several years by some of the best physicians for consumption without receiving any benefit. Soon after I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription all the symptoms of consumption vanished. I wish also to report the cure of one of my neighbors who was a great sufferer from womb disease, and was permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

ASTHMA CURED. CARRIE S. STOWELL, Postmistress at Magnolia, Colorado, writes: "I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' for I have found that it is of golden worth. It has helped both my husband and myself. Two years ago Mr. Stowell was afflicted with what appeared to be asthma, and our altitude being so high, the difficulty in breathing attendant upon this distressing malady was greatly increased. But he began to improve at once after commencing the use of your 'Discovery,' and was entirely cured by this wonderful medicine. As for myself, I have used it for nervous and general debility, and for an affection of the kidneys and bladder, and I found that it was without a rival for these complaints. We are now never without your 'Discovery.'"

CONSUMPTION. Mrs. W. H. NICKLIN, of Marlborough, N. Y., says: "When I first began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pellets,' I was so weak I could not be on my feet but a few minutes at a time. They did me a great deal of good, and I take pleasure in expressing my gratitude to you for the excellent health I now enjoy. When I first wrote you I was said to be in the first stage of consumption."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Propr's, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Vicar General Bruiere is dead in London, Ont.

Gen. Frebault, member of the French Senate is dead.

A protectionist university has been founded at Stockholm.

Pope Leo advises the people of Ireland to respect the law.

Patrick O'Brien, M. P., of Dublin, goes to prison for three months.

Mr. Gladstone has returned from Cannes in excellent health and spirits.

The Czar says Grand Duke Michael mustn't marry the daughter of Count Ignatieff.

Corbin declines invitation of K. of L. executive board to arbitrate Reading strike.

The Chicago police capture a man whom they believe is the murderer of Millionaire Snell.

The exports, exclusive of specie, at the port of New York for the week ending February 6, amounted to $6,086,608.

Mrs. Otto Baum, wife of a raving Anarchist, asked for food at a Chicago station house yesterday, as herself and baby were starving.

The mayor of Cork has been convicted of the charge of assaulting a police sergeant at a plan of campaign meeting, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment without hard labor.

Leger Lecloic saw a man named Pershon driving about Quebec with his (Lecloic's) wife. During the altercation which followed Lecloic stabbed Pershon to the heart, killing him instantly. Mr. and Mrs. Lecloic have been arrested.

An assessment of 26 per cent. on the entire stock of the Queen City National bank of Cincinnati, was made to-day by order of the comptroller of the treasury. This was to make good the losses and deficiencies on account of the insufficient security on loans given. The capital of the bank is $500,000.

The action of the Ohio legislature setting apart the 15th of July next as a centennial anniversary of the establishment of the civil government in the northwest territory, as a day to be celebrated, will in no way interfere with the celebration of April 7 next, the centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Marietta. The centennial committee, of which Rev. Dr. I. W. Andrews is chairman, is perfecting arrangements and the programme for April 7 will soon be announced.

The Builders' National Association convention has closed in Cincinnati. Mr. E. E. Scribner, St. Paul, Minn., read a paper on "Advances and Improvements in Roofing." This was followed by a discussion. The question of joint arbitration was hotly discussed with a showing of a nearly equally divided convention. The suggestion of employers favoring insurance societies among employes to meet the exigencies of enforced absence from work, by sickness or accident, was favorably received. The next meeting will be in Philadelphia. Officers were elected as follows: President, J. T. Stevens, Philadelphia; first vice-president, E. E. Scribner, St. Paul; second vice-president, John Tucker, New York; secretary, W. Sayward, Boston; treasurer, George Tappan, New York.

THE FARMERS' WANTS.

Repeal the Internal Taxes, Restore the Wool Tariff.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Some time ago the *Tribune* invited an expression of opinion by individual farmers, agricultural societies, and grangers, regarding the influence of the tariff upon the agricultural industry and the changes in the tariff desired by the farmers. The result was the receipt of several thousand letters, which the *Tribune* submitted to a committee consisting of Hon. Warner Miller, New York, chairman; Cyrus C. Carpenter, John T. Rich, W. C. Morse, Edward Burrough, J. D. Lyman, W. M. Grosvenor, Hon. J. M. Hale, Cincinnati; Hon. James Wilson, Iowa.

This committee is charged with the work of making up a summary of the farmers' views, as shown by these letters.

The following embodies the findings of the committee, and is addressed to the Speaker of the House of Representatives: Petitions asks higher duties on vegetables, barley, linen goods and flax, the restoration of the wool tariff of 1867, the abolishment of all duties on sugar, with a bounty to home producers, the prevention of the importation of leaf tobacco suitable for wrappers at a duty imposed on other leaf tobacco, the repeal of all internal taxes on tobacco.

THE COTTON CROP.

Movement of the Product for the Week and Since September 1.

NEW YORK, Feb 11.—The cotton movement for the week and since September 1, with comparisons with the same periods last year, according to returns to the *Journal of Commerce* to February 10 were as follows:

Receipts at interior towns, 46,391 bales bales against 56,675 bales last year; shipments, 59,546 bales, against 62,277 bales last year. The stocks remaining were 393,895 bales, compared with 345,820 bales the same time in 1887.

The receipts at the ports were 89,618 bales for the week, against 117,805 bales the same week last year. The deliveries from plantations were 86,463 bales against 101,863 bales last year, and the deliveries from plantations since September 1, amounting to 5,037,151 bales against 4,864,031 bales for the same period last year, or an increase of 172,120 bales, and the total crop in sight to February 10 amounting to 6,104,564 bales against 5,702,868 bales the same time last year, or an increase of 401,696 bales.

TILDEN'S MEMORY.

George Hoadly Slops Over at a Banquet in Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—The King's county Democratic club held a banquet in Brooklyn last night in commemoration of the birthday of Samuel J. Tilden. Covers for 300 were laid in the Academy of Music. Among those present were Governor Hill, of New York; Ex-Governor Abbott of New Jersey; Wm. F. Vilas, secretary of the interior; Hon. Samuel J. Randall, Pennsylvania; Geo. F. Hoadly, ex-governor of Ohio. Ex-Governor Hoadly spoke of "The Day we Celebrate."

He said "he (Tilden) was fairly chosen your President. It was not his fault that he was not inaugurated, but the Republican party was allowed to steal the presidency.

"He bore it uncomplainingly. But he lived to see a brave, true and honest Democrat in the executive mansion. When will the natal day of the usurper ever be honored? He (Tilden) is dead, the usurper liveth; but he liveth in the spirit only—the usurper is dead."

DYING FROM HUNGER.

A Famine in Central Turkey Caused by Drouth and Locusts.

BOSTON, Feb. 8.—Judson Smith, secretary of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, received this morning the following from the Famine Relief committee at Constantinople: "Adana people dying from hunger. Money exhausted. Shall we stop?"

Mr. Smith says: "The famine in Central Turkey, resulting from drouth and devastation of 10,000 square miles by locusts, is now culminating in death. No relief can come from the ground until about June 10. In January only $18,000 was sent us for the sufferers, and four times that amount was needed. For the next four months $25,000 at least is necessary. Contributions are urgently solicited."

If sent to Langden S. Ward, the treasurer, at No. 1 Samerset street, Boston, they will be forwarded.

CANNED GOODS.

Western Packers Meet to Arrange for the Year's Business.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 10.—The Western Packers Canned Goods association has been in session here the better part of the last two days, and adjourned last night to meet in Chicago next year.

Outside the usual routine affairs of the association, the only business of public importance transacted was the agreement to keep production during the coming year within the limits of their contracts so as to have no surplus on hand, and the passage of a resolution providing for the preparation of a memorial to Congress asking that body to remove the duty on tin plate.

This would injure no interest in the country and would have the effect of placing canned goods within the reach of all classes of people.

RUSSSIAN PETROLEUM.

United States Patents to be Used to Refine It Abroad.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 8.—There appears to be but little foundation for the rumor emanating from Toledo regarding the formation of a company to compete with the Standard Oil company. The story doubtless had its origin in the fact that a meeting of the International Oil company was held in this city Saturday last for the purpose of completing a contract with Monsieur R. Laporte, representing a syndicate of French, German and Russian capitalists, for the use of the Hall patents in Europe. Refineries are to be built in the principal cities of Europe for the purifying of Russian petroleum, and probably the manufacture of gas by means of the Hall process.

HE HAD TO GO.

Janitor Joe Started a Poker Room in the Church Tower.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 8.—It has been found necessary to discharge Joe, the colored sexton of the Walnut street Presbyterian church in this city, on the ground that he had fitted up the church tower as a poker room, and even so far forgot himself as to indulge with his friends in the enticing game while the congregation was at worship in the church below.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE MASK IS OFF.

The Laboring Man Sees the Democratic Party in Its True Light.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—(Special.)—Of all Congressional investigations, that proposed for the purpose of looking into the Reading strike is viewed as the greatest farce yet enacted. The Democrats voted for it in the House, hoping thereby to hoodwink the laboring man.

But the scheme has failed. The Democratic party has not, never was, and on account of the narrowness of its managers and its doctrines, never can be the friend of the laboring man.

No sooner had the vote passed the House than the party workers began to figure how to defeat the object in view. They figured well. Carlisle, since his defeat at the polls by Thoebe, has had no love for labor, and he improved his opportunity to give the cause a slap. He appointed Tillman, of South Carolina, chairman. The gentleman from the South is the bitter and outspoken enemy of organized labor, and will do all in his power to make the investigation show in favor of the railroad magnates.

HILL FOR PRESIDENT.

Regardless of the numerous denials from among the Administration's friends, New Yorkers who are at the Capital, claim that Governor Hill will positively decline another gubernatorial nomination, and that he will enter the Presidential campaign for all there is in him.

Hills friends claim that with that gentlemen in the field Cleveland can not possibly get the New York delegation in the National convention.

EMBEZZLEMENT.

An Important Decision on a Question of Much Interest.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—A decision was rendered by the United States Supreme court yesterday in the case of the United States against Douglas Smith, brought here upon a certificate of division of opinion between the judges of the United States Circuit court for the Southern district of New York. Douglas Smith was a clerk in the office for the collector of customs for the city of New York, and in 1886 he was indicted under section 5490 of the Revised Statutes, for the embezzlement of public moneys. The court below was divided in opinion as to the sufficiency of the indictment and certified to this court the following questions:

First—Is a clerk in the office of the collector of customs for the city of New York, appointed by the collector, with the approbation of the secretary of the Treasury, by virtue of section 2634, Revised Statutes, a person charged by any act of Congress with the safe keeping of the public moneys?

Second—Was the defendant appointed by the head of a department within the meaning of the constitutional provisions upon the subject of the appointing power?

This court answers both questions in the negative, and holds that section 3629, R. S., concerning the safe keeping of public moneys does not apply to collector's clerks and that such clerks are not appointed by the head of any departmunt within the meaning of the constitutional provisions.

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Democrats at Washington Make up Their Little List.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—A caucus of the Democratic members of the House called for this afternoon, for the purpose of selecting representatives on the Democratic Congressional committee, resulted in the choice of the following persons: Alabama, J. T. Jones; Arkansas, Thomas C. McRae; California, T. L. Thompson; Connecticut, R. J. Vance; Delaware, J. B. Pennington; Florida, R. S. Davidson; Georgia, T. W. Grimes; Illinois, R. W. Townsend; Indiana, Benjiman F. Shively; Iowa, W. I. Hayes; Kentucky, W. P. Toulbee; Louisiana, M. D. Logan; Maryland, Barnes Compton; Michigan, S. O. Pitcher; Mississippi, J. M. Allen; Minnesota, J. L. MacDonald; Missouri, James N. Burns; Nebraska, J. A. McShane; New Hampshire, L. C. McKinney; New Jersey, Wm. McAdoo; New York, L. S. Bryce; North Carolina, L. F. Simmons; Ohio, Beriah Wilkin; South Carolina, Samuel Dibble; Tennessee, Ben McMillan; Texas, W. H. Martin; Virginia, G. D. Wise; West Virginia, C. E. Hagg; Wisconsin, T. R. Hudd; Arizona, M. A. Smith; Montana, J. K. Toole; New Mexico, A. Joseph; Utah, J. T. Caine; Washington Territory, O. S. Voorhees.

In case of states where there are no Democratic representatives, or whose delegations failed to make elections the full committee is granted power to fill the vacancy in representation.

Mills's Surplus Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—At to-day's meeting of the Ways and Means committee, Chairman Mills called up for action the bills introduced by himself and Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, relative to the investment of the funds in the treasury in United States bonds, and after some discussion, the committee decided to report favorably Mr. Mills's bill, which reads as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc., That the secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to apply the surplus money now in the treasury and not otherwise appropriated, or so much thereof as he may consider proper, to the purchase or redemption of United States bonds."

Shirking Responsibility.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The Anderson bill, directing the attorney general to institute suit against the officers of the Union and Central Pacific railroads for a violation of the law, was taken up by the House Judiciary committee to-day, and after some discussion was held to be a subject properly within the jurisdiction of the Pacific Railroad committee, so the bill will be reported back with the recommendation that it be referred to that committee.

Capital Chat.

It is reported that the Senate, in secret session, has postponed further consideration of the British extradition treaty until next December.

The special committee to investigate the existing labor troubles in Pennsylvania is: Tillman, South Carolina; Stone, Missouri; Chipman, Michigan; Anderson, Kansas; Parker, New York.

Mr. Glass, of Tennessee, on behalf of the committee on Agriculture, has called up in the House and had passed the bill to promote agriculture. It provides that such portions of the consular report as refer to agricultural matters shall be transmitted to the commissioner of Agriculture for embodiment in his report.

Mr. McCreary (Ky.), from the committee on Foreign Affairs, has reported a joint resolution authorizing the President to arrange a conference for the purpose of promoting arbitration and encouraging reciprocal commercial relations between the United States and the republics of Mexico, Central South America and the empire of Brazil.

The memorial tablet to Gen. John A. Logan has been dedicated at the Metropolitan Methodist church. In front and at the right of the center aisle was seated Mrs. Logan and members of her family, John A. Logan, jr., and wife, Maj. Tucker, Mrs. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, father and mother of Mrs. Logan, jr. The tablet stands next to the one erected by Geo W. Childs to the memory of Gen. Grant.

LAMAR AS A FIGHTER.

Recalling Some Exciting Scenes in Congress Before the War.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—When Mr. Lamar was in congress before the war he was a popular and well-known figure at the capital. He has always had as many friends on the Republican side of the senate as on the Democratic side. He and Roscoe Conkling were boon companions, and it was one of their favorite diversions to meet for a friendly round with the gloves. The new judge is also an excellent swordsman and he is always happy to take up the foils with any one who pretends to kill in fencing.

One of the most laughable fights that Mr. Lamar ever got into happened during his last winter in Washington before the war. The house of representatives was in a furious struggle as to whether the President's message on the Lecompton constitution should be referred to the Democratic committee on territories or to a select committee of fifteen. It was an all-night session. Congressmen lay asleep on the sofa while a few prolonged the debate. Some time before 2 o'clock in the morning Galusha Grow of Pennsylvania, standing over on the Democratic side, objected to Gen. Quitman's making a speech.

"Go to your own side of the house," shouted Keitt, of South Carolina.

"This is a free hall," said Grow, "and I will stay where I please." At this Keitt bristled up and called Grow a black Republican puppy.

"That's all right," said Grow; "I shall go where I please in this hall, and no negro-driver shall crack a whip over me." At this the two men jumped at each other and struck several blows with their clinched fists. It was not two minutes before the fight was general. Potter, of Wisconsin, was striking right and left. Lamar jumped in, and delivered blows wherever he could make them tell. Barksdale, of Mississippi, clutched Grow, and Potter struck him. At this Barksdale turned around, and, supposing that it was Elihu Washburne, of Illinois, who had struck him, made for him.

At this Cadwallader Washburn, a brother of Elihu, dashed at Barksdale and grabbed his hair to draw his head under his arm and pound him. Barksdale wore a wig, and to Washburn's horror the whole top of his head came off, and the blow he intended spent itself on the free air. The speaker's gavel all this time was pounding, and the sergeant-at-arms, with the awful mace in his hand, was trying to get to the center of the fight and quell hostilities. By this time Lamar and Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, made a pair and stood at one side, pommeling each other in the most approved pugilistic fashion. They were the last men to be quieted, and they probably fought for at least ten minutes, neither gaining any particular advantage and both getting pretty well pounded.

GROVER EXCITED.

He Is Trying to Take the Wind Out of Gov. Hill's Sails.

WASHINGTON, Feb 11.—(Special.)—There is no doubt but what Mr. Cleveland is distressed at the strength shown by Mr. Hill in New York. The President is constantly sending for New York politicians, and is holding nightly sessions with them in the White House, to try and smooth over the opposition and make his nomination certain.

And this, too, after that famous one-term declaration.

The President frankly acknowledges that the failure to elect a successor to Hubert O. Thompson was due wholly to the equal division of the Hill and Cleveland forces. This division is what haunts the fat President's dreams. He had been led to believe by Dan Lamont that New York was a unit for him, and it is currently reported that Cleveland has read him a curtain lecture for not keeping better posted on New York affairs.

CLEVELAND AND WALL STREET.

The President has all along counted Wall street as his friend, but among the Hill supporters are found many of the magnates of that monied thoroughfare. They liked Cleveland while Manning was with him to give him aid. But when that gentleman left the Cabinet, Wall street lost its love for Cleveland, and it now looks as though Hill would obtain their support in the convention.

LITTLE PHIL LIKES IT.

He is Not at all Displeased with His Presidential Notoriety.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—There are numerous indications that General Sheridan is not displeased with the mention of his name as a possible Presidential candidate, and there are some policical managers who are not unwilling that he should be so considered. This is especially true of those who are opposed to the candidacy of Mr. Blaine. One of the Republican leaders, who while not counted as a Blaine man, would support Blaine if he should be nominated, said to-day: "General Sheriden offers a great many qualities as a Presidential candidate which would commend themselves to the party leaders.

"He had the most striking vote-getting qualities which are ascribed to Blaine, and, besides, some qualities which Mr. Blaine does not possess. Sheridan would poll the whole Republican vote in every state which Mr. Blaine will fail to do in a good many of the states. I should not be surprised if Roscoe Conkling would take the same stump for Sheridan, but he never will take the stump for Blaine, and as for the famous Irish vote, of which so much is heard when the name of Mr. Blaine is mentioned, Phil Sheridan would get a great many Irish votes which Mr. Blaine never could secure, and he would not lose any that Mr. Blaine would get.

"Altogether the mention of Sheridan's name is something to be seriously thought about, and you can be very certain that the Republican leaders will think a good deal about it between now and June 19. Everybody knows what Phil Sheridan is, and there are no unpleasant disclosures in his record which would put the party in a defensive campaign. Magnetism and enthusiasm are elements which are the chief factors in a Blaine campaign. You would hunt a long time for a candidate who would excite more enthusiasm among the people than little Phil Sheridan, and as for the soldier vote, I don't know what any civilian on the other side could do to stem the tide of the soldier vote which would set in resistlessly for Phillip H. Sheridan."

MORE HELP.

The Democratic Administration Making Room for More Heelers.

WASHINGTON, Feb 11.—A bill has been introduced and favorably reported by the House committee on Postoffices to provide for a fourth assistant postmaster general. The investigation which preceded the reporting of this bill furnishes a very interesting exhibit of the growth of the country since 1636, when a similar bill to relieve the first assistant postmaster general was passed by creating the office of third assistant postmaster general. In that period the number of postoffices has increased from 11,000 to 55,060; the extent of post routes from 118,264 miles to 473,142 miles; the revenue of the department from $3,408,323 to $48,837,609; the expenditure of the department from $3,841,765 to $53,006,194; the amount of salaries to postmasters from $812,803 to 11,929,481; the amount paid for transportation of mails from $1,638,052 to $29,806,508. The present First Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Stevenson, has broken down from over work and has been compelled to go to Florida for his health. Among the achievements of Mr. Stevenson's office which have attracted some attention are the changes made in some endless number of thousands of fourth class postmasters.

"LITTLE PHIL."

His Friends Making the Moves to Create a "Dark-Horse" Boom.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Since the letter from Mr. Blaine declining to be a candidate for the presidency again was make public, Washington has been full of bees with a presidential buzzing. Among these, by no means the least aggressive, are the friends of Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan.

The boom, while it is fairly under way, is to be a "dark horse" affair. He is to be groomed and put in excellent condition, but not turned into the course until it is seen who has entered the race.

Sherman's name is being mentioned more than any other aspirant for first office, and the name of Robert Lincoln is also named. The "Lincoln Day" celebration may turn to the advantage of the noble son of that illustrious man.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Prices Lower for Many Commodities—Speculation in Real Estate.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade say: In the general course of business there has been no perceptible change. The volume of payments, including paper, maturing February 1, is over 13 per cent. larger than last year.

Railway tonnage is enlarged by the war of rates, and the ratio of expenses to earnings grows less satisfactory. At nearly all interior points reporting trade is dull and inactive, though a perceptible improvement within the past ten days is noted at St. Paul and Omaha; but collections are slow at St. Paul, Milwaukee, Detroit and Cleveland. A number of failures are reported in the Northwest. Beyond the Mississippi they were larger than usual.

The cold weather evidently has had a retarding influence in many quarters. A vast amount of capital has been locked up, and a vast body of indebtedness created, in connection with real estate, grain and cotton speculations of the past year. The indebtedness, based on fictitious valuations of property or commodities, in not a few cases, will have to be liquidated at a loss.

On a chance of war in Europe, wheat was suddenly advanced so far that the peace prospects involve disaster to many. The capacity of the iron furnaces in blast February 1 was 16,406 tons weekly less than January 1. Contrary to expectation, much more than half the decrease was in other than the anthracite furnaces. The effects of the stride in the coal regions increase from day to day.

Nearly all the markets are lower and stocks are down about 50 cents per share for the week; wheat about 1c per bushel; corn, ⅝c; oats, ½c; coffee, ¾c per pound; sugars, crushed, ⅛c; hogs, 10c per 100 pounds; tin, 1-16c per pound. Cotton has been held steady by a report of large consumption abroad.

The dry goods trade continues good for cottons, which are steady in price, and slightly improved for woolens.

In groceries there has been some improvement in tone. In distribution the tea trade shows more activity and hopefulness. But the demand for butter and cheese is hardly satisfactory. Meats are very dull and weak.

The business failures during the last seven days for the United States were 237; Canada, 52; total, 289; compared with 279 for last week, and 267 for the corresponding period last year. A feature of this week is the usual number of failures in Canada being nearly double the usual weekly average.

Young Snell, whose father was murdered in Chicago a few days ago, offers $10,000 for the arrest of the murderer.

BLAINE REFUSES

To Allow the Use of His Name as a Presidential Candidate.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 13.—Mr. B. F. Jones, chairman of the Republican national committee, has received a letter from Mr. Blaine, declining to allow his name to be presented to the national Republican convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Mr. Jones, when asked whether Mr. Blaine's declination would prevent his friends from nominating him anyhow, said: "As I am chairman of the national committee, I do not think it would be proper for me to have anything to say on that subject."

"Do you think Mr. Blaine would accept the nomination if tendered to him?"

"I have no authority to speak for Mr. Blaine, and have no conjectures to offer on the subject. The letter speaks for itself and I must decline to be interviewed on this question."

Following is Mr. Blaine's letter in full:

FLORENCE, ITALY, Jan. 25, 1888.

B. F. Jones, Esq., Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Sir:

I wish, through you, to state to the members of the Republican party, that my name will not be presented to the National convention, called to assemble in Chicago in June next for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice president of the United States. I am constrained to the decision by considerattons entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago. But I cannot make the announcement without giving expressions of a deep sense of gratitude to the many thousands of my countrymen who have sustained me so long and so cordially that their feeling has seemed to go beyond the ordinary political adherence of fellow partisans and to partake somewhat of the nature of personal attachment.

For this most generous expression of friendship, I can make no adequate return but I shall carry the memory of it while life lasts. Nor can I refrain from congratulating the Republican party upon the cheering prospects which distinguished the opening of the national contest of 1888 as compared with that of 1884. In 1882 the Republican party met with disastrous defeat. Ten states that had supported Garfield and Arthur in the election of 1880 were carried by the Democrats either by majorities or pluaralities. The Republican loss in the Northern elections, exceeded half a million of votes, and the electoral votes of the Union divided on the basis of 1882, gave to the Democrats over 300 electors out of a total of 401.

There was a partial reaction in favor of the Republicans in the elections of 1883, but the Democrats still held possession of seven Northern states, and on the basis of the year's contest could show more than 100 majority in the Electoral College of the whole country. But against the discouragement naturally following the adverse elections of these two years the spirit of the Republican party in the national contest of 1884 rose high, and the Republican masses went into the campaign with such energy that the final result depended on the vote of a single state, and that state was carried by the Democratic party by a plurality so small that it represented less than one-eleventh of one per cent. of the entire vote. The change of a single vote in every 2,000 of the total poll would have given the state to the Republicans, though only two years before the Democratic plurality exceeded 192,000

The elections of 1886 and 1887 have demonstrated growing strength in the Republican ranks. Seldom in political history has a party defeated in a nation election rallied immediately with such vigor as have the Republicans since 1884. No comparison is possible between the spirit of the party in 1882-3 and its spirit in 1886-7. The two periods present simply a contrast, the one of general depression, the other of enthusiastic revival. Should the party gain in the results of 1888 over those of 1886-7, in anything like the proportion of gain of 1884 over 1882-3, it would secure one of the most remarkable victories of its entire existence. But victory does not depend on so large a ratio of increase.

The party has only to maintain relatively its prestige of 1886-7, to give to the National candidate every Northern state but one, with a few better prospects of carrying that one than it has had for six years past. Another feature of the political situation should inspire Republicans with irresistable strength.

The present National administration was elected with, if not upon, repeated assertions of its leading supports in every protection state that no issue on the tariff was involved. However earnestly the Republicans urged that question, as one of controlling importance in the campaign, they were met by the Democratic leaders and journals with persistent evasion, concealment and denial. That resource the President has fortunately removed.

The issue which Republicans maintained and Democrats avoided in 1884, has been prominently and specifically brought forward by the Democratic President, and can not be hidden out of sight in 1888. The country is now in the enjoyment of an individual system which in a quarter of a century has assumed larger natural growth, more rapid accumulation, broader distribution of wealth, than ever before known to history.

The American people will now be openly and formally asked to decide whether this system shall be recklessly abandoned and a new trial be made of an old experiment, which has uniformly led to a national embarrassment and wide-spread individual distress. On the result of such an issue, fairly presented to the people's judgment, there is no room for doubt.

One thing only is necessary to assure success, complete harmony and cordial cooperation on the part of all Republicans—on the part both of those who aspire to lead and of those who are eager to follow. The duty is one not merely of honorable devotion to a party whose record and whose aims are alike great, but it is one demanded by instinct of self-interest, and by still higher promptings of patriotism.

A closer observation of the conditions of life among the older nations gives one a more intense desire that the American people shall make no mistake in choosing the policy which inspires labor with hope and crowns it with dignity; which gives safety to capital and protects its increase; which secures political power to every citizen; comfort and culture to every home. To this end not less earnestly and more directly as a private citizen than as public candidate, I shall devote myself with the confident belief that the administration of the government will be restored to the party which has demonstrated the purpose and power to wield it for the unity and honor of the republic and for the prosperity and progress of the people. I am very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

The New York Tribune Accepts the Declination With Much Regret.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—In regard to Mr. Blaine's letter, the *Tribune* says: "A letter from Blaine published this morning, withdraws his name (so far as it is in his power) from the consideration of Republicans for the nomination in their approaching national convention. This letter is no surprise to those friends of his who have known how reluctant he has been from the outset, to give the sanction even, or silence to such consideration. It is the simple fact that Mr. Blaine was almost dragooned by his friends into the candidacies of 1880 and 1884, and that he has constantly assured them that he would not be put in the position of even seeming to seek a nomination again.

"It has long been evident that nothing but his own positive action could prevent a renomination this year, and he has finally felt forced to say to the public what he has been saying in private. We regret the decision profoundly, since we have believed that he would command more votes in the doubtful states than any other Republican yet proposed. But various candidates, all excellent men and deserving well of the Republican party, are actively in the field, and the next few weeks may be expected to present some unusually lively politics. May the best man win."

CALIFORNIA SURPRISED.

The Pacific Coast Was Not Prepared for the Blaine Letter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—Interviews with prominent local politicians in regard to Blaine's letter of declination show that Republicans and Democrats alike were taken by surprise in general. Republicans express deep regret. Ex-Senator A. P. Williams, chairman of the Republican State Committee said:

"The demands of the party frequently rise superior to individual judgment. If the Republicans want Blaine, they will call on him and I think he will respond."

Gen. W. L. Barnes, president of the Republican State club spoke in the same strain.

LINCOLN'S CHANCES.

Gen. Singleton Thinks he will Come in as a Compromise Candidate.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—Gen. Singleton, arrived at the Palmer House this morning from his home in Quincy, on his way to Washington and Baltimore. The general has represented his district in Congress for two terms, from 1879 to 1883, been a member of two constitutional conventions, and also a member of the state legislature for several years. He is a Democrat. When asked what he thought about Mr. Blaine's letter, he said he had not read it further than the head lines in the newspapers. After reading it over, he said that there was no doubt that it was a positive declination, and the "personal considerations" referred to, were his health. He did not think it was through fear of failure to secure the nomination, it was clear that he could secure that. He was also probably tired of political life.

"Will he be nominated anyhow?"

"Oh, no, I don't think he will; I am not in the secresy of the party at all, but I think not. This will leave the field open to Sherman, Allison and Lincoln. My own judgment, from a Democratic standpoint, is that Lincoln will come in as the compromise candidate. Cleveland will be nominated, there is no doubt about that at all, and Blaine knew that if he was nominated the contest would be a bitter one, and Cleveland would carry the state of New York over him."

"God Bless the Duke of Argyle"

The most distressing forms of itching and inflammatory diseases of the skin and scalp are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies fail. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every form of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair, from infancy to old age.

I have been cured of a most unbearable itching skin diseases by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They have enabled me to escape years of suffering. You may use my name as a reference, and any one who wants to know about my case may write me, inclosing stamp.

W. B. BROOKS,
47 Grove st., Providence, R. I.

I am a canvasser, and one year ago I was badly afflicted with salt rheum, so that I was unable to walk. I tried the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and they entirely cured me.

F. E. PERRY, Rome, N. Y.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

Two years ago I was attacked with Eczema. I cannot tell you what I suffered. I was the [illegible] Charles [illegible] showed me your pamphlet on skin diseases, and among them I found the description suitable to my case. I bought the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I took seven bottles, with the CUTICURA and SOAP, and the result is a permanent cure. I thought I would wait and see if it would come back, but it has proved all you said it would do, so I will say God bless you and yours.

THOS. L. GRAY, Leavertown, Ohio.

I, John J. Case, D.D.S., having practiced dentistry in this country for thirty-five years, and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors, with whom I had consulted, gave me no help or encouragement.

NEWTON, N. J. JOHN J. CASE, D. D. S.

The CUTICURA REMEDIES have permanently cured me of dandruff and facial eruptions when all other remedies had failed. For nine months my head has been entirely free from the slightest signs of dandruff, and my skin is as clear as when I was a boy.

LOU THOMPSON, New Britain, Conn.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS soft, white and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

THE LETTER A FINALITY.

Charles Emory Smith, Blaine's Close Friend, Thinks he is Out of the Race.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14.—The *Record* publishes the following: "Mr. Charles Emory Smith, editor-in-chief of the *Press*, who is universally recognized as Mr. Blaine's closest and most confidential political friend in this state, talked without reserve last night upon the question of Mr. Blaine's letter. During the absence of Mr. Blaine from the country, he has been in constant correspondence with Mr. Smith, and there are few men in the United States better able to measure the full significance of Mr. Blaine's remarkable letter than is the editor of the *Press*.

"At the outset," said Mr. Smith, "I may as well say that I regard this letter as a finality. Mr. Blaine, in my opinion, has purposely and absolutely taken himself out of the contest for the Republican Presidential nomination and his purpose will not be shaken by any circumstances that could possibly be foreseen. The letter, in my opinion, means just what it says, and there is no reason for the insinuation or hope that there may be a hidden meaning between the lines. Mr. Blaine is no longer a factor in the race for the Presidential nomination."

At this point Mr. Smith was interrupted by the inquiry: "Do you mean to say that there are no conceivable circumstances under which Mr. Blaine would consent to be a candidate?"

"No," replied the editor; "my opinion is that no man has or ever will refuse to accept a nomination for the presidency which is spontaneously and unanimously offered him. Viewed merely as a hypothetical case, I think that if such an unlikely thing should happen as under the circumstances, the convention finding all other candidates out of the question, should unanimously tender the nomination, Mr. Blaine could not refuse.

"But I am fully convinced that no such possibility suggests itself to Mr. Blaine, and the best evidence that he is entirely sincere is that his best friends in this country, who have a right to feel that they know something of him, are convinced that it is useless to consider him as at all in the field, and they are at liberty, and will exercise that liberty, of shaping their course without regard to such a thought as that Blaine is in any measure whatever a candidate, or that he expects or desires to be a candidate for the presidency.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FEAR ONLY GOD.

The Heir Presumptive to the German Crown Talks at a Dinner.

BERLIN, Feb. 9.—In the course of a speech at the Brandenburg dinner, Prince William of Prussia, heir presumptive to the German crown, said: "I know that a section of the public, especially a section abroad, imputes to me a careless and thoughtless longing for war, for the sake of glory.

"God preserve me from such criminal giddiness.

"I repudiate all such accusations with horror.

"I am a soldier. All the Brandenburgers are soldiers. I conclude with the words uttered by Prince Bismarck on Monday in the Reichstag, which showed the grand spectacle of proper representation going locked hand in hand with the government. I adopt to Brandenburg the sentence: 'We Brandenburgers only fear God, and nothing else in the world.'"

PARLIAMENT OPEN.

The Queen's Speech to Her Lords—Military Preparations.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—Parliament assembled to-day. The Queen's speech, opening the session, was read by the royal commissioner. It is as follows:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—I continue to receive from all the powers cordial assurances of friendly sentiments, as well as of an earnest desire to maintain the peace of the world.

"My officers, in conjunction with those of the Emperor of Russia, have completed the demarkation of the Afghanistan boundary, in conformity with the terms of the convention of 1887.

"I trust the work thus concluded may tend to remove the possibility of a misunderstanding between the two powers regarding their possessions.

"Animated by a desire to prevent an effusion of blood I dispatched a mission to the King of Abyssinia with the hope of dissuading him from engaging in a war with Italy. I deeply regret that my efforts were not successful.

"The deliberations of the conference at Washington to adjust questions which have arisen between Canada and America are still progressing.

"The negotiations commenced in 1885 in respect to the regulation of the Suez canal have been brought to a conclusion, so far as the points of difference between myself and the French Republic are concerned. I have also entered into an agreement with France for the protection of life and property in the New Hebrides by a joint naval commission.

"The conference of delegates from the Powers interested in the sugar industry, summoned to meet in London in the autumn to consider the possibility of ending the injurious system of bounties, has made considerable progress towards the conclusion of a satisfactory arrangement.

"Your attention will be invited to the subject of local government in England. Measures will be submitted for dealing with it, in combination with proposals for adjusting the relations between local and imperial finance and for mitigating the burdens imposed upon rate payers.

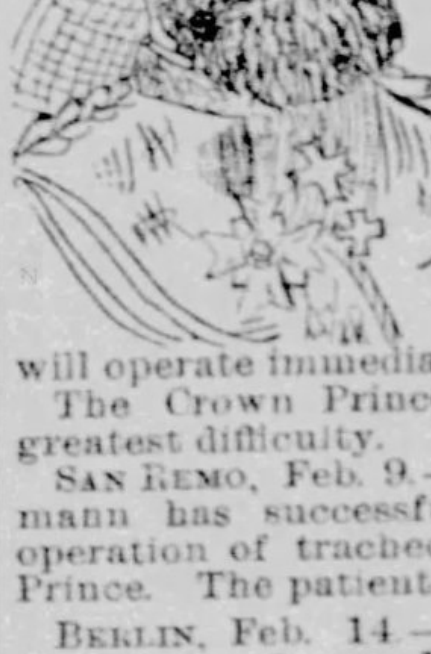
"I deeply regret that there has been no corresponding improvement observable in the condition of agriculture. I commend the interests of that great industry to your attentive care, hoping that means may be discovered to enable it to meet more effectively the difficulties under which it labors.

"You will be invited to consider legislative proposals for cheapening the transfer of land, for modifying the proceedure by which the tithe rent charge is collected, for promoting technical education, for preventing undue preferences in rates charged by railway companies on foreign and domestic produce, for remedying abuses in the formation of companies under the limited liability act, for amending the law of liability of employers in case of accidents, for improving the position of Scottish universities, for regulating the borough police in Scotland, and for diminishing the cost of private bill legislation.

"In these and all other efforts you may may make to promote the well-being of my people, I pray you may be guided by the hand of Almighty God."

UNSER FRITZ.

The Crown Prince of Germany Suddenly Takes a Turn for the Worse.



SAN REMO, Feb. 9.—The breathing of the Crown Prince of Germany is much worse to-day, and a telegram has been sent to Prof. Bergman urging him to hasten his arrival.

BERLIN, Feb. 9.—Dr. Bergman has started for San Remo.

SAN REMO, Feb. 9.—Noon—The doctors are doubtful whether it will be safe to await Dr. Bergman's arrival. It is probable that either Dr. Mackenzie or Dr. Bramann will operate immediately.

The Crown Prince breathes with the greatest difficulty.

SAN REMO, Feb. 9.—4:50 p. m.—Dr. Bramann has successfully performed the operation of tracheotomy on the Crown Prince. The patient is progressing well.

BERLIN, Feb. 14.—Owing to the condition of the Crown Prince the Emperor's ball, which was to have been given tonight, and the guards' fete, have been abandoned.

SAD ACCIDENT IN BROOKLYN.

A Huge Derrick Falls on a Passing Street Car Full of People.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Shortly before 10 o'clock this morning, as a Reed avenue street car, filled with people, was passing under a large derrick used in erecting the elevated railroad structure on Broadway, near Summer avenue, Brooklyn, the ropes sustaining the derrick gave way and the derrick fell on the car, crushing it in like an egg shell. Seventeen of the passengers on the car were injured and two people were killed.

Michael McNalley, the driver of the car, was crushed to death.

Karl Kushler, a workman employed on the derrick, was also killed.

It was said that some persons were buried underneath the ruins, and workmen are now engaged in removing the debris to learn if there are any other victims of the disaster.

Mohommedans Arrive.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Four Mohommedans, the first to arrive here in many years, landed to-day at Castle Garden, en route to Havana and New Orleans, where they will engage in the manufacture of cloth.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

A HOME MARKET.

Hon. John Sherman Talks to the People of Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—The dining halls of the Vendome were filled to overflowing last night, it being the occasion of the banquet given by the Home Market club. There were present over 400 leading men from various sections of the country. After an informal reception the company entered the dining hall. At the round table in the center of the hall were thirteen gentlemen, one seat being vacant, that assigned to Gov. Oliver Ames.

They were prominent guests. Their names were: President Timothy Merrick, Senator John Sherman, Nathan Goff, Hon. W. M. Osborn, Gen. W. E. Draper, Hon. Fred D. Ely, Hon. A. W. Beard, Hon. W. W. Crapo, Hon. W. A. Russell, Hon. Theo. C. Bates, Hon. C. H. Grosvenor, T. C. Search, Hon. W. McKinley, jr.

From the ceiling depended many banners, several bearing inscriptions, while bunting in festoons hung from every corner. After the cloth had been removed President Merrick arose and briefly alluded to the fame of the club's guests, concluding by introducing Senator Sherman. Upon rising, Senator Sherman was greeted with cheers that resounded through the entire building. When order had been restored Senator Sherman spoke, taking the name of the club for his subject and making a strong tariff speech.

Mr. Sherman attacked Mr. Lowell for his speech at the Tariff Reform League banquet. He found but very little in his remarks about the tariff, but a good deal about President Cleveland. Said Mr. Sherman: "Mr. Lowell who has been honored by the great party with its confidence and trust, places Cleveland above Grant, the greatest soldier of our country; above Hayes, who certainly gave to our country a pure and excellent administration; above Garfield, one of the most accomplished of American statesman; above Mr. Arthur, in every respect a model gentleman, and a prudent and able president."

Speaking of President Cleveland's policy the Senator said: "The inevitable effect is to increase importations at the expense and loss of our home market, especially to reduce the wages of all engaged in the industries competing with foreign production. His message creates alarm among business men at home, and gives joy and hope to every market in Europe."

Referring to the surplus, Mr. Sherman remarked: "The surplus is a great deal better than a deficit."

THE BOSTON BORGIA.

Mrs. Robinson Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.

BOSTON, Feb. 11.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, the alleged wholesale poisoner, this morning rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. In this trial she is charged with the murder of Prince Arthur Freeman, her nephew.

Mrs. Robinson had previously been tried on the charge of killing her son and daughter, but the jury disagreed. The incentive to all the crimes with which she is charged is alleged to be the securing of the life insurance of her victims.

Not a muscle of the prisoner's face moved as she heard the words uttered. She stood staring vacantly at the court for a few moments and resumed her seat. The foreman was visibly affected as he announced the verdict.

Counsel Goodrich walked over to the dock and whispered to Mrs. Robinson. She seemed to be unconscious that he was talking to her, and as though she were dazed.

Then followed a consultation between the judges and the counsel and Goodrich announced he should take exceptions to the verdict on the ground that the evidence relating to the cause of the death of Mrs. Freeman, had no bearing on the case.

Judge Field announced that counsel for the defense could have until the 25th of February to file their exceptions and the case will probably be argued before the full bench in Boston at the March term. Meanwhile the prisoner seemed to be in a state of utter collapse. The matron of the jail tried to comfort her.

It was then that the prisoner broke down completely. She moaned in a terrible manner, and the three women who stood near were moved to tears. It is understood the jurymen arrived at the decision at 6:15 o'clock, 14 hours and 20 minutes after they had retired.

A NATIONAL LABOR TICKET.

Rumors that a Presidential Candidate Will Be Nominated Despite George's Views.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Despite the fact that Henry George has declared against the nomination of an independent candidate for the Presidency by the United Labor party this year, and announced his preference for Mr. Cleveland, it is altogether likely that the party will put a candidate in nomination. This opinion is advanced by labor leaders.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—decrease	$ 2,451,000
Loans—increase	3,50,700
Specie—increase	1,447,800
Legal tenders—decrease	717,800
Deposits—increase	1,143,200
Circulation—increase	213,00

The banks now hold $21,143,295 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 14.	Feb. 7.
4½'s coupons	125⅞	126¼
4's coupons	125⅞	126¾
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Noon.—Money is easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 95⅜.

The intense dullness in the stock market continued after 11 o'clock. At noon the market was without feature of any sort, still pregnant, at small figures under the best prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: Can. So., 52½; D. & H., 109¾; D. L. & W., 130; Erie, 26⅞; H. V. —; J. C., 78¾; K. T., 16⅛; Lake Shore, 91; L. & N., 58⅞; M. C., 81¼; M. P., 83⅞; N. Y. C., 107; N. W., 107¼; N. E., 37¼; O. T. 21; Pac. Mail, 35; R. T., 22⅛; Reading, 65¾; St. P., 75½; U. P., 55½; Wabash, 13½; W. U., 78¼.

TRADE.

The generel trade of the country during the past week was satisfactory for the season. Collections continue fair.

THE MARKETS.

Forenoon Markets.

The markets at various points this forenoon show but little change. Trade was only fair.

Prices of grain at the 10 o'clock call of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day were: Wheat—Cash, 84¼c bid, 85¼c asked; May, 87¼c sales; June, 87⅛c bid; July, 85⅛c bid; August, 84⅞c bid, 85c asked. Corn—Cash, 50¼c bid, 51c asked; May, 53¼c bid, 53½c asked. Oats—May, 33⅞c bid, 34¼c asked. Clover seed—February, $3 97½ bid, $4 02½ asked; March, $3 97½ bid, $4 02½ asked; April, $4 02½ bid, $4 05 asked.

One O'Clock Markets.

At the regular noon sessions to-day, wheat was only fairly active. Prices were steady at about yesterday's noon figures. The experts were light. Cables steady. Young Bros. to-day received a dispatch from New York saying: "Within the past five weeks 1,200,000 bushels were loaded and not cleared, and to load this week, 500,000 bushels." The prospects are for a better export demand. Corn sold fairly well at a fractional decline. Oats quiet. Clover seed steady. Dressed hogs without change.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, cash wheat was dull but steady. No. 2 soft red Wabash, 84½c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 83c.

For future delivery trade was only fair. Prices closed steady. No. 2 May, 87⅛c; June 87¼c; July, 85⅛c.

Corn fair trade, little easier. No. 2, 50¼c; No. 3, 49½c, in Union elevator; No. 3 yellow, 50c; No. 2 May, 53c. Oats dull; May, 34c. Clover seed sold well, especially old; prices steady; prime, cash, February and March, $4 00; prime mammoth, $4 05. Dressed hogs steady; sales 81 head at $6 40.

CLOSE.—Wheat, cash, 84½@85c; May, 87c; June, 87¼c; July, 85⅛c. Corn—Cash, 50¼c; May, 53c. Oats—Cash, 33c; May, 34c. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 00; March, $4 00 bid; April, $4 02½c bid.

The Produce Market.

There was but little change to note in produce. Prices are steady. Butter, best, 22c; next quality, 15@17c. Eggs, 21@22c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 70c. Poultry—Chickens, 9c; turkeys, 10c; ducks, 9c. Vegetables—Onions, $1.00 per bush.; cabbages, 75c to 100c per dozen; potatos, 80@90c per bushel; turnips, 40@50c per bushel. Fruits—Apples, $2 50@2 75 per barrel; cranberries, $3.50 per box; lemons, $3.50@4.00. Florida oranges, $4.00 per box; Malaga grapes, $5.00@6.00 per barrel. Green hides, cows' and steers', 5½c; calf and kip, 6c; cured hides, 6½@6¾c; calf, 8c. Dressed hogs, $6.35@6.25. Lettuce, 20c per lb.; celery, 25@40c; beans, medium, $2 50; marrow fat, $2 75; spinach, $1 per bushel.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat—February, 75⅝c nominal; March, 76⅝ nominal; May, 81c. Corn—March, 46⅝c, nominal; May, 50⅜c. Pork—May, $14 37½.

DETROIT, Feb. 14.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 85c; No. 2 red cash, and February, 85c; May, 87¾c bid; June, 88c. Corn—No. 2, 51½c. Oats—No. 2, 33½c asked; No. 2 white, 35½c asked.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 14.—1 P. M.—Wheat quiet; cash, 76¼c; March, 75⅛c; May, 79⅝c.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism, Coughs, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Pneumonia, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Sciatica, Inflammations, Congestions.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal Pains.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

Corn firm; No. 3, 46½c. Oats easy; No. 2 white, 32½c. Rye steady; No. 1, 61c. Barley dull; No. 2, 74½c.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—1 p. m.—Wheat steady; cash, 76¼c; [illegible]

CINCINNATI, Feb. 14.—Flour quiet; family $3 60; fancy, [illegible]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Wheat—Market [illegible]

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 13.—Hogs—Market strong; [illegible]

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 13.—Wheat—Market [illegible]

EAST LIBERTY, Feb. 13.—Cattle—Market [illegible]

BUFFALO, Feb. 13.—Cattle—Market steady, [illegible]

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 13.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 619 head; [illegible]

Boston Wool Market.

The market shows more strength, and a better tone prevails. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 31@32c; Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 28@29c; territory, 16@23c; combing and delaine, 27@38c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 18@27c; pulled wool and noils, 20c; scoured and tub washed, 30@40c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Feb. 13.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

Native wheats have been freely delivered. The condition [illegible] Values continue to decline. Sales of English wheat during the week, 54,995 quarters at 30s 5d, [illegible] Flour dull. [illegible] Linseed heavy at 1s decline.

DR CLARKE

NO FEE ! ESTABLISHED 1851 ! 186 So. Clark St.
Chicago, Ills.

THE REGULAR OLD-ESTABLISHED PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Is still Treating with the Greatest SKILL AND SUCCESS ALL PRIVATE, NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES

YOUNG MEN who by their own acts of Imprudence or Folly suffer from Nervous Debility, [illegible] DR. CLARKE at once. [illegible]

MIDDLE-AGED MEN [illegible]

OLD MEN [illegible]

Address, F. D. CLARKE, M.D., 186 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

COMPLEXION HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM [illegible] G. C. BITTNER & Co., Toledo, O.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE THE ONLY GENUINE UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING [illegible] IS MADE BY THE Russia Cement Co. [illegible]